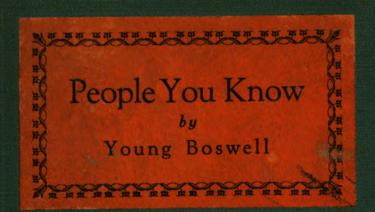
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PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

BY YOUNG BOSWELL

WITH A PREFACE BY
HAROLD STARK

"Publicity is the best antiseptic for public life."

LORD ROBERT CECH.

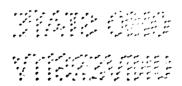


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TO CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER, Who gave Young Boswell his name; TO MARGUERY FERGUSON CHAMBERS, Who gave him most of his ideas; TO JULIAN S. MASON, Who gave him his first chance in the literary lottery, This Book is Dedicated.

Permission has been granted to reprint the interviews, which appeared in *The New York Tribune*, during the Winter of nineteen twenty-two and three.

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A PREFACE

INTRODUCING YOUNG BOSWELL

Young Boswell expresses the desire (that each of us has) to know the great men and women of the world. It is an enthusiasm particularly strong in one's early years.

The young banker is overawed to meet the famous financier. He goes to his cage and works more arduously the following morning. The young singer cannot sleep after she has taken tea with the prima donna. At her next lesson she achieves the impossibly high note, for which she has striven many months. The young author is urged on by the possession of an autographed copy of the great novelist's greatest novel. Immediately he sets out to write a greater one. It is a thrill one never forgets to shake the hand of the local mayor or of the visiting governor. To one man, a call at the White House, touching the reigning president's hand, was the supreme moment of his long life.

So any young man or woman feels upon meeting one who has achieved fame. We all have that kind of curiosity. We all have our pet celebrities, about whom we talk in glowing terms of familiarity, at formal dinners, in railway carriages, upon the slightest provocation. Everyone suffers slightly from the Boswell desire.

James Boswell came down to London and sat at the feet of the great Doctor Johnson, who was the critic of his times, the center of the thinking, literary and artistic circle of eighteenth century London. Then he wrote the incomparable biography of all English literature.

In most of us there is the latent Boswell, only we don't write books about our private Johnsons. In Young Boswell that desire was insatiable. His case was acute, and he simply had to write a book about all of his Johnsons.

He saw in present day New York the art center of the whole world. Most of our artists have come up the harbor at some time in their lives, or journeyed from distant places in America to New York, and one or two happened to be born there. There most of them have settled, and there they have built the pyramid of American art: the art of the civilized world, for our art is an inheritance from Europe, to which we have added something of our own.

Young Boswell wanted to meet and talk with all of the artists of this age. There was no salon where they gathered, where he might assail them in groups and draw them separately into quiet corner conversation. There was no modern Johnson, who might introduce Young Boswell to the living geniuses. So he sought each of them out in the devious ways that one must find for oneself. A Young Boswell is something of a detective, something of a reporter who will not be repulsed, something of a gentleman, but largely a creative listener.

Under the guise of a columnist, Young Boswell satisfied his desire to know the great. He chronicled one year of the creative achievement of New York. A swift

intense year, yet all that passed in it has been forgotten before the calendar is turned again. New York does forget!

Perhaps that chronicle will serve to make them remember, as Boswell's *Life of Doctor Johnson* recalls the years of the salon and the encyclopedia, and the blustering Doctor walking down Fleet Street.

Of the hundreds of painters and poets, musicians and architects and sculptors, writers and actors, who built the pyramid of American art, Young Boswell interviewed only some hundred and seventy-five—representative artists who have put their block somewhere near the top of the pile. That this book might not assume the proportions of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, the editors have seen fit to cut that number to one hundred, leaving the residue of Young Boswell's glorious experience of seven months among the gods.

Young Boswell has left behind his impressions of a few of the men and women, who have contributed to the beauty, the faith, the joy and the magic, which are so appallingly lacking in modern life. By no means do they include all of the great men of today, as he originally planned. He did not finish the canvas he had meant to paint: he only scratched the surface of greatness. He realized that the task he had set himself, to Boswellize the age, was impossible to achieve.

His impressions are sincere, but they are the impressions of a very young man. He was not old enough to fathom the depths of greatness. And, they were written under the stress of the moment.

His enthusiasm, itself a youthful exuberance which passes with the added years, may have led him to praise some men extravagantly and to neglect others. He bowed his head "before too many altars," "to light

too many fires." He was a worshiper of heroes: not a critic.

The passing of time, alone, will discern which of them were great and which merely famous.

I've never quite understood how Young Boswell got into my room. The door was locked and the window only half open to prevent the rain soaking in, yet I woke up and found him standing there. And the bells striking two.

I had just moved into the ex-kitchen and the adjacent garden on the basement floor of a brown stone house in the East Fifties. I took it because, once you walked back through the dark passage from the pavement, it gave you the illusion of a small house in the country.

There was a Franklin stove set into the chimney at the far end of the room. Above it some former tenant had copied an episode from the procession of the Bayeux Tapestry—King Harold, his favorite hawk on his finger, riding past a serpentine tree to a slanting church. On one side, nestled against the chimney, rows of books had been placed in the kitchen cupboard. A piano filled the opposite niche. A deep cushioned couch faced the fireplace, which was always warm with a crackling fire.

At the other end of the room a broad window and door gave upon the garden, with its stone paths and plane tree. Under the window a wide desk with drawers. Close by a makeshift bed, laden with orange and blue pillows, covered with a Paisley shawl, served as a place to sleep.

It was a quiet room away from the noise and restlessness of the city. When one walked through the dark doorway into this kitchen, one passed magically from the crowded streets into a peaceful country house. So it was on autumn evenings.

That night in October, it was all in shadow, but for the feeble glow of the ashes. I was conscious only of a black figure leaning over me, an insistent silhouette cut out against the occasional flashes of lightning. A heavier rain began to fall, softly pattering on the stones outside.

I was frightened, but at the same time, intrigued by the silent figure standing there. I could not fall asleep again.

I had just been reading about the great biographer. It was a volume of essays upon the early years of James Boswell's life. They had been written for the Atlantic Monthly by a great Johnson authority, a young Yale professor, Chauncey Brewster Tinker. The title was alluring and remained in one's thoughts—Young Boswell.

I had been meditating upon the brilliant experience of the little Scotchman. How he had known all of the famous men and women of his day. How he had come down to London, neglecting the responsibilities of his highland estates, met the blustering Doctor Johnson, pursued Rousseau on the continent, corresponded with Voltaire, surrounded himself with the first artists of the century. What glorious fun it must have been to have known them all, Goldsmith and Garrick and Gray, and the others!

But my silent visitor, hovering over me, gave me no further opportunity for wonderment. He lighted the lamp by the window, and motioned that he wanted to talk with me.

There was nothing to do but rise and throw on a

wrapper, build the fire high and brew tea. The young man crossed the room and sat down on the couch, holding his tenuous sensitive hands to the warm blaze. He drank his tea in silence. I watched him from my place by the window.

At first he seemed rather like my twin, if I had been graced with one. At times, I have wished I were twins, and that the other one were a stenographer. I typewrite incorrigibly.

He resembled me less and less, as I noted his features. His hair was darker and not so curling at the sides. His nose was finely moulded and more Grecian, his mouth more sensitive and not so fulsome.

His eyes were black, but not as two shoe buttons are black, as mine are. His burned like two dark suns, with some white light of enthusiasm shining through. They glowed like the eyes of a child allowed to stay up long after his proper bedtime.

He was so much better dressed than I. His shirt wasn't mussed and frayed at the cuffs. And he was shaved, which I never am. Rather, his beard was imperceptible and young. He did not have to shave at every turning of the clock, as I do.

The silence was awkward. Intensely so, since I did not know whether he was real and had climbed in through the window, or a fiction of my overread brain, or some missionary from the devil sent to make me choose between good and evil. So I asked his name.

"I am Young Boswell. You've been reading about me. I've come to you from the sea, for all young men's dreams come from the sea. I came in when you were listening to the harbor sirens blowing and calling you to leave all this and follow the green sea water, curling along the ship's side, like soft lace cut from the whitest snow."

"Then you are a dream?" I asked him.

"No. I am quite as real as you are."

"Then, you're a mad poet or something worse!"
He rose quickly. "Then you want me to go?"

"No, no!" I assured him. "Do sit down and get warm. I just wondered what you might want of me, at this hour."

"You were lying there thinking that you would like to meet all of the celebrities of this chaotic celebrated city, as Boswell did when he was young, weren't you?" His eyes searched mine for an answer.

"Yes," I confessed, "I was. Only it can't be done, you know."

"But you are wrong. It can be done. I shall do it for you. That's why I came. I was wandering about watching the harbor boats passing under the broad bridges. The sea, ships, water, the light on the water fascinated me. And standing there I suddenly realized that all you need, to do anything you want to do, is courage. To me, courage is the banner which youth carries against its elders . . . to win their hearts . . . not to fight them.

"You look pale and tired." He came to me and put his hand on my shoulder in a fatherly way. "You go to sleep and I'll do all this for you. I'll go and meet all of these marvelous men and women and talk with them. Then, I'll come back to this little room and I'll write it for you to read, every word, every gesture, just as it all happens. It will all be true, because a Young Boswell believes in truth, above all other things.

"I'll set it all down, so it will seem that you have

been there with me. I'll write it with . . . this." He went to the desk by the window and picked up an orange quill which someone had given me in the confusion of Christmas. "I'll write it all with this."

He tucked me into bed and I fell asleep. And I slept for seven months. When I woke it was summer, and morning had come. The rain had ceased and the glow of the sun-touched clouds hung over the garden.

The room was just as I had left it. The orange quill, broken into shreds, had been thrown onto the hearth. The fire had long since died out.

Young Boswell had gone away.

HAROLD STARK.

Coteye in Kent, England. October, nineteen hundred and twenty-three.

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

THE COCKTAIL SHAKER

Many months have passed since Young Boswell walked out of a newspaper office, realizing that he had found a place in the routine of New York. It was a proud exit from an editor's rooms. It was, at the same time, a tremulous entrance into the world.

All life, after the first elusive years of youth, is a looking back. An attempt to recreate the joys and sorrows that have passed in the procession of one's experience. Lot's wife looked back, and was transformed into a glistening white pillar. Young Boswell looks back, and the past has turned to "memories, vague memories, nothing but memories!"

And a wondering if anything is real, if anyone really exists, if all one's experience is not a figment of the mind's imaginings!

Quite by chance, Young Boswell went to the Broadhurst Theater one afternoon in October. Hugh Walpole was lecturing there upon contemporary English literature. Joseph Hergesheimer, his American confrère and friend, introduced him to the enthusiastic audience. Young Boswell had dined with the American novelist at Princebridge once, so after the lecture, he screwed up his courage and walked around to the stage door. A surly doorman stopped the way. "Mr. Herge-sheimer expects me," he fabricated, with a bored expression on his face, as though he were accustomed to stage doors.

There were people crowding about the lecturer, elderly ladies and young. Hergesheimer stood in the wings talking to Frank Crowninshield. Young Boswell approached him timidly and asked if the novelist remembered the occasion of the dinner at Princebridge.

Young Boswell—That was the night you remarked that all young men left flowers at Edna St. Vincent Millay's door and then rushed home to write sonnets to her. Everyone laughed because I had just written one.

Joseph Hergesheimer—Oh, I thought they laughed at my remark. . . .

Young Boswell (confusedly)—Of course, sir, of course, at your remark.

Then he explained his plan for writing a new Boswell, and asked if he might call and have a talk.

Joseph Hergesheimer—Surely. Come along to my hotel and try it out on me. Tomorrow afternoon. Then go to see Hugh. I'm sure he will talk to you.

So the next afternoon Young Boswell, shaking inwardly, ascended to an apartment in the Algonquin.

Hergesheimer is one of our most-read novelists. In England he is ranked high among contemporary writers. He put Cuba on the literary map in "San Cristobal de la Habana." He once had a gondola in Venice with his own monogram in gold. "Tol'able David" from his pen was one of the finest of recent films. "Java Head" has become an American classic.

Forty or thereabout, splendidly nourished as novelists go, relieved of his usual tweeds, for which he had substituted a blue mandarin coat and soft slippers, Joseph Hergesheimer sat in a huge chair by the window in his hotel sitting room and told Young Boswell to "fire questions" at him.

Having just been to the opening performance of Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," Young Boswell asked the novelist his opinion.

Hergesheimer—Fairbanks is an interesting person. Interesting that he should be the best known man of his time, that wherever he goes he is the center of attraction. Curious that he should be of paramount interest, while economists and political figures are unnoticed. Curious that he should stop traffic when he appears.

Young Boswell—Do you think the movies have any claim to be called an art?

Hergesheimer—Yes, they are an art of importance, and Fairbanks is an artist. Art is the only secure thing. Otherwise this is an age without security. You of the younger generation coming after the war find yourself in an age without faith, without simplicity, without security, and in spite of your sports, without health.

He adjusted his tortoise-shell spectacles and hurried on to explain.

Young Boswell-But just a moment. Haven't you

found a few of the generation who have kept their illusions and their health?

Hergesheimer—Very few. You do everything with your heads. You know too much. You crowd to cities and give up your local family ties in the West, and New York is a terrible place. It is indicative of the breaking up of faiths, and traditions, that is bound to come after a war. You all think too much about yourselves, too. Everything mental, nothing natural and boisterous. Now, in my day we used to go out and get drunk on Saturday nights.

Young Boswell (pleading for his contemporaries)—But we get drunk, too, when we can.

Hergesheimer—That's your trouble. You get drunk every night.

A knock at the door. Enter Carl Van Vechten, his wife Fania Marinoff, and Mrs. Hergesheimer. The novelist, in his blue dressing gown, dismissed the younger generation and with them Young Boswell, to talk to his callers, without the painful thought of having every word written down. And as Young Boswell rang for the elevator he thought he heard cracked ice knocking against the silver sides of a cocktail shaker.



THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

Having written up this conversation, the next afternoon Young Boswell took a subway train to Park Row, the street of the printing press. That was in November, and there have been many changes since then. The old red brick atrocity which Richard Hunt built on the eastern side of the square, no longer vibrates with the type-setting machine. The *Tribune* has moved up town and is housed in a new model factory for the efficient production of news.

Young Boswell, nervous, tired, hungry, yet too excited to eat, emerged from the stuffy subway station into City Hall Park. The blue light of a November evening, intense, dreamlike, the color of old glass, lighted the little square. The Woolworth Building towered white against the faint last glory of the setting sun. The copper rays set ablaze the tarnished dome of the World.

The windows of the *Tribune* Building were lighted brightly that evening. The awkward tower, where the editor once had his offices, seemed to symbolize Young Boswell's ambition. He had heard that the present editor was a Princebridge man, interested in developing younger men into good journalists. It was he who had first published Sir James Barrie's "Courage" in the editorial columns of the *Tribune*.

So, courageously, his first interview folded neatly in his pocket, Young Boswell mounted the marble steps and gave his card to the attendant at the door. She disappeared through a wooden gate.

He had never been in a newspaper office before. Through the door he could see young men and old bending over typewriters or rapidly walking about. There were women reporters, too, tired girls who subsisted on the assignments men wouldn't do.

The attendant came back and admitted Young Boswell through the wooden gate. He had come at last into the secret penetralia of the great-god-News. He was introduced to the editor's secretary.

"It is the wrong time to come," she told him. "Mr. Mason always holds a conference with the staff at five. Won't you come back another day?"

Young Boswell's heart stopped beating, as he fore-saw defeat. "Courage," he kept saying to himself, "Courage." He must have looked pathetic, crest-fallen, his hope gone, for at that moment, a very dark man of medium height, faultlessly dressed, appeared in the doorway. He was smoking a cigarette in a white paper holder. He walked the length of the noisy room and stood before Young Boswell.

Julian Mason-Did you want to see me?

Young Boswell-Yes, sir.

Julian Mason—I'm sorry, but I can't see you now. I'm busy. Can't you come some other time?

Young Boswell (desperately)—May I have one minute of your time? Just one?

The editor nodded. He held the empty cigarette

holder between his teeth and pulled at it with one hand, a habit Young Boswell later copied. He listened attentively as the young man laid before him his plan, in one long breath. Young Boswell had never talked so rapidly or so well before. It must have been that enthusiasm which caused the editor to say, "Give me your article and I shall read it. Come back another time when we can talk things over."

Young Boswell—When? Are you here in the evening? Could I return after dinner tonight?

Julian Mason—You might try then. I must go. (And he returned to his conference.)

Young Boswell found his way again to the Park. He watched the workers emerge from the huge office buildings and crowd into the subway. The entrance was like the maw of some great beast swallowing men and women in pleased gulps. Young Boswell was filled with some unknown new joy. He forgot for the moment that there were only thirty-five cents remaining of his patrimony. He jingled them arrogantly in his pocket.

He followed the crowd onto the Brooklyn Bridge, walking slowly out to the center span. He watched the tugs file by with their cargoes, far below. The lights on the river blinked like fireflies, and the rising buildings reminded him of a magic city in the sea. Nothing was real. It was all a dream. He stood there alone by the railing, wondering what the winter would bring.

A clock struck nine. It had grown quite dark and a biting wind blew off the river. He drew his coat collar tight about his throat and walked, almost ran, to the editor's office. He had to wait, but was ultimately ushered in.

Julian Mason (pulling at the empty cigarette holder)—Do sit down. (Young Boswell perched on the edge of a chair by the desk, littered with important papers, cuttings, notes, letters to be signed.) I have read your article. I showed it to Percy Hammond and to others of the staff. What is your idea?

Young Boswell—To write one each day . . . a kind of column.

Julian Mason—Well, I like this one and I want you to bring me others. I am going to try you out.

Something that strangely resembled his heart jumped around inside Young Boswell and the room swam in several directions.

Julian Mason-Now tell me all about yourself.

Young Boswell suppressed his joy for the moment. He told this man, who was later to become his friend and employer, all the story of himself. His childhood in the Middle West. His days at school and at Prince-bridge, his year abroad, his dreams of the coming winter. The editor sat quietly looking at him with searching black eyes, the eyes of a man who believed in youth, who was young himself, who saw possibilities where other men saw only the inexperience of youth.

When Young Boswell had finished Mr. Mason opened a desk drawer, took out a white paper holder, gave it to Young Boswell and they lighted cigarettes.

Julian Mason—I hope you don't mind my asking, but how much money have you?

Young Boswell (embarrassed)-Do you really want

to know? (The editor nodded.) Thirty-five cents, sir.

Then the editor gave Young Boswell a green note of
a certain denomination. Saying goodnight, he returned to the kitchen, clasping the first money he had
ever earned in his pocket.



FORTITUDE

Hugh Walpole is one of the foremost of the younger British novelists. His success began with the appearance of his first novel and has been maintained through "Fortitude" and "The Cathedral."

He delivered one hundred and eighty lectures, disseminating his criticisms of contemporary literature throughout America.

He is happily unmarried, as most English authors are not. He is enthusiastic about American youth and our colleges. He "adores watching football" and played Rugby at Cambridge.

He wears red leather slippers, when not lecturing or autographing first editions.

Mr. Walpole is a sizeable man, with an intelligent round head, graying hair, a reddish face, and keen blue eyes. He wears spectacles. His accent is unnasal-English. His manner of talking is rapid and precise.

Young Boswell called timidly at his room in a Thirty-fourth Street hotel. He sat by the window, gazing down into the street to give the proper profile against the light. He was posing for T. Spicer Simpson, who was doing a series of bronze medals of authors; Masefield, Hardy, Conrad, Galsworthy and Walpole among them.

Mr. Simpson retired and the novelist turned to his

desk, where a stack of specially printed copies of "The Cathedral" waited to be signed. He took a fountain pen from his pocket and set to work.

Hugh Walpole—You don't mind if I go right on with these. I can sign my name and talk at the same time. How do you like journalism? Hergesheimer tells me you have just begun. I enjoyed my newspaper year. I did reviews for *The Standard* in London. I like writing, and I like writing men. I particularly like the American writing man. He is quite without pose.

Young Boswell (hopefully)—Most writers began as journalists, didn't they?

Hugh Walpole—Many of them, yes. Arnold Bennett began as a journalist. He wrote for twenty years and made no splash. Yet he has a marvelous sense of the wonder of life, in spite of what he said to me once explaining his attitude to life. I said how charming it would be to take a dip in a magic pool and come out with a different face, different friends, different clothes, different husbands and wives.

Young Boswell—Just to break the monotony!

Hugh Walpole—Yes. And Bennett said, "My dear fellow. After watching life for more than fifty years, there is only one thing to be said about it. Once you are born you are done for."

Then Young Boswell could not resist asking him about Thomas Hardy. And Mr. Walpole, putting aside his pen and books, told of his only meeting with the great author of Wessex. When a neophyte novelist, Walpole, was taken to call upon Hardy, who was then living in London. He went with the thrill of adventure,

hoping that he would be given advice to follow for the rest of his life. Unfortunately for the young novelist, the elder author's wife was at home, and in a way that women have, she usurped the entire conversation during tea. Hardy sat quietly listening, gazing out the window. But when Walpole rose to go, his host ushered him into his coat and saw him to the door.

"I am told you want to write," he said quietly.

The young novelist stopped on the threshold, keen with excitement, knowing that the great moment had arrived.

"Yes, Mr. Hardy!"

"Don't!"

Hugh Walpole—That was the only time I ever talked to him.

Young Boswell—Do you think Hardy is really so gloomy? I know one woman who sued for divorce because her husband insisted upon her reading all of Hardy's work.

Hugh Walpole (frowning at the hyperbole)—What does one mean by gloomy? I am told that I am gloomy. But, I believe that I am understood for the first time in "The Cathedral." Of course you know the three necessary things in life are a sense of proportion, a sense of humor and a good digestion. The first everybody talks about, the second everybody always says he has, and the third everyone always insists he hasn't.

And now I must be off to luncheon. It's been so nice, and I do hope you'll come again.

Young Boswell (producing a well-thumbed book from his pocket)—There's just one thing I'd like to ask you

to do. To write those first words of "Fortitude" on the first page.

The novelist unsheathed his pen, and wrote. . . . "'Tisn't life that matters; 'tis the courage you bring to it." And signed his name below.

As Young Boswell wandered down the corridor, he realized that he was a sentimentalist at heart, but he did understand why people wanted authors to sign their books. And he rather needed those words written there.



MEN WHO ARE KNOWN BY THEIR HOBBIES

Young Boswell sat next a painter one day at the Coffee House. He remarked that there were many painters who were more interested in what they do in their spare time than they were in their profession. "Why don't you get some of them to talk about their hobbies?" and he suggested four or five names.

THE MARIONETTE THEATER

Tony Sarg, although an illustrator and cartoonist by profession, is known everywhere in America as the creator of the Tony Sarg Marionettes.

He was born in Guatemala, was educated in Germany, lived for a time in England, and has married an American wife. He is a native of the world.

He has never had a teacher or attended any academy of art.

He has a phenomenal collection of dolls, begun by his grandmother.

Tony Sarg, his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up, was working on a new form of marionette. He demonstrated his recent experiments in the art of the shadow theater to Young Boswell, who sat quietly on a box in the corner. He closed the shutters to darken the room. A large black metal box was placed in the center of the room. The sides of the box receded toward a small opening at the back, where a strong white light burned, throwing its brightness onto the blank wall opposite, on which the shadow was projected. The lamp is a recent Sarg invention.

The marionettes were flat, made of painted mica in the manner of the Chinese flat marionettes. He held one of them up before the light, its jointed limbs dangling from the strings. The reflection on the wall gave the effect of a mural decoration, or more aptly a bit of stained glass.

Tony Sarg—They have had this sort of flat marionette in China for centuries. Mr. Culin of the Brooklyn Museum has the only collection of ancient Chinese marionettes in this country. He loaned me several of them to enable me to study their structure. I have evolved a new form which can be worked from above by strings, as my other puppets are. The Chinese form is worked by sticks from below. I have invented this lamp so that I may throw them on the screen in heroic size. I am manipulating these figures to get an effect which may best be described as an animated stained glass window. For backgrounds I shall use Lumière colored photographic plates, which will be placed in the slot immediately in front of the light and can be changed for the various scenes.

He showed how the coloring and intensity of the scene could be modulated by putting sheets of colored gelatin across the opening of the light box.

Tony Sarg—In the last few years there has been a revival of this art in China and in Java . . . a sort of drawing room entertainment with crude dolls. I want to adapt this art to the large theater. The dolls can be manipulated to appear any size by working them near or far from the screen. There is a great revival of marionette entertainments all over the world. An Italian company has taken England by storm this winter, and is to be brought to America.

There are at present five schools of marionettes in this country. They are all run by intelligent people. One of them is at Columbia University. Several of the producers of revues have put marionette numbers in their programs because there is a public demand. The interesting part is that a stronger interest in the revival of marionettes is shown in America than in any country in Europe.

Young Boswell—We should have a permanent marionette theater for children, where performances are given regularly.

Tony Sarg—A marionette theater would be a fine thing but it wouldn't pay, because children could go only on Saturday. The field of the marionette is limited. I believe in doing only the plays which actors can't do. Plays in which there are impossible transformations, such as "The Rose and the Ring" in which the butler changes into a doorknob. 'Stories dealing with strange elfin figures and the grotesque creatures of the fairy tale are material for marionettes.

He took Young Boswell to a room on the ground floor of his studio in Ninth Street to show him door

harps and clocks on which little carved figures announced the time. He pressed a button on the edge of a green box hung on the wall. A silk curtain went up. Two dancing toys the size of a thumb capered in Katinka fashion to the tune of tinkling music. He described his collection of toys, the nucleus of which he had inherited from his grandmother, and which had aroused his first interest in puppet shows.

The consequence of an illustrator's hobby is the Sarg marionette theater, which has perpetuated an old and delightful art for the rising generation of Americans.

THE REVIVAL OF THE SCREEN

Robert Chanler is widely known as an American painter who expresses his art in symbols and imaginative ideas in an age of realism and photographic painting.

The creation of screens is his hobby. The Louvre recognized his supremacy in this art by purchasing one of his exquisite screens, with giraffes as the central figures. It has been placed in the Luxembourg.

Specimens of his work may be found in American houses, in a Brooklyn church, on a United States battleship, but the completest collection is in his own dwelling, in Nineteenth Street.

When you come to a plastered house with a slanting roof and a low doorway, guarded by a griffin and a stone ape, you have found the House of Fantasy. It is really several houses thrown together, with workrooms on the lower floors and the studio and living quarters above.

Ivan Narodny, who has written much on Chanler's art, escorted Young Boswell through the establishment. To describe the screens displayed in the large workroom, with a fantastic ceiling modeled in the symbolism of the zodiac, one must be a writer of tone-poems. It might go something like this:

Screens,
Tall screens, small screens,
Screens of the deep sea,
Polyps and strange finned fish,
Red screens, blue screens,
Screens of black-beaked flamingoes,
Gold screens, green screens,
Screens with star maidens and mermaids,
Eternally rising from the sea,
Long necked giraffes, brown spotted,
Screens. . . .

The walls of the stairway were covered with fantastic paintings, monkeys and serpents and exotic foliage and submarine life, with a huge octopus about to seize the stair rail. In the studio he saw one of the workmen preparing the frame of the screen, and in the adjoining library books on foreign art, ancient and modern, piled two stories high.

Ivan Narodny—Mr. Chanler is a great scholar. He sometimes reads for weeks before he begins a new work. His art is interwoven with the symbolism of the Egyptians and with the fantasy of the East. And he

knows all phases of animal life. He feels the sensuous side of Nature's soul with the full force of his emotions.

Young Boswell descended alone to Chanler's study. It was a long, low room with a fireplace at one end, skirted by low divans and book shelves. On the whole a simple room with, perhaps, only one Chanleresque touch. Before the fire is a metal screen with the gold figure of a man, quite as nature saw fit to make him, pursuing a primitive lady. A kind of Nood screen! From a curtained doorway came deep groans and occasionally a shout of pain. Someone was being murdered. A silence, and then Robert Chanler towered in the doorway. A huge man with curly gray hair and great physical strength. He sat down, talking very rapidly in periodic explosions, hurtling from idea to idea.

Young Boswell—I thought you were being murdered. Robert Chanler—I was. I've had a game leg for the last few days, and that doctor comes down here and massages it. He almost kills me, but he's a wonder! He kills or cures. And then I vell at him just for the exercise. . . . You know, a decorator has all kinds of problems. Besides doing really creative things he has to do over people's houses and fuss with them about it. . . . I've just been doing some saints in St. Thomas's Church in Brooklyn. Twenty of them. But the individual saints don't count. It's the general effect of the color and the lighting. Think of me doing saints! . . . And I did a screen for one of the American ships. I'll never do anything for the government again. I put the screen in, and now they tell me it has to be made stationary. They have nothing to do but write letters, so they write to me once a month, asking me what kind of hardware they should use so the screen won't topple over in a storm. What do I know about hardware? . . . Americans don't like color, so American architects have to keep it away from them. There's not enough color in our buildings and streets. . . . Decoration is very much like the doctor's game—the higher you get the more your advice is asked, and everyone wants it free. It's a funny game. But I don't know anything about it. Here's my foreman. Let him tell you all he knows. . . .

A small man appeared in the doorway and took Young Boswell down to the workrooms. He saw pictures of the Deering swimming pool and Mrs. Whitney's black and white room and drawings for the murals at the Colony Club. He could hear Chanler roaring with laughter.

He is fascinating because he has successfully defied discipline and convention. He has some of Dr. Johnson, some of Rabelais, some of the Oriental pipedreamer, and a great deal of Chanler in his altogether Chanleresque personality.

POGANY'S CASTLE

When he was eight years old, Willy Pogany was destined by his parents to become an engineer, but after a period of mechanical training he turned his back on the T square and triangle and took up the brush. He was awarded a scholarship in a Hungarian art school, but he could stand the school only six weeks. He hated

formal education. His scholarship was cancelled, and the German art professor prophesied that he would spend the rest of his days painting "fat butcher wives and grocer women" for two florins each.

He left his native Hungary and went to Paris, making caricatures for want of anything else to do. Later he went to England and became a British subject, but there was always an urge drawing the young artist to America. Here he finally came, and again changed his nationality, becoming an American citizen.

Meanwhile he has pursued Art in every direction from fantastic murals to linoleum cuts. He has designed stage decorations. One can never forget his capricious sets for the "Coq d'Or" at the Metropolitan. He painted the fairy tale panels in the Children's Theater at the Hecksher Foundation in Fifth Avenue. He did the murals of the Rand School. He has illustrated more than a hundred books: "Omar Khayyám," "The Ancient Mariner," and a Wagner series among them. It is by his illustrations, at first a mere hobby, that Pogany is best known.

Young Boswell called upon him, in his studio on upper Broadway. It is a fascinating room, filled with his delicate work: illustrations for fantastic books, portraits of the artist's wife, caricatures, designs for the stage, an uncompleted drawing of a light-haired girl, with a profile that Venus might have envied, at which he had been working.

Willy Pogany, whose hair grows forward and stands up in front, whose eyes seem more like conduits of the imagination than mere optic necessities, sat on the piano stool, talking rapidly, with a warm accent. Young Boswell took up a drawing of a mystic castle and asked the artist why he wasn't an architect.

Willy Pogany—I have been everything but an architect. My castles are picturesque, but I'm afraid nobody could ever live in them.

I am more interested in illustrating books than anything else.

I was asked to speak once at the Authors' Club in London. Although I have definitely formulated theories I was at a loss as to what to say because there were several modern fiction writers there. Modern fiction gives a very limited opportunity to the illustrator. One either has to draw a lady sitting or the hero sitting, or the hero standing beside the lady, or both of them sitting in the moonlight. I'd rather illustrate a book on internal combustion than a modern novel.

He wore a white shirt with a deep collar, and a black tie, and trousers vaguely tweed. He was not paintstreaked, like the cinema painters always are.

Willy Pogany—An illustration is a symbol, a hieroglyph, which will recall to the reader the spirit of the book. In Europe the peasants are illiterate, so each shop has its sign out, that the peasant may know what the shop sells. A key for a locksmith, a large cut of beef for the butcher, and so on. Illustrations are much the same. They should show the spiritual content of the book, not just the happenings in the story. From looking at the illustration one should get the same sensation as from reading the book. That is what I mean by the spiritual content. For instance, if one should

illustrate "The Growth of the Soil" it would not express the spirit of the book to make drawings of Isaac digging in the field. The stolidity and peasant quality of the man, the underlying feeling which one gets from reading the book, should be felt in the illustration.

Young Boswell—Illustrations are for the unimaginative, anyway. Like opera.

Willy Pogany—It isn't possible to illustrate a book for the average reader. For the ordinary love story every one visualizes the hero and heroine in his own way, so that he quibbles with the artist's conception. And the average modern book is nothing more than the personal imagining of a hero and heroine. But if there is anything worth symbolizing in the book, if the subject of the book is imaginative, and one can picture it without injuring the reader's ability to imagine, then it can be illustrated. That is why fairy tales appeal to the illustrator, for in them he can give suggestions to the reader without hampering the reader's imagination; and great books, with a spiritual background, and poems. But modern novels, no. Imagine Beardsley or Rackham or Dulac trying to illustrate one of our best sellers!

He moved off into another part of the room, puffing a cigarette.

THE ART OF ILLUSION

In the same building, Dwight Franklin rides his hobby-horse. He began his career as a naturalist, but always in the recesses of his imagination was a dream:

to recreate the world that had passed in miniature. So he began making painted figurines of cave-men and Renaissance princes, gradually building up an art in which he stands alone. One might call it painting in three dimensions.

A child can learn more in one visit to the Dwight Franklin "groups" at the Metropolitan Museum, which dramatize history in color and form, than it gleans from a shelf of historical books. All the illusion of reality is breathed into those tiny figures, arrested for the moment in their movements, authentic in dress and manners, dramatic, vital.

Midnight is a strange time to call, but at that hour Dwight Franklin's studio puts on a veil of romance proper to this young man, who thinks in terms of pirates and pioneers, vikings and prehistoric men. Along one wall of the room are set up the "groups" on which he is working. They are painted model figures about eight inches high, set like a small stage and lighted by hidden colored lights. At first glance they might be magic paintings. Dwight Franklin, like a boy with a new set of tools, sat at a desk, heaped with books, modeling a pirate and puffing on a briar pipe. Sweaters and skis were tumbled in a corner.

Young Boswell-This doesn't seem a bit like work.

Dwight Franklin—I like being a free lance. I can play hookey any day and go skiing. But the world is in a conspiracy to put you to work when you're a free lance. Someone is always offering you a salary for your freedom. If I can give an emotional value to my work that's all I care. I'm just having a good time.

Young Boswell (picking up a book of Howard Pyle pirates)—You seem a mild enough man, yet you make pirates and soldiers and cave men.

Dwight Franklin—That is because I come from a long line of ministers and Puritans, in whom the fighting spirit has been suppressed. We have never been known as the fighting Franklins. Take Howard Pyle, the master illustrator. He was always drawing bloodshed, and yet he was the mildest sort of man. The same was true of Stevenson. Look at him.

(Young Boswell turned to one of the groups along the wall. It was Stevenson, in pirate costume, his belt bristling with pistols, in a dimly lighted cave. Stevenson, as he might have dreamed himself. Stevenson as Dwight Franklin had modeled him in color, on a kind of miniature stage, whereon one moment of a play had been set.

Young Boswell-What do you call your work?

Dwight Franklin—I haven't any name for it. I call them groups for want of a better name. I have never been able to choose between form and color. Sculpture, for me, lacks color, and painting lacks form. So I have combined the two, with the addition of stage lighting, which is very important in this work. There are, in my mind, so many pictures—the sort of beauty which I can't perpetuate in any other way.

Young Boswell—How did you happen to begin this work?

Dwight Franklin—When I was a kid I did the things that many kids do—lead soldiers and dressing up in costumes and putting on plays. I collected arms at an early age, and was particularly fond of getting out in the woods and camping. After I left school I spent a year on "Country Life" and became actively interested in wild animal photography. Then I left and went up to the Museum of Natural History, where I spent eight years as a sculptor, taxidermist, photographer and field collector. All the fantastic stuff got squashed. I was forced to do scientifically accurate work, but when I left the museum and got to doing geographical and historical groups for various museums I swung back again to the romantic, accurate, if you like, but not too scientific. Now I'm doing these groups you see around the studio as decorations for homes and am drifting toward motion picture work.

As they walked to the nearest Childs' for a shredded wheat, he talked of the possibilities of using such figures in the motion picture studio, and of the art of illusion.

THE BENDA MASK

W. T. Benda is a painter, an illustrator and the creator of the famous Benda masks.

He was born in Poznan, Poland. He studied at the Cracow Academy of Art, and in Vienna. In 1899 he came to California to visit his aunt. America seemed adventurous, young, new. He stayed on in the West, pursuing his art studies. In 1911 he became an American citizen.

He is a member of the Architectural League, of the Society of Illustrators and of the Society of Mural

Painters. In turn, dancing, villages built of paper, pantomime and masks have been his hobbies.

Few rooms express the men who live in them. W. T. Benda's studio, in the top of a house overlooking Gramercy Park, is the exception. One recognizes corners which have been used as backgrounds for his magazine There are touches of the Orient about the room, as there is a subtle Orientalism in his portraits. In one corner was a gilded, dragon-entwined symbol of classic Chinese drama, built in three stages, with the activities of earth going on below and the drama of the gods above. On a table by the window was a part of the model Benda has made, from strips of paper glued together, of a northern French town. Above on the wall hung the grotesque masks, bright colored and gold, and mysterious-eyed faces of women-faces which seemed to be peering through the wall. Wladyslaw Theodor Benda, brown haired and blue eyed, with a mustache twisted into points, a quiet sort of man, spoke with a slight accent.

Benda (in answer to Young Boswell's remark that an artist was interesting for his hobbies)—The first masks I made were very different from the form of the present ones. The first one I made just to wear at a masquerade. It was made of paper, but very flimsy and perishable. But I liked the idea. The next ones were very realistic. I made them with real hair and that sort of thing. I even wanted to put real eyelashes on them, but I couldn't find anything to use. I remembered that lambs and calves had beautiful eyelashes, so I went to the butcher's. Imagine the expression on his face when

I asked him if he sold calves' eyelashes! He sent me to the slaughter-house, where I amazed them by asking the same question. They told me that they didn't sell eyelashes, but they offered to sell me the whole carcass. Consequently I decided to make the eyelashes of stiff paper.

He took one of them down and showed Young Boswell the long slit of paper which represented the eyelashes. It was a beautiful seraphic face, "the sort of face to fit a woman, a good soul-screen," as Swinburne might have said of it.

Benda—I soon got over being realistic, and now make them all of the same material, little strips of paper pasted on top of one another, and shaped into the contours of the face. I have made them decorative, to hang on the wall when not in use. Some people seem to think I run a mask factory. I am continually being pursued to use a certain brand of paper, or someone wants to patent my process, while, as a matter of fact, I have made only thirty masks in seven years. These masks are best for pantomime.

Young Boswell—No one is interested in pantomime in this country, it doesn't appeal to the public.

Benda—It is too bad that everything here must be made to appeal to the crowd. In France and Germany pantomiming is one of the most popular sides of the theater. I suppose the motion picture has taken its place here. The people who grow tired of action without words go to the theater where they can hear voices. I should like to see a pantomime theater started here. The Chinese have the right idea of the theater, a

frankly theatrical, artificial art. Our stage has gone too far in realism. To produce what is happening every day in real life, photographically, is not interesting. Pantomime is far more interesting. The decorative quality is so much a part of it. I should like to construct a pantomime theater, with the top of the stage opening not more than two feet above the actors' heads, and no depth to the set, so that the figures in the pantomime would fill the opening like the figures in a decorative frieze. But the managers are afraid to do anything out of the ordinary. We shall never get anywhere in the theater until it ceases to be a business proposition.

And all the while Young Boswell was thinking how beautiful the world would be if Benda would make masks for all the ugly people to wear in public.



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THE BROWNING CHAIR

William Lyon Phelps is a well known lecturer and critic. He is an authority on Robert Browning. He is one of the most popular professors at Yale. He has written volumes on contemporary poetry and drama, and a series of lectures upon the Bible.

Mr. Phelps was sitting at his desk talking across the lamplight. Young Boswell looked about the long library, as he listened to anecdotes of famous men. It was a beautiful room done in mahogany panels, and lined with book shelves, containing rare editions and advance copies signed by the authors. A brown setter slept by the lambent fire.

Mr. Phelps (stirring the fire)—This is Rufus H. Phelps. His fame is literary, too. He was petted by G. K. Chesterton, stroked by St. John Ervine and kissed by John Galsworthy. (The dog moved his tail sleepily and began to snore. Mr. Phelps walked toward the desk, and stopped by a chair of dark wood, in the Chippendale period, with a monogram in silver on the back.)

Mr. Phelps—This was Browning's chair. It was always placed at his desk in his house in London. It was the chair in which he wrote much of his later poetry.

Young Boswell—How did you happen to get it?

Mr. Phelps—After the death of his son, in 1912, all the poet's effects were sold at auction. Some Yale students of that period were in London then, and bought the chair for me. I knew nothing about it at the time. Several boxes came to the house, some fruit we had had sent from Michigan, and while unpacking them, we discovered this chair. I thought it was a mistake, and was going to send it back, until I found this plate on the back.

Young Boswell inspected the silver plate on the back of the chair—"From Warwick Crescent, London, presented by graduate Pundits, 1914." Mr. Phelps asked Young Boswell to sit in it, but he refrained from the honor that the professor might sit there.

Mr. Phelps—Robert Nichols, the young English poet, sat in this chair and wrote a poem to Browning, of which I have the only copy. Speaking of poets, I was sitting on a platform in New York once, with the late Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, when a young American poet made a speech in which he said all young poets should be pensioned by the government. Lounsbury said in an audible whisper: "They ought to be hanged."

Young Boswell looked sheepish, remembering the three sonnets he had once tried to publish, unsuccessfully, until he turned them into free verse.

Mr. Phelps—I have been reading, with great interest, Robert Nichol's new drama, "Guilty Souls," in which he has a very defiant and characteristic preface.

Young Boswell—Did you entertain Hugh Walpole when he was in New Haven?

Mr. Phelps—Yes, he was here. I'm very glad Walpole is lecturing in this country because, unlike some of his fellow countrymen, he is a thoroughly accomplished lecturer. Even if he were not a famous man, his lectures would be full of significant criticism. His "Cathedral" is altogether the best book he has ever written.

Rufus got up from the fire rug, shook himself lazily, crossed the room, and curled up at Mr. Phelps's feet. It was a perfect portrait, Mr. Phelps, with his iron gray hair and kindly eyes, his hands folded in his lap and the family dog looking up at him adoringly.

And then the conversation turned to a discussion of new plays and new books. Mr. Phelps offered Young Boswell another of his mild cigarettes, and it grew dark outside, before he realized that time existed, and particularly dinner time.



THE RUSSIAN INVASION

There are now a million Russians in New York, where they sought refuge from the chaos of their own country. They brought their arts and their crafts with them. Travelers, who have had the good fortune to visit Russia before Lenine and Trotzky say that Russia and America were similar in many respects. Yet Russia had the artistic vigor which America lacked, for American vitality was spent practically.

Frank Crowninshield contends that the fusion has been beneficial. It has been good for the American artist to be exposed to Russian art. We need to absorb some of the ecstatic color, the madness, the flaming heat of the Russian.

Balieff came over with his Chauve-Souris and showed us how to be amused intelligently. Bakst visited us and showed us how to paint. Stanislavsky came over with Madame Tschekoff and the Moscow Art Theater to teach us how to act. Soudekine gave us new ideas for stage decoration. Remisoff painted the walls of the Russian Eagle, and it became the rendezvous of the world. Chaliapin gave us an idea of what opera might be in the hands of a great artist.

The Russian invasion has begun.

It is Morris Gest we must thank for the importation of the Russian Theater. He has championed Russian dramatic art. He brought Diaghileff's ballet to America. He is educating the American public with the Chauve-Souris and the Moscow Art Theater.

MORRIS AND HIS GUESTS

Perhaps the most fascinating office in New York is the large tapestry-hung room in Thirty-ninth Street, where Morris Gest contemplates new ventures in stage romance. One long table is covered with miniature figures of Oriental dancers and turbaned beggars. There are carved wooden figures of the now famous characters of the Chauve-Souris, Katinka and her mama and papa. There are sketches by Soudekine and photographs of famous singers, and cartoons. The short, dark-haired producer sat in a deep chair, his eyes keen with new theatrical dreams, smoking and talking casually of himself. An engrossing subject, if well handled!

Morris Gest—On the opening night of "Mecca," Mr. Belasco was in the theater. He came back stage to my office and grabbed my hand and said: "Russian, you have gone as far as you can. You cannot surpass this." He at once put something in my mind. I'd have to turn to something else. My sympathies and my sentiments have always been poured out to Russian artistry. I have never forgotten the sentence that Mme. Melba spoke to Oscar Hammerstein, in my

presence, at the Grand Hotel in Paris, "America wants only the first time and the biggest sensation."

He was tense as he talked, as though he could not quiet his energetic mode of living long enough to think about it.

Morris Gest—I had always felt, while Russia had said its biggest words through Chaliapin, Rachmaninoff and Heifetz, that there was something else that Russia had to say to America. In dancing, I had already introduced to America the genius of them all, Fokine, but the words and life of Russia had never been introduced. I knew that while Balieff and the Chauve-Souris were in Paris Americans said, "It is charming! It is lovely! But will Americans understand it?" I asked them, "Aren't you American?" and they invariably replied, "Oh, yes, but I am an intelligent American." I interviewed several people, and it was always the same answer. The American public won't understand it.

My greatest fascination is discouragement. I fear only when everyone is enthusiastic about something. I am encouraged only when people say, "It can't be done." Then my Russian soul awakens and starts to fight. I'm never happy unless I'm unhappy.

Young Boswell-How Dostoievsky!

Morris Gest—Worry drives me to do daring things, and that's what I adore. I felt it in my bones that the Chauve-Souris would succeed if the American public was told about it in the right way; but if it didn't, at any rate I would get the pleasure of seeing it 450 times. And I knew that the Chauve-Souris would edu-

cate the public for the Moscow Art Theater. It was a kind of hors d'œuvre for the Stanislavsky players. It was reversed in Russia. The Bat Theater was the cordial for the Moscow Art Theater, everyone going to Balieff after the play. Those two theaters have done more to wipe out the stigma that has always hung over us—that America likes only jazz—than all the diplomats in the world could have. France, Germany and even England must and will respect America for its real appreciation of artistic achievement. They have done more to lift the youth of America toward thinking artistically than anything.

Young Boswell—That's rather a great thing to have done, don't you think?

Morris Gest—Yes; and it has set my imagination running wild with new possibilities. I'll have to have my brain X-rayed. But even if the little theater I am going to build succeeds or fails, I have attempted something that I may not carry out, but someone else will eventually.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

Balieff gave New York its most interesting entertainment. He was the originator of the Bat Theater in Moscow. For fifteen years he was a member of the Moscow Art Theater.

His moon face has been caricatured everywhere in the Western world.

Morris Gest took Young Boswell back stage auring the intermission of the Chauve-Souris to meet Balieff, who was standing in the wings talking to Chaliapin. The great singer and the great showman of Russia were engrossed in a discussion of opera, which Young Boswell could not quite grasp, as his Russian is a little rusty. Balieff's face, he discovered, is not so much like a moon as it is like the pictures of the earth, whirling through space, a little flattened at the poles, with which geology books are illustrated. He came over and sat down beside Young Boswell, on a bench placed for the next number, against a canvas wall covered with calcimine vines.

Balieff—I am sorry I do not speak to English better. It is iiim-poss-e-bell. My first English teacher wass Italian. If I could speak to langage, I sit in to audience and talk to tem, iinstead of fom to stache. I could do with to peeple so. (He made a gesture, as if to take them in his hands and mould them like clay.) That iis what I do in to Bat Theater in Moscow. By me in my theater were all to great peeple of Russia. Pavlowa, Chaliapin, all of tem come to to Bat Theater.

Young Boswell (who had always thought of Russia in terms of pogroms, mudjiks and Dostoievsky)—And the people had a good time?

Balieff—Yeyess. By my theater tere was no intermission. If anyone wanted to dance or read hiis poetry, we did "impromptu" in te foyer. Tere was musique and sometime I yust talk and be funny. I speak to tem of politique and de newspapers. Iit wass iintimate. I vould like to have te same here. Tere were tables like a cabaret, but no eating and trinking until after te performance.

Young Boswell (who was beginning to regret that

he had not lived in Moscow before the Revolution)—What has happened to the theater, now?

Balieff (puckering up his face as though he had just tasted a lime)—Ohh! Te Bolshevik take evryting, and all my men who have not escape. Tey tell me I can return if I be Bolshevik. They say egality, now, and egality not good for te theater. (And he looked as though he had swallowed the lime.)

Young Boswell—Where did you get the idea of marrying Katinka and the Wooden Soldier? It's an amusing way to bring them into this bill.

Balieff—I say to Miister Gest, "Have a party for te company," and he say, "Give me a reason for having te party and I vill." So I send him invitation to the wedding of Katinka and de Vooden Soldjer, and we have de party. Ten we just put iit iin te bill. Katinka is a very old song, tat has been popular for eighty years. It is yust a simple motif. Narbut, a very great Roosian painter, bring me a picture he paint of de Vooden Soldjer, and tat giive me te idea for te dance of te Vooden Soldjers. Come, I vant you meet te company.

Katinka stuck her head from a dressing room, and bowed a Katinka bow, and the Wooden Soldier, looking surprisingly human in a dressing gown, said a few chosen words in English as he rubbed away his wooden make-up. Young Boswell went the rounds, saying his one phrase in Russian, which means goodby, and he could tell by the scowl on Balieff's jovial face that he had hopelessly mispronounced it.

Young Boswell-Wasn't that right?

Balieff—Don't ask me. I am Armenian, not Roosian. You say iit as well as I say English. (Young Boswell was consoled.) I have one of my company learn to sing te songs iin English. She study for a month, and I have her sing at te matinee, because I tink te audience like to understand te song. She sing, and te audience hasn't known what, so now she sing iin Roosian, and tey understand better.

Balieff suddenly dragged Young Boswell from the stage, where they had been sitting. "Te curtain! Te next number! I see you later—New Year Eve, maybe."

THE MUSCOVITES

Constantin Stanislavsky has made his company of players one of the greatest in the world. He is one of the actors as well as the co-director of the Moscow Art Theater. Their season at the Jolson Theater was one of the great artistic events of the winter of 1922.

Young Boswell called upon Morris Gest, in a final effort to obtain a seat for the opening of the Moscow Art Players. Oliver M. Sayler and a busy office force were sending out tickets and explanatory folders. Mr. Gest appeared to see that everything was going well.

Morris Gest—We're in a hurry getting these out. The books have just come from abroad, and we had a little difficulty getting them through the customs. Young Boswell, you are just in time. Stanislavsky is coming to my office, and you will be the first to meet him.

A few minutes later a tall man, with white hair and

a kindly blue-eyed smile, towered in the door and was ushered into Mr. Gest's office. He sat down, conversing intimately with his fellow countryman.

Morris Gest—It is a thing very near to my heart to have Constantin Stanislavsky here in America. It is an ambition I have long cherished. I will leave you with him for a few minutes. He will talk with you in French.

Mr. Gest went into the outer office. Stanislavsky, while looking over some pictures, told Young Boswell of the beginnings of the Moscow Art Theater.

Stanislavsky—I was born into the family of a very rich industrial. My grandmother, however, was a great actress from Paris, and perhaps she gave me my innate love for the theater. I began to be intensely interested in the stage when I was only twelve years old. I formed an amateur dramatic society in the house with my brothers and sisters and we gave little operettas. I knew the father of M. Komisarjevsky, the Russian. I could sing, and I thought of becoming an opera singer, but my family objected.

Later I went to the Paris Conservatory, but my interest was in the theater. I started several amateur dramatic societies, the last of which, "The Society of Art and Literature," brought together most of the players I now have in the company. They were young people with very serious ideas about the stage, and dissatisfied with the current Russian theater. They played Shakespeare and Hauptmann and many Russian pieces. At that time, my friend, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko Vladimir, was a professor at the Phil-

harmonic School. He was also a dramatic critic. Several of his pupils organized a troupe and founded a theater, with very revolutionary theories about the stage. I had kindred ideas. He and I happened to be together one Monday at noon in a Moscow cafe. We finished the conversation Tuesday midnight, still sitting in the cafe, and decided to combine our two theaters. So we organized the actors into a society.

But, as we had not enough money for a theater we played thirty versts outside of Moscow in the country in a little theater that we set up there. That was in 1897, and we played in the country all summer. We were laughed at, and everyone said "you will lose all your money." But, we went into Moscow for the winter. We played "Antigone," "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Sea Gull," by Tschekoff. His play had been a fiasco in Petrograd, and Tschekoff was desolate. He was so discouraged that he went and walked along the banks of the Neva for a whole week, and contracted tuberculosis.

At first we had not enough actors. We had costumes and scenery, but the critics said the acting was not strong enough. And the business end of it went badly because we did not have enough capital. But "The Sea Gull" was such an enormous success, that the theater was saved from financial ruin. So we took a sea gull as our emblem, and it is still on the curtain of our theater.

The evolution of our methods of acting, and of our particular art took many years. But it is not necessary to explain. Those theories will be understood,

when you see our plays. I think I have made clear the birth of the Moscow Art Theater.

Mr. Gest returned and explained that the great director would have to go, and Young Boswell was sorry.

CUBISM

Sergei Soudeykin was introduced to America through his sets for the Chauve-Souris.

He is one of the most energetic Russian painters. His art is a combination of a French education, Russian feeling and a trend toward cubism.

In a studio in Sixty-seventh Street, where he has collected some of his larger canvases and hundreds of sketches from his prolific brush, Sergei Soudeykin paints new sets for the Chauve-Souris, and expresses American jazz in terms of cubism. He is a man of medium height, with a round face and head, and short cropped hair. There is nothing long haired or exotic about his personality. He has a peculiar way of keeping a cigarette in his mouth as he talks. He has the admirable quality of the Continental mind, the ability to form his theories concisely without wasting words. Young Boswell translates his interesting discourse upon art from the French.

Soudeykin—The Brooklyn Museum has put on a special exhibition devoted to Russian art which has been going on for a month, during which time sixty thousand persons have come to view the pictures. On Sunday seven thousand persons were there, which shows what an interest New York has at present in

modern revolutionary art. The traditions of painting, like the traditions of the dance, have passed from Italy to Paris, and finally to Petrograd. The decadence of classic painting in Europe left only in Russia the school of painters who had not forgotten the traditions of classic painting. So when a group of young Russian painters were reunited in Paris and held several expositions, the Luxembourg Gallery opened its doors to a special Russian section. It was a conquest for the Russian painters.

He walked up and down the room as he talked, lighting one cigarette after the other, and coming to Young Boswell's assistance in the spelling of a difficult word from time to time.

Soudeykin—Now, one speaks of these painters as the painters of the human school—Italian, French, whatever they may be in spirit. One cannot call it the Russian school. Several of these Russian painters now find themselves in New York. Each of them is an individuality. Sorin is classic, Jakovlev is in the tradition of the Renaissance, Grigoriev paints Bolshevik types, and Soudeykin has been called the magician of color.

My first period was theatrical, stage decorations and costume. The second was a Russian period. The third was a period of portraits, and the fourth, the phase in which I now find myself, is cubism.

He pointed to a cubistic expression of the modern ballroom.

Soudeykin—It is necessary to pass through all the traditional periods of painting to understand advanced modes of expression. Cubism is perfectly sincere. It

has existed in all epochs, even in the Renaissance. Cubism is collective art. With it begins the great epoch of architecture and of socialistic painting. Cubism and socialism dovetail. Style and life are one thing. The age is socialistic, mechanical. Machinery, which was an American invention, is a subject for cubism. And the painter who has the insight into modern life, who is not a conservative classicist, cannot help expressing beauty in terms of the electric light which shines in all the streets of New York. A cubistic light! New York lives to the time of the foxtrot and of the motion of the subway, giving an artist the feeling of the modern soul enamoured of a beauty which is mechanical and natural at the same time. Art is an expression of the human soul, and when that soul is pulsing in a mechanical age, how express it except in the terms of the mechanical?

Which seemed to Young Boswell rather a logical plea for cubism as Soudeykin has adapted it to modern life.

AN AFTERNOON WITH A FAUN

America first learned of Leon Bakst from his extravagant settings for the Russian ballet. He was the first to use daring color, but his art is always progressing so that he keeps a step ahead of his imitators.

Young Boswell met the painter on his first visit to America, and was asked to call at his flat in the Beaux-Arts.

After an embarrassing attempt to announce himself

in French, through the house telephone, Young Boswell was told to "be sure and come right up," by an Irish maid. "You don't have to put on no airs with me," she said, as she opened the door. "I been workin' in these Boz-Ars apartments for ten years, and I ain't had to speak no French yet."

Leon Bakst, in his dressing gown and pajamas, with his back to the large studio window, was sketching a faun in charcoal. He is a small man, with reddish hair brushed crosswise, and graying mustache. Behind his eyeglasses active brown eyes suggested something of the vivid, colorful imagination which made his work seem so daring when first disclosed to the American public.

Leon Bakst—I am working hard this afternoon, but I shall rest a minute and talk to you a little while on the art of costume. Won't you sit down and have a cigarette? No, thank you, I will not smoke. There has been so much chatter about my work that I am going to write an article explaining my technique. I shall explain first my own way of seeing costume and decoration. Perhaps I should explain why my scale of color and my principles of painting are now accepted by the world of art and by the Paris dressmakers, too.

I consider that a living artist, who feels the changing quality of his work, should evolve with those changes. I am always changing. I never do the same sketch twice. Perhaps a variation on an old theme, sometimes, but never a copy. So that the imitators, who have adopted my principles, have a time of it keeping up with me. As soon as they have found out my

secret I am doing something else. When they have succeeded in making a perfect imitation of Bakst they discover Bakst has gone ahead of them.

Young Boswell—You do not mind their copying you?

Leon Bakst—No, for all these young artists show great interest in my work, which is very gratifying to me. I am very fond of artistic youth, and in Paris they are my best friends in the art world. I believe in this contact of older and younger painters, so long as the aspirants are not swallowed up in the atmosphere of their fellow painters.

Young Boswell—Have you done any new ballets?

Leon Bakst—I have just finished a ballet for the Paris Opera, in which I am author of the subject, the costumes and the sets. It is in the late Louis Philippe period. The music is adapted from Chopin, and I have taken great care to select the less known waltzes and nocturnes. The orchestration was done by Auber and Wuillermoz. I did another ballet for the Paris Opera, an Assyrian ballet. The music is Vincent D'Indy's "Istar." Ida Rubenstein is going to dance the ballet, in which she will change her costumes on the stage, visible to the audience. I will say that the costumes are sumptuous and (he half closed his eyes in a sly smile) not without surprises.

An artist must struggle to say things that have not been said before. He must struggle against banality and adverse opinion, if he is a truly sincere innovator. My own career is an example of the obstacles that a creative artist must overcome to make the public accept and appreciate his work.

Before Young Boswell left he sat down and signed a photograph, "Souvenir de Bakst."

THE PLIGHT OF COMPOSERS

Sergei Rachmaninoff is the outstanding Russian composer and pianist. His prelude in C Sharp Minor is one of the most familiar pages of piano literature. He wrote "Aleko," an opera, and two symphonies.

Since 1919 he has lived in America. He has been greeted with lasting enthusiasm, both as virtuoso and composer, in all parts of the country.

Rimsky-Korsakoff was one of his closest friends.

In an airy room, overlooking the river, Rachmaninoff sat at his broad desk, converted from a walnut square piano, and fitted with many drawers. A stern, serene figure! A man of few words! His close-cropped hair, and slow loose gait, and the quiet dignity of his bow, are things one never forgets after seeing him upon the platform. He was reading a letter, when Young Boswell softly entered the room, filled with such awe as only a great musician inspires.

Rachmaninoff—I have just received a letter from Rimsky-Korsakoff's son. He writes to me about the children and grandchildren of the composer. His compositions have been given a great deal in America, and very much liked. Particularly since his death.

Young Boswell—He is perhaps the most popular of the Russian composers at present.

Rachmaninoff—I think he is really the greatest composer of recent years, because his orchestration is so extraordinary. I am sorry that all his works are not better known here. He wrote fourteen operas, of which ten are great, but only two of them are known here at all. "Coq d'Or" and the "Snow Maiden." For some inexplicable reason, they have not played "Coq d'Or" at the Metropolitan this season, although it was a tremendous success. Rimsky-Korsakoff orchestrated the "Boris Godonoff" music, which the public has enjoyed so much this year. With all his popularity, because there is no copyright law between Russia and America, his works are given here without paying any royalty. To think that this poor Russian composer never received any royalty, and that now his children and grandchildren, who are starving, get no slice of the receipts!

He paused a moment and picked up the letter.

Rachmaninoff—Let me translate this pitiful letter for you. It is dated February nineteenth, from Petrograd. My dear Mr. Rachmaninoff . . . Permit me to submit to you . . . a great musician and authority in a republic which has ever been friendly to Russia . . . an appeal in the name of the Rimsky-Korsakoff family. . . . I know that you approved of the request that a small part of the material profits derived from the performances of my father's compositions be given to his family. . . . I think that . . . considering the destitute circumstances we are suffering from . . . the family has a moral right to receive some assistance from those among the musical organizations who per-

form my father's compositions so often and with so much success. . . . By your kindness in fulfilling my request, the children and grandchildren of the composer will be under great obligation to you. . . I often think of the time so long ago, when you and my father worked together for the improvement of musical conditions in our country, and I also remember the deep mutual respect you bore one another. . . . May this bond between your native country and America, in which you are so much honored and respected never be severed. . . . It is signed Michael Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Young Boswell—It is pitiful, I think, that they should be destitute. The public might show its gratitude for his great music by helping them.

Rachmaninoff—He was not a financial success when he was alive, like most great men. He worked all day long in a tiny room. He wrote everything directly, orchestrating right off, without first writing a piano score as most composers do. He wrote about twenty-four pages of an orchestra score in a day. There were two tables in the room, one at which he worked, and then passed the pages to the other table, where his diligent wife immediately wrote out the piano score. Thus they worked all day long. He died of asthma of the heart, before he had quite finished "Coq d'Or." Nevertheless it is his best composition. So what are we to do about the family of this great man?



THE GENIUS

Theodore Dreiser is the master realist among American novelists. He wrote "Sister Carrie," "The Genius," "Plays of the Natural and the Supernatural," the "Hoosier's Holiday."

He lives up to the tradition that all Presidents come from Ohio and all writers are born in Indiana. He was "fired" from a New York newspaper, slept in parks and ate in East Side cafes. Then he decided to be a novelist.

As Young Boswell sat at Theodore Dreiser's desk, once a square piano, with an unfinished manuscript in the author's small handwriting piled up under his notebook, he thought of a poem Edgar Lee Masters had once written as a portrait of Dreiser, who stood talking, folding and unfolding his handkerchief into a minute accordion.

. . . . tall shouldered,
One eye set higher than the other,
Mouth cut like a scallop in a pie
Aslant, showing powerful teeth,
Swaying above the heads of the others,
Jubilant, with fixed eyes scarcely sparkling,
Moving about rhythmically, exploding with laughter,
Touching fingers together, back and forth,

Or toying with a handkerchief,

And the eyes burn like a flame at the end of a funnel, And the ruddy face. . . .

Young Boswell—What do you think of contemporary writing, sir?

Dreiser—One thing is astonishing to me. One day I was in a book shop and I looked over the little publications, and I had never had any idea before how many of them there were. There are scores of them like "Broom" and "The Double Dealer." They are issued in Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Seattle, in almost every town.

Young Boswell—No city is worthy of the name today without its little theater and its literary effusion.

Dreiser—What interested me was that they were always written by a group, not by just one man. Each group is going to do over the literary world. There is a wild burst of enthusiasm from the younger generation in each city, a group inspired to write poems, plays, novels, to do drawings, statues, caricatures. It is a revolt, just a sort of fumbling, but even if a percentage of those people find themselves in the next fifteen years we can look forward to the development of a literature which will be very interesting.

Young Boswell—Do you think it has any significance aside from the revolt against going into business or farming like their fathers did?

Dreiser (twisting the handkerchief into a string)— Way back, from 1894 to 1897, there was just such a burst of publications, only, unlike the present movement, they were individual efforts, not the expression of groups. Out of those publications came men who got somewhere, like Elbert Hubbard, Vance Thompson and William Marion Reedy. It seems to me that this present burst is more sincere in its enthusiasm, and more determined, and that these publications will last longer than those of the '90s.

Young Boswell-But will anything come out of it? Dreiser-I think the movement is too forced, too radical and too obvious an attempt to be different, but that radicalism will freshen the traditional methods of writing. If literature were not freshened periodically it would become mere repetition, like Chinese painting. It might even develop a new form of writing, just as free verse is a new and legitimate form, which fits the philosophic poignance of one's mood. It is going to stay a long time, until something newer comes along to take its place. Free verse is the thing that this generation has given to literature. In this generation we get the full fruit of the thing that burst through in Walt Whitman, because they understand his form bet-Each of these boys and girls thinks ter than he did. he or she is the solution to the literary problem, by doing a play or a poem in some way it has never been done before. Even that is better than just going into business or doing nothing at all, in a country where everything is material. . . . Perhaps it is a manifestation of a new spirit that is arising in America.



ARCHITECTURE

America is now the architectural center of the world. The art of building has passed from Paris to New York. The Beaux Arts is no longer the dictator of design. The nineteenth century atrocity in stone is passing from the city streets.

William Walcot, the English etcher and architect said, when he came over last year, "New York is interesting to draw and paint because here architecture is alive. Moderna's façade across the front of St. Peter's in Rome ruins the scale of the dome. There are three dozen architects in New York who could have solved the problem better. Park Avenue with its uniform roof line is an interesting development. The growth of the recessed roof is interesting, and is certainly the trend of future architecture. . . ."

There are four hundred architects practising in New York. Young Boswell chose the creators of the most remarkable buildings of recent years.

Cass Gilbert, who planned the Woolworth Building, refused to see Young Boswell. "Architects are busy men," he said. "And interviewers are notoriously inaccurate. I haven't time to write an interview for you."

BILLBOARDS

Whitney Warren is a member of the firm of Warren and Wetmore. They collaborated on the Grand Central Station, and are responsible for what the hurried traveler sees as he rushes for his train. They collaborated on the Chelsea Docks, on the New York Yacht Club, and on many of the buildings about Pershing Square and Park Avenue. They were commissioned to rebuild the library at Louvain.

Whitney Warren is director of the Beaux Arts Institute of Design in Seventy-fifth street. He is author of many pamphlets and papers on the war. He is an active enemy of billboards.

The architect, with impressive gray hair and a ruddy, youthful face, sat by his desk puffing a meerschaum pipe. He wore a flowing black tie, and a corduroy coat. Large tomes on architecture filled the bookshelves on one side of the room. A rare chandelier of wrought iron hung from the ceiling over a large oak table. It is the room of a man who admits his love of beautiful things.

Whitney Warren—I heard Joseph Pennell last night. He said that in this country people have no interest in anything but movies, comics and billboards. The billboard is not only a disgrace and a nuisance. It is a crime! Our country is so desecrated by its filthy vulgarity that the only time a self-respecting citizen may venture out is during the night, for fear of being offended by signboards. They are a pest, more offensive to our sight than the vilest stenches of Hunter's

Point in the old days were to our sense of smell or the unearthly noises of the equally vulgar Jazz band to our ears. They are nauseating, to put it mildly.

Young Boswell—But, what are you going to do about it? The place is full of them and nobody seems to care enough about ugliness to blow them up.

Whitney Warren-If the public's sense of the beautiful were not dead they would revolt and refuse to buy the wares thus advertised. France has solved the question. The rage for publicity at one time threatened to devastate beautiful France as severely as the Germans succeeded during the war. The billboard disease was taken there from here. The first seed was sown by an American firm concerned in the manufacture of pickles. French firms followed suit. Signs were put up all over the place. But the offended French public They demanded that a heavy tax put a stop to it. a square foot should be levied on all advertising of this character. The result was the immediate disappearance of large and offensive billboards.

Perhaps, with this precedent, there is hope for our country. I despair, as Mr. Pennell does, of reforming the American's artistic taste. It's no use to damn the concerns which put up the hideous signs or the farmer who gets his \$5 bill. If signboards are tolerated it is because the public is indifferent to them. They seem to prefer this sort of open-air art. Of course, the supreme crime is the oil advertisement on the viaduct, with the Palisades painted in for background. The gas tank on the other side of the viaduct is a thing of beauty in comparison.

Young Boswell—Do you think we can ever rid the country of signs?

Whitney Warren—We might if we kept at it. If we could get these things taxed exorbitantly it would be a wonderful help. The poor architect is perfectly helpless. He can't do anything with all these bill-boards in the way. Without the proper surroundings architecture is impossible. A good building has got to be set off by something living about it. It needs trees and grass. Otherwise it is bare and dead. There's a quotation in Lamartine's book called "Raphael" which expresses what I mean. See if I can find it.

He pushed a chair over to the bookshelves and climbed up on it. He found the volume, dusted the covers and climbed down again.

It's a wonderful quotation, but I always forget just how he says it. I'll translate it freely. Here it is: "Nature is the high priest, the great collaborator, and the supreme musician of the architect." Without nature, architecture is perfectly cut and dried. Take lower Park Avenue. Just the little green that you see there, the few trees and the grass plots, make the buildings seem to sing. Very curious things what trees will do. But we poor architects, instead of having nature to collaborate with us we have these wretched sign-boards.

Then he showed Young Boswell the plans for the great library at Louvain, which is to be a living history of what American youth did in the World War. A supreme monument! Perhaps an inspiration to the public taste, to rid the countryside of billboards. Perhaps!

THE BEAUX ARTS

Walter Boughton Chambers is a fellow of the American Institute of Architects.

He is an active member of the Beaux Arts Society. He rebuilt No. 1 Broadway, not only a remarkable engineering feat, but an artistic tour de force.

He has a number of buildings and several medals to his credit.

He is a connoisseur of music, painting, sculpture, tapestries, rugs and cats.

Coming into the harbor one sees the white façade of No. 1 Broadway, topped by the Singer and Woolworth towers. Housing the offices of the International Mercantile Marine, it is a kind of intermediary between the city and the sea. Standing on the edge of Battery Park, Young Boswell has studied the coats-of-arms of all the great seaports, which are set into the outside walls, and has often wondered why the ugly and unnecessary spur of the elevated was not torn down, to give one a free view of this exquisite building.

Young Boswell was delighted to meet the architect, Walter B. Chambers, one afternoon at the University Club. He was a distinguished man, with white hair and mustache, reminding one of a dignified French Senator. He had a cautious cat-like walk, and Young Boswell was told that cats were one of his hobbies, that he even talked to strange cats in the street. The education of architects being of interest to Young Boswell, he asked Mr. Chambers to tell him of the work of the Beaux Arts Society.

Walter B. Chambers-You want to know about the early formation of the Beaux Arts Architects? We of the Paris Beaux Arts, who graduated from '89 to '92, numbered about a dozen. We were all earnest about architectural instruction in this country and we set out to reform it. We combined ourselves into a society to enforce the methods of instruction which we had had in Paris, in this country. At that time there were only two or three architectural schools, Massachusetts Tech and the Columbia School of Architecture. They were in the lead, and they were the ones we tackled. I'm just telling you the salient factors of the beginning of Beaux Arts methods in this country. I took my turn, as the others did, as chairman of the education committee. It was my good fortune to get Professor Ware, of Columbia, to come in with us and he lent us rooms in which to hold our competitions. Then Lloyd Warren, who devoted his whole life to the development of the Beaux Arts Institute, became permanent chairman. The institute, which is now a forceful factor in architectural education, compelled the whole system of American schools from Texas to Maine to follow Beaux Arts methods.

Young Boswell—I know several young Americans who went to the Paris Beaux Arts to study after the war, but who have come back home to get their instruction.

Walter B. Chambers—I have heard that and I'm glad of it. There is no doubt that architectural ability, both practical and artistic, is very highly developed in this country. I think we are abler in our solution

of problems than foreign architects. We teach the other countries how to plumb and heat their buildings. The skyscraper is an American idea, you know.

Young Boswell—How does the Beaux Arts Institute function?

Walter B. Chambers—It is the nucleus of fifty architectural schools all over the country. They follow our methods of instruction, and their students participate in competitions held here every month. Drawings are sent in from all over, and we architects are asked to criticize them. The good ones are premiated and the bad ones put out. Advancement is on the basis of the student's ability, just as it is in Paris.

Young Boswell—What do you think the present trend of architecture is?

Walter B. Chambers—It is toward a uniform cornice line. New York today is as higgledy-piggledy on a large scale as a mining camp, but it is going to develop into a city of towers, the setbacks carefully regulated by the law, which was patterned after the French established roof law.

As he talked, he drew a hasty sketch of the skyline of future New York.

ANTI-VENEER

Bertram Goodhue has designed many of the most beautiful churches in New York. St. Thomas's in Fifth Avenue is attributed to his design. St. Bartholomew's, the unfinished basilica in Park Avenue, promises to be one of the glories of the street. He built the San Diego Fair, the Nebraska State Capitol at Lincoln, and the Academy of Sciences in Washington.

He believes that the architect should consider his work from the point of view of the individual rather than from that of a commercial corporation.

At the top of a building off Fifth Avenue, are the beautiful offices of one of the younger architects, Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. In a small paneled room, looking out upon a loggia, the turrets of skyscrapers in the distance, Bertram Goodhue discoursed upon the art of building as he sees it in theory and, as he confessed, tries to practice it. No touch of the traditional artist, but short, blond hair, a good-humored smile, a nervous way of walking about the room, a business suit, characterize this architect, who has taken sincerity for his motto.

Bertram Goodhue—I fight with all my heart against what I call "veneered architecture." I don't see why one should cover steel construction with any old kind of traditional detail which happens to come into one's head. I grant it is easier to get your detail out of a book, and it is safer than to create it. The masses of the buildings in New York are very fine. But none of them are sound, because they are steel frames covered up with pilasters and such like which are used purely as ornament. The pilaster once meant something, held something up, but it doesn't any more.

Young Boswell-Just veneered on?

Bertram Goodhue—Yes. If one wants to be strictly logical, which is given to very few to be, no

steel frame building should have anything but a square-headed opening. The public can be sure that any arch they see in any of our modern buildings is not a real arch, for it doesn't support anything. Architecture means a good deal more than the usual lady client thinks it does. It's not just the drawing of a pretty picture, after which the building is erected by some miraculous process. There are weeks and months and, in the case of honestly constructed buildings, years of the hardest sort of work connected with the designs, the drawing and the construction.

Young Boswell—The architect is a bit of an engineer. Bertram Goodhue—In the old times, the architect and the engineer were one. The Greek word for architect meant engineer. The architect of Chartres Cathedral designed the flying buttress to meet a definite need, and I can conceive of his standing off and looking at the first one finished, and saying "Gosh, that's an ugly thing, but it's right." Now the clergy think that the flying buttress is as much a part of the church as the creed, and they don't seem to care, if it really fulfills its purpose or is just veneered steel.

While sincerity and honesty in construction are almost obsessions with Mr. Goodhue, he is not a follower of the rigid classic rules, but considers that the architect must adapt and interpret the old forms, and thus create new ones. He pointed to one of the columns which supported the roof of the loggia, outside the window. It was neither Ionic nor Doric, but an interesting form of his own, and it did support something.

Bertram Goodhue-I believe that an architect,

like a poet, is born and not made. In fact a good architect is a poet. It is because of this that I disapprove of architectural schools. This doesn't mean disapproval of education. Far from it! But, the learning of how to make an architectural drawing is an easy enough matter, something that ought to be accomplished in a year—in an office, I mean, not in a vocational school. No doubt lots of the school men are fine fellows, many of them are great friends of mine, but I don't agree with them, and that's all there is to it.

And so you have the eternal controversy between romanticism and classicism.

THE PERFECT SCHOOL

James Gamble Rogers is a fellow of the American Institute of Architects and a member of the Beaux Arts Society.

He put up the first steel warehouse in this country. He is consulting architect for Yale University.

Harkness Memorial Quadrangle is one of the most beautiful collegiate buildings in America.

He built the Shelby County Court House in Memphis, the Isham House in Chicago, the Post Office in New Haven, and the Yale Club in New York.

In an office with leaded windows whereon quaint figures were stained, a black marble mantelpiece, and a broad oak table with tall chairs on either side, James Gamble Rogers discussed the education of an architect. Young Boswell had been inspecting the photographs of

archways and courts, excerpts from Harkness Hall, which hung in a kind of frieze along the wall.

J. G. Rogers—Nowadays a young architect can get as good training here as he can abroad, because the Beaux Arts Society gives the same training as the Ecole de Beaux Arts in Paris, with two distinct advantages. The subjects given in the programs here are more nearly related to the work that an architect will have to perform when he practises, or that the student will have to work on when he enters an office, than are the subjects in Paris. The other advantage is this. The judgments at the Beaux Arts Society are made—similar to the French custom—by practising architects from cities all over the country, while those who pass on the Ecole are generally all from Paris.

At the Ecole de Beaux Arts, there is a spirit of work and an atmosphere of art, which are impossible to get in America. Here, we have not such historic buildings and great monuments, which are a source of inspiration to the young architect, as there are in Paris itself, and within a short distance of Paris. They have a subtle influence on the young mind. Another disadvantage to education here are the many distractions for the student, while in Paris he works with only one interest, The Ecole. He has no affiliations, no family ties, no social duties, which interfere so seriously with the student's work here.

He refilled his pipe and paused a moment. He was a calm, fatherly sort of man, with dark hair and glasses without rims.

J. G. Rogers—I believe there could be a vastly

better way of teaching architecture and of running a school. A school of architecture should be a school of design and have no course in engineering. The spirit of architecture properly taught would satisfy the necessities of engineering. The actual calculations have to be made by an engineer in actual practice. The architect confines himself to the design. words, you would be teaching what really happens in practice. In the perfect school, I would have the students learn to do all their work freehand because the architect makes his studies freehand. draws them up with T square and triangle but he restudies them freehand. Therefore to make the best designs the student should be thoroughly taught freehand drawing. An architectural school should be part of a great university, and a great part of the work should be to teach, in some form or other, something of art and architecture to all of the students.

After all art is the best recorded history of the world and its progress. It would be of great benefit to the student, making him observant, for the greatest fault with university-bred men is that they are not observant. Furthermore their study of the arts would help to make more liveable, more beautiful and happier, our everyday life, adding to it a certain charm and grace and happiness, where now it is only painful and material and practical.



CAPTAIN TRAPROCK

CAPTAIN TRAPROCK

Young Boswell never sees George Chappell without thinking of a story he once heard about him. He and his wife live in Pelham, just to be near the water. Several years ago they were having trouble keeping servants. They had tried several nationalities and colors, but each set left in turn. Mrs. Chappell came into town one day to hunt for another supply. She called her husband at the office. "George," she said, elated with her success, "I just found two Finns. What shall I do with them?" His reply was as swift as a

clap of thunder after summer lightning. "Put one

under each arm and swim home."

George Chappell is a practising architect whenever he can spare the time from his lectures on "The Cruise of the Kawa" and "My Northern Exposure." His seacaptain disguise (a black beard and frozen looking black hair) is better known than his own serious face and curly gray hair. At college he achieved a reputation for his brilliant wit. He majored in Irish stories and billiards, a game at which he has no peer in the Yale Club.

Young Boswell was flattered to be asked to play billiards with Mr. Chappell, not that Young Boswell plays billiards with relish or proficiency, though he does place the balls nicely for his opponent.

Chappell—All my writer friends say I am a brilliant architect, and all my architect friends say I am a corking writer, but my real profession is playing billiards. I used to claim I always built the houses to reflect the client, and almost all the houses I've built are low and rambling.

Young Boswell (chalking the wrong end of his cue)
—I really don't quite get this game.

Chappell (scoring five more points)—I see you don't. The object is to hit both the red ball and the opponent's cue ball in the same shot. It's a very interesting game for a writer. It expresses the eternal triangle. The two white balls are the husband and wife and the red ball is the villainous element in the plot.

Young Boswell-What's the cue? The hand of Fate?

Chappell—No, the pen. You placed the balls beautifully in that last shot. Now you are going to see a lot of kissing and petting. (Chappell aimed and made a brilliant run of one.) I'm going up to the Yale-Harvard game. I like football, and I've seen it played in every corner of the globe. In the Philberts they used to play with light ball made of fish membrane. It was rather difficult to get through a whole game, because every time the ball was punted it would be caught up by the trade winds and not come back for about six months.

Young Boswell—I should think that would mean a lot of time out.

Chappell-It did. The game would often be post-

poned until next summer. The Eskimos make marvelous football players, because they are so covered with oil all the time that it is impossible to hold a runner. He would slip right out of your hands. They play on very rudimentary skates made from the spine of the guppy. A guppy is a very interesting fish that I discovered all by myself. It is the only fish that lays its young without the intermediate egg stage. It lays them full-formed, as it were.

Young Boswell—Then there isn't any guppy caviar? Chappell—No, but if there were it would be delicious, being such a delicate fish, but unfortunately there isn't any. I guess I win. Shall we have another little game?

Young Boswell—Thanks, I prefer to try anything just once. You certainly have a good eye.

Chappell—Uh-uh. Big-game shooting is such good training for billiards—sighting at such long distances. Here! Here! Don't try to put that cue in your pocket!

Young Boswell—Oh, I'm sorry! I got it mixed up with my pen.



TWO JOHNSONIANS

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J. C. Squire wrote of the Adam collection in the London Observer:

"The catalogue which has been sent to me by my friend, Mr. Adam, of Buffalo, is the catalogue of the finest Johnson collection in the world. The collection was started forty years ago by R. B. Adam, senior, and as the present Mr. Adam's son is, at the ripe age of three, an honorary member of the Johnson Society of Lichfield, we may hope to see the tradition carried on. Dr. Osgood, in his delightful introduction, makes a very significant comment. Collectors of books and manuscripts are common, and there are many things scarcer and more valuable than Johnsoniana. 'But collectors choose Dr. Johnson not for the rarity, but for the love of him-of his wit, his geniality, his hunger for humanity, his triumphant reconciliation of mundane with spiritual things.' It is true, nevertheless, many of Mr. Adam's possessions are unique, and the extent of them has to be seen to be believed."

Robert Borthwick Adam has the best collection of Johnson material in the world. He has thirty editions of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." He has more James Boswell letters than any other collector. He has every edition of every work of Ruskin. He owns the original manuscript of Burn's "Tam O'Shanter" and "For a' That and a' That."

One of the most fascinating personal libraries in America is in Buffalo. After trudging through the snowy streets to find one's self before the warm fire, framed with crowded bookshelves, to look about the room where prints of Goldsmith, Johnson, Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Robert Burns hang, and to have Mr. Adam spread rare volumes upon the table before you, is a kind of paradise for an ardent enthusiast of the eighteenth century. Young Boswell's attention was arrested by photographs of three of the most distinguished Johnsonites in America, Professor Tinker, of Yale, author of "Young Boswell," A. Edward Newton, of Philadelphia, and R. B. Adam.

R. B. Adam, a man of great dignity, with gray hair and glasses, talked quietly, with the interest of a scholar and a lover of reading. Young Boswell asked him what impression had been made upon him by all these years of collecting.

R. B. Adam—My impression is . . . but first let me think of my years of collecting. As a boy I collected postage stamps. As I remember, a good collection. I also collected botanical specimens, not only near Buffalo, but in the hills and dales of bonnie Scotland. I collected coins, butterflies, beetles, swords, golf clubs, guns, fishing rods, furniture, trombones and Irish terriers.

Young Boswell—I should think there was nothing else left to collect but books.

R. B. Adam-I began collecting books, with the

paper covered classics which I bought to read. I would part with my paper covered Milton's "Comus" for which I paid sixpence, as readily as I would with my first edition of that poem for which I paid . . . sufficient. As for collecting Johnson, it has been a joy to continue the collection begun by my father. He extended and extra-illustrated George Birbeck Hill's great edition of Boswell's "Life."

He led Young Boswell to a large safe and pointed to a series of fifty-seven volumes, a rare treasure of letters, manuscripts and prints of the period. He took down other volumes from the shelves and showed Young Boswell the only letter Dr. Johnson ever wrote to Oliver Goldsmith; a letter of congratulation from Boswell to Goldsmith upon the success of "She Stoops to Conquer"; the printer's proofs of the first edition of the "Life." on which Boswell had written, "I am much pleased with this sheet as now arranged. As I have made a little alteration . . . let me have another Revise sent to Sir Joshua Reynolds in Leicester Square, where I dine, and it shall be returned immediately"; and the most valuable of all, the only known survivor of those notebooks in which Boswell first set down his material for the greatest biography in English.

R. B. Adam—There are many books and things to collect, not to hide away in safes, as perhaps I have done, but to keep and cherish in the mind. The books I know and read are on my bookshelves, not in safes. Yet it is wonderful, if one can, to have the first or a rare edition of a great writer, or an autograph letter of a man who has by his character or writings made

his name ever to be remembered. I have learned to love Johnson and his writings. The shadow of his great rock is so welcome a refuge.

So the afternoon passed. It is impossible to give a notion of the comprehensiveness of the collection, which spreads to rooms in the top of the house. The huge catalogue compiled by Mr. Adam, which, "The London Times" calls "the most important accession to Johnsonian lore since the editions of Hill," gives one a sense of the enormity of the library, which one literary man has said, "Put Buffalo on the map."

A. Edward Newton is a prominent business man of Philadelphia, by profession, but a book collector by fame. He first delivered to the literary world a delightful series of essays on the "Amenities of Book Collecting," which were soon followed by "A Magnificent Farce." Now he comes forth as the author of a play, "Doctor Johnson."

He has four first editions of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" including the copy the author gave his son. He owns the last portrait Reynolds painted of Dr. Johnson.

Young Boswell descended from the train at Daylesford and walked up the snow-covered drive to a wide, rambling house on a knoll. Upon being admitted he found Mrs. Newton in the music room, from which had come the familiar phrases of "Ruddigore." "We were just playing over some Gilbert and Sullivan," she explained. "Mr. Newton has been writing an article on the Gilbert and Sullivan season in London last year. Let's go into the library. I think he has finished typewriting."

The library, a long room with fire-proof bookshelves, prints of Goldsmith, Johnson, Boswell, letters from Thomas Hardy and eighteenth century engravings on the walls, bespoke the scholar, but A. Edward Newton, with his graying hair, nose glasses and sack suit, emerged from a stack of books on his desk, a business man. A business man until he talked on his favorite subject—books.

A. Edward Newton—This is my most valuable Boswell. (Fondly taking down four huge volumes bound in leather.) A presentation copy of "The Life of Dr. Johnson." Read the inscription.

Young Boswell read, in the familiar handwriting of his literary ancestor, "To James Boswell, Junior, from his affectionate father, the authour." He felt a sudden thrill, which Mr. Newton noted.

A. Edward Newton—This copy was originally in the library of Heber. He was the man who said that everyone should have three copies of every book—one to read, one to display and one to lend to one's friends. He died in 1833 and this copy shifted to John Murray, who had it extra-illustrated and extended it from two volumes to four. I have a three-volume edition, another uncut in boards and one in town. I am responsible for having raised the price of Boswell's "Johnson" from five pounds to fifty pounds, unconsciously, of course.

As they moved about from case to case Young Boswell asked him how he became interested in books. A. Edward Newton—When I was fifteen I fell under the influence of a Mr. Nell, and he directed my reading. He told me to read Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth." There was a certain incident in the book which fascinated me. I was told that Reade took it from the life of Benvenuto Cellini, so I read that, and got interested in the Renaissance. By the time I was seventeen I was working all day and reading all night. Then, when I was twenty, I went to London and fell under the influence of the works of Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb. When I had succeeded in business I began collecting books as a hobby. I think for that reason I have been happier than most business men.

He pointed to an empty space on the north wall.

There is where the portrait of Johnson hangs, but it has been taken away to be photographed. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted it just before Johnson died, for Dr. Taylor, of Ashburn. Dr. Taylor held a very rich clerical office and was the owner of the biggest and most expensive bull in England. He also read Dr. Johnson's funeral service.

And so they passed from shelf to shelf, examining the finest edition in America of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," the manuscript of Lamb's "Dream Children" and Thomas Hardy's "Woodlanders," and had not tea time suddenly ended Young Boswell would be browsing there now. As he walked down to the station again he cherished youthful hopes that some day he would write a book about famous people and that Mr. Newton would collect it.

THE PRINTING PRESS

Editors and publishers are always pictured as gruff tousled men who look up from a huge pile of manuscripts and shout, "No. Not today . . . or tomorrow." Young Boswell found them quite unlike the

stock portraits novelists paint of them.

Robert H. Davis is an editor, journalist and dramatist. As editor of Munsey's magazines he is an authority on what is being written. He has discovered more potential writers than any other man in the country. He has an enormous collection of photographs, taken when the authors were unheard of, of the foremost writers of today.

He wrote "I Am the Printing Press" and "Efficiency."
He is a minister's son.

In a sunny office, whose windows look down upon the old City Hall and the Park, Robert Hobart Davis is to be found any afternoon, sitting behind a desk, swamped with manuscripts. He is a dramatic personality, acting out his stories as he tells them. At first he is austere, a front put up for the reception of promising literary mazdas, but slowly thaws to joviality, a quality now rare among editors. With stories of his own days as reporter in San Francisco, he kept Young Boswell in a continuous state of hysterics. Then he spoke seriously of the present state of literature.

R. H. Davis—Everybody who is the least bit interested in stories or books says, "I am going to take up literature." Doctors, lawyers, bootleggers, conductors—they all write. Everywhere you turn there are people writing for a living. The result is that the editors receive a thousand bales of literature from all corners of the country. How can one editor run his magazine and read all of that material? Where he used to read a thousand stories to get one good one, he now has to read ten thousand to find three stories worth printing.

He looked at the stacks of "world-beating" stories piled on his desk.

R. H. Davis—Magazines appear on the newsstands by the hundreds. Today there are 500,000 people supporting themselves by writing, and fifty years ago there were about fifty. Now the author has his press agent, goes on the road and makes speeches and finds himself so exalted that he has to live up to his eminence. He must make money to maintain his position and the result is the rapid decline of his work. Many of these authors exhaust themselves in one good story and then die out, for the competition is so strong, but some are lucky enough to sign contracts for manuscripts ahead. The editors have to watch for newcomers just the same. One can never tell when a Stevenson, a Gissing, a Kipling or a Pater is going to walk into the office and lay a manuscript on the table.

Young Boswell thought of all the unfinished stories he had stowed away in his trunk, and wished he had brought them along. R. H. Davis—There isn't anything new to write about. The he-she story is worn out. The earth, as a setting, is exhausted. Jules Verne went under the sea, and the air has had its day in war literature. Now we have the pseudo-scientific story. Modern poetry, with its radical note, has disorganized verse. As a consequence, I think there is going to be a reconstruction of the literary world. The people who are making their living by writing are conscious that what they are doing isn't very worth while. For the rank and file, the literary camp followers, the outlook is indeed depressing.

Young Boswell-What turn will the tide take, sir? R. H. Davis—I don't know anything about the future. I do know what has sold in the past. It is always better to think like the public than for them. The man who thinks like the public is likely to have a large circulation. Many books have survived because they have one chapter which has something suggestive in it. I can name dozens. The thing that sells such books is the desperate and daring attempt to hold the public with the salacious interest. And such books do not represent the pure flame of genius, either. modern writer is taunted and exploited and advertised, and there remains after a while only an old, burned-out beacon, for the light cannot burn always. to prominence, and then in a few years they are absorbed into the great mob of writers and are forgotten. As Hugo says, "When they slip back from the mountaintop the people in the valley cheer." And then

somebody comes along with a new kind of story and the cycle begins all over again.

AMERICANIZATION

Edward Bok has built up the most successful woman's magazine in America. His own story, "The Americanization of Edward Bok" is one of the romances of American business.

His great energy is now devoted to the cultural education of Philadelphians. For that purpose he has established the Philadelphia Forum, and put the Philadelphia orchestra on a sound financial basis. He prevented the historic Academy of Music from being converted into a motion picture house, and there the artistic life of the city centers.

He established the Philadelphia award as an incentive to artistic activity.

Mr. Bok's office in the Academy of Music is a quiet room, hung with prints from Abbey's frieze of the Holy Grail. On the other side of a table, lighted by a pottery lamp, Edward Bok sat smoking cigarettes in a long holder, as he talked. His iron gray hair, and kindly face, deep-furrowed, and the largeness of the man, expressed strength and inexhaustible mental energy. His deep voice, forceful and yet gentle, adjusted itself to the capacity of the room.

Young Boswell—I should like to have you talk about yourself, but since I am informed, sir, that you won't, perhaps you might suggest your biggest interest at the moment.

Edward Bok-At present it is the Philadelphia Forum. You probably don't know what it is, so I shall explain it to you. We tried it as an experiment last year. There is a certain class of professional people, like the professor, the teacher and the clerk, who have been caught between two economic wheels. Such a chap makes, for instance, \$2,500 to \$3,000 a year, has a wife and a couple of children. After he has paid out his money for food, rent, clothes and coal-not forgetting coal—he hasn't much left for the beautiful things of life. Yet he wants them. His nature craves them, and he, of all men, should have them. That man is a tremendous factor in the world and is too often lost sight of. So last spring we started a Forum, using that word in its broadest sense. We made it a human forum, not at all discursive. We gave the people seventy-five events, each the best of its kind, for \$10 a year. We gave them, for example, Josef Hofmann, Olga Samaroff, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Bach Choir. We had Vice-President Coolidge to explain current events. We went through the whole gamut of literature, art and science, and besides we gave them six dances, on the theory that it is just as civic and needful for young people to dance in the right surroundings as it is for them to know about the latest question in Europe. Then we are going to have William Lyon Phelps talk to them about books next month. After his talks the book shops can't keep supplied with the ones he mentions.

Young Boswell—It is a kind of university extension idea.

Edward Bok—Yes, and when such a forum was suggested they said it couldn't be done, because it had not been done before. But in three weeks we had to close down the membership with 4,000 members and had to refuse members for the rest of the year. This year we raised the price to \$15, and again closed the membership list with 4,700 members. This is one of the rules. At 8:30 the doors are closed and latecomers are not admitted. The lecturer talks for an hour, and then it turns into a questionnaire. Ushers go through the audience to gather up the written questions, which the lecturer answers, and there is hardly a man who comes before the Forum who can answer all the questions asked in the half hour allotted. At 10 precisely the meeting is closed. The Forum really works!

Young Boswell—Think of it! Seventy-five events for 20 cents each!

Edward Bok—There's the civic lesson, and, above all, a verification of a thing often said, but seldom really carried out—that if you give the public the very best at a price within its reach it is only too willing to take advantage of it. The public wants something other than the motion picture and jazz. If we'd only stop talking against bad amusements and give them good entertainment, using our energy to put something good in place of the bad! Something constructive! The Forum is now attracting attention all over the country, and we are going to start a second one. The president is the governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of this district, George W. Norris. The best criticism of the Forum I know is this: A girl stenographer here in

Philadelphia was offered \$15 more a week to go to New York. She said: "No, I won't go, because I would miss the Philadelphia Forum. It is my education." That makes a man feel that he is working for something worth while. The main thing is that it gives the public a chance to ask questions. You know we are all walking question marks.

Young Boswell agreed, but he didn't get to ask Mr. Bok any of the questions he had written on his cuff.

THE SMALL TOWN

William Allen White is one of the best known editors in America, although his paper in Emporia, Kansas, has a circulation of only five thousand. His editorials and periodic controversies have made the "Emporia Gazette" and the "Weekly Gazette" famous.

He is a novelist and a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

He was a member of the National Committee of the Progressive party. He was sent to France as a Red Cross observer during the war.

Just returned from a winter abroad, with interesting tales of Palestine and Egypt and religious motion pictures seen in Naples, William Allen White, typical of the enlightened American, with a national rather than a regional point of view, talked to Young Boswell about a variety of things. The contours of his face might be traced within a square. His jaw is firm and decisive. His keen light eyes peer out beneath bristling red eyebrows. He spoke with authority, leaning his

elbows on the table, sitting on the edge of a bench.

Young Boswell—Is life in the small Middle West city
anything like it has been pictured?

W. A. White—You are probably thinking of Sinclair Lewis. "Main Street" is a faithful chronicle of absolute fact, but not the truth, because the truth is composed of many facts, of conflicting and paradoxical facts. He gives only one side of the picture. There is an intellectual life in the small city which he doesn't take into account. Emporia, where I live, is a town of about 12,000. Symphony orchestras come here each year, the Cincinnati or the St. Louis or the Detroit orchestra. We have four or five fairly good plays a year, of the type of "The Circle." And then people do read.

Young Boswell—Isn't there a kind of aping of New York?

W. A. White—I think it is rather the other way. New York does dictate to the other parts of the country artistically, perhaps, but not nearly so strongly as the rest of the country dictates to New York. We have imposed women's suffrage on you, when you didn't want it. We have forced prohibition on you, against your wishes. We elect Presidents without you. In 1916 New York voted for Hughes, but the country at large voted for Wilson. New York is a dependent state, in about the same class as the Philippines. New York is more a point of view than anything. A very definite point of view.

Young Boswell—I have always thought of New York as the real capital of the country.

W. A. White-Not at all. It is not representative of American life. It is a bound city, although it is a beautiful city, and perhaps you might say it was the capital of the world. It is one of the most beautiful things man has ever created. The temples that have been erected to commerce here are as glorious as the temples at Karnac, or the Greek temples erected to the gods of those times. In some ways the two railroad stations and the Woolworth Building are more wonderful than the temple at Athens. We have erected them to our modern gods, and they are just as much things of beauty, they are just as unreasonable and as unbelievable as the ancient temples. Nevertheless, they do not make New York a governing city. The New York point of view doesn't fit the rest of the country at all. The other states are no more influenced by New York opinion than they are by Manila opinions. New York City is just a dependent province of the United States, a kind of conquered people, who are still free to live as they like-within their walls.



THE IGNORANT MAN

H. L. Mencken is America's severest critic, and editor of *The American Mercury*. He has been everything on a newspaper from reporter to editor, and he was a war correspondent in Germany and Russia in 1917.

He is the author of "Prejudices" and the high priest of American Credo.

An aspiring author in a floppy brown hat waited to reclaim his rejected manuscript, eyeing Henry Louis Mencken, who sat with his legs crossed telling Young Boswell what was what. Young Boswell's attention was distracted from the critic's poignant phrases by the hungry look beneath that floppy brown hat. Mencken's eyes, cold and gray, have a peculiarly penetrating quality, as though they are seeing a little deeper and a little farther than ordinary eyes see. What he said was frankly put, without hypocrisy, but sometimes too personal for print.

H. L. Mencken—In America there are two kinds of people, who differ vastly. There is the great majority without æsthetic sense, and on the other hand a minority of civilized people. In the eastern part of the country, I should say that the proportion of civilized people is about the same as in Europe. It is

smaller in the south and west, and in some parts of the country, there is none at all. I am told that Arkansas is a place where there are no civilized people. The only decent people who get in the state, get in by mistake.

Young Boswell—That is a little strong, isn't it, sir? H. L. Mencken—They are not civilized in my sense of the word, but they are intelligent in their homely way, and their homely humor is highly developed. Arkansan is a funny fellow, with the makings of a civilized man in him, if he will ever wash behind the I have a feeling that there are many parts of the country like that. One can't judge America by New York, you know. It is not the real center of the country. Nor is Washington. Chicago comes nearer representing the spirit of the whole country. I don't think New York is American by any means. gradually becoming a separate state. It is always breaking the laws set up by the other states, or at least breaking the sense of decency and the morals of the rest of the country. New York has become a kind of outlaw. It is really a feudal state within a state.

The floppy brown hat leaned over to listen. It was from somewhere west of the Mississippi to judge by the shape.

H. L. Mencken—In Europe the civilized minority is small, too. Only I should say that it is on the decrease there, while in America it is increasing. In England the intelligent minority is about two per cent of the entire population. In Germany not over three or four per cent, and about the same in France. It is difficult to tell about Italy. Probably one man out of

a hundred is intelligent. When I speak of the uncivilized minority and of the unintelligent, I mean such men as Bryan. In his way, he is one of the highest types of American. He has a sense of honor, but no comprehension of what real honor is. He is a highly moral man with a sense of duty, but a man of gigantic ignorance. An ignorant man is not necessarily a man who lacks knowledge, but a man who knows facts which are not true. Therefore he is certain that everything he says is right. Bryan is not a hypocrite, because he really believes what he says. He has no æsthetic sense, yet he has a great power with the majority of people. He is representative of the majority of Americans, but not of the intelligent minority. We have these two separate types of men existing side by side.

Young Boswell—The second rate people are running the world.

H. L. Mencken—They are, but they won't be for long. The power of the type of men which Bryan represents is passing. It was at its height in President Grant's administration. I am no optimist, but it seems to me that the superior people in America are rapidly increasing.

The boy with the floppy brown hat took his rejected manuscript and went away. He had a new idea.



SINCERITY IN ART

Josef Hofmann was born in Cracow. He was an infant prodigy. He first appeared in public at the age of five, playing his own compositions. He made a concert tour of France, Germany, England, Holland and America, at the age of ten. After two years he was withdrawn from public life until he was seventeen. During this period he studied with Moszkowski and Anton Rubenstein.

During the winter of 1912 and 1913, from October until March, in Petrograd, Josef Hofmann gave a series of twenty-one concerts, at which he played 255 compositions, interpreting the entire range of musical literature, from the classic through the romantic, down to the modern. A feat of virtuosity which has never been equaled! One hundred and five of these were Chopin alone, and he played two concertos with orchestra the last night.

Young Boswell sought out Hofmann in his hotel. A small man, prematurely gray, with quiet brown eyes, sat by the window. Young Boswell admired a blue Chinese screen in the corner of the room and they talked of the differences between Eastern and Western music.

Hofmann—The Chinese may have a different ear.

Their music means something to them, but not to me.

Yet cultivated men who know music, from the classics down, find real beauty in it. They say that there is something in store for us which hasn't been discovered yet. Musical taste is changing rapidly, and we can't very well tell where it is going to stop. I know, from my own experience; not more than eighteen years ago I absolutely refused to consider the possibilities of the music of men like Richard Strauss. It sounded all confused, although I am a musician. The funny part was that other people who were not musical saw something in it. I am absolutely humiliated to acknowledge that I didn't have the vision of a lawyer who was my friend. I refused to believe him. Now Strauss's music sounds to me as clear as crystal and as simple and sound as Haydn and Mozart.

Young Boswell—How do you feel toward the present composers?

Hofmann—I feel the same way now, for instance, about Debussy. I have come to the conclusion that the mode of expression isn't material. It isn't how we express things, but what we express. The moderns who are sincere will survive. The pseudo-modernists, who simply use the modern medium to hide the poverty of their thoughts, will not. Once, when I met Tolstoy, years and years ago, in Moscow, he said that there were three things that were important in art, particularly in music. He said: "Sincerity, sincerity, sincerity!" Though he was not a musician, he was a man of great intellect. Though he could not feel music, he did guess correctly the musical truth.

Young Boswell—Sarah Bernhardt said that about acting. Do you think it is all that is necessary?

Hofmann—I think that sincerity is the most important. The rest doesn't matter. In music one is absolutely free to be sincere. There are no musical police. If we misuse that freedom we miss the greatest opportunity in life.

Young Boswell—Don't you think restrictions increase the desire for expression?

Hofmann—Yes. Poland, under Russian rule, couldn't express itself politically. Her only outlet was art. They could express themselves in music and painting and sculpture and in letters. In England and America, where there is the greatest political freedom, you find less desire for expression than in the east of Russia, for instance, where ten people couldn't get together without permission. Perhaps the greatest desire for expression comes to one in solitude. To create one must have solitude.



DRAPERIES

There are so few original people in the world. Originality has been swept away by civilization. Ruth Draper is one of those rare people who have contributed something quite individual to the modern arts. She has created a new genre of monologues. She sets her stage, builds her scenery, and draws her characters in the imagination of the audience. She is the most accomplished of living reciters. Her character sketches range from the charwoman to the debutante. She is as popular in London and Paris as she is in America.

Ruth Draper, in a Russian blouse, her dark hair drawn into a simple knot at the back, her black eyes vibrant, sat on a low couch, telling Young Boswell of her early interest in monologues. Here was the woman who could change herself into any one of a hundred people, not by magic, as most children think, but simply by standing on a bare stage and talking. That is her particular genius.

Ruth Draper—The monologue is a development of the average child's ability to dramatize the scenes of its own life. My brother and I used to do them, and so do most children.

Young Boswell—Most people lose that childlike quality when they grow up, unfortunately. I think it ought to be developed in children so they won't lose it.

Ruth Draper—I don't think it can be taught or developed. It's a terribly personal sort of gift that some people just have. It's the child's quality to sink itself in what it is doing. I live my characters so intensely and respect them so much that they become real to me. I think Deburau's speech to his son expresses what I mean. He tells his son that in the art of acting if you think hard enough of the person you are trying to portray you are that person. It is intensive thinking. The thought conception of the character is so clear and the feeling of the setting is so strong that the voice, the gestures and everything else become perfectly natural, and you are that person.

Young Boswell—You did your monologues in Paris? Ruth Draper—Yes. Of course the French have always had monologues. I appeared at the Theatre de L'Oeuvre, under the management of Lugne Poe. He brought Ibsen to Paris for the first performances and he has done much to modernize the French theater. The French are such good critics, and it was a great satisfaction to know that they were interested in my work.

The effect of monologues upon children is extraordinary. Children have the most unclouded imaginations and unsophisticated minds. They are a perfect audience. I was told about a child of twelve who saw one of my sketches. At the end she clung to her mother and cried out, "Did she really kill that man?" And one little boy wanted to know where all the other people had gone.

Young Boswell—Do you always write your own character sketches?

Ruth Draper-Yes. I can't seem to do anyone else's. Not many incidents lend themselves to monologue. It has to be one person talking to another, but in such a situation as not to have to repeat the conversation, but only to suggest what the other person has said. Though I've had many sketches submitted to me, I've never been able to feel them, as I do my own. Let me tell vou about one time, when I was doing my things at a boys' school. The platform was only about a foot high, and the boys in the front row put their feet up, as boys will. I was doing "The Railway Station," and you remember in that I swept the snow out of the room. (She rose and began to sweep with an imaginary broom.) You remember? Well, as I was doing that, the boys all took their feet down to get out of the way of the snow.

It was a very real illusion, for Young Boswell had unconsciously drawn his feet up under him to get out of reach of that broom.



ELSIE DE CHINTZ

Elsie de Wolfe has white hair which falls into ringlets about her neck. She is dainty, vivacious, with a quickness of speech that is difficult to set down.

She is one of the foremost interior decorators in America, and an authority on chintzes. Someone once referred to her as Elsie de Chintz. Her shop on Fifth Avenue is a permanent exhibition of her work. She has written a book on "The House in Good Taste," and has been one of the influences for better taste in the home. She owns some of Leon Bakst's most alluring pictures, and is one of his intimate friends. Half of the year she lives in Versailles, in a romantic house in a romantic garden.

Young Boswell wandered into her shop, and after negotiating with several assistants, was admitted to a long salon, where Miss de Wolfe sat on a low chair.

Elsie de Wolfe—I can't talk at all. My brain is pea soup. All I can say about decoration is—eliminate! Don't have a lot of dust collectors. Don't harbor a lot of junk.

Young Boswell—Do you think taste has improved in the last few years?

Elsie de Wolfe—Absolutely! All over the country. People are interested in their homes as they never were before. My book has sold like a romance. It's been read all over the country like a best seller.

Young Boswell—I should think people would want to do their own houses. It would be more personal.

Elsie de Wolfe—The decorator's value is in choosing things for his shop. The secret is to have things that suit various tastes, and the general taste is improving. There is a kind of Renaissance of decoration all over the country. There's no hanky panky about that. Look at our museums, and at the commercial showrooms in Detroit and Chicago and the other cities.

Young Boswell—What do you think of decoration in the theater at present?

Elsie de Wolfe—Splendid! Splendid! I told Sorel the other day that I consider our American theater second to none, and you know I live in France. You'd think I'd be inclined to the French theater. When I see such plays as "Rain" and "Merton of the Movies" how can I be? My hat is off to the American theater. They are so far ahead of other countries. You can go night after night and never see all the plays.

She waved a spray of gold flowers she was holding with a triumphant gesture. A parade with blatant music came by, down in the Avenue. She jumped up from her chair and ran to the window, leaving Young Boswell writing at a table. She left the window and wandered about the room, as though she were selecting the furniture for an apartment.

Elsie de Wolfe—That's an interesting table you are sitting at. It is a tythe table. In the feudal days

the master of the manor sat at the table on the day when rents were paid. He put the money in that space in the center and the top turned round to the various drawers below where he kept the papers.

Young Boswell (being reminded of history)—What's your place in Versailles like?

Elsie de Wolfe—My place in Versailles is a dream come true. Even when you say the name "Versailles" your imagination is aroused. It's an old house full of ghosts and a lovely garden. I look upon it as a little paradise. My little paradise. I like to go there and rest from work, though I like to work and am a terribly active person. If I hadn't worked awfully hard when I was young I would have got into all sorts of mischief. I did, as it was.

I do all sorts of physical exercises. I stand on my head. It amuses me. Every morning the maid brings in a mat, turns on the record and I do my daily dozen. I'm mad about health. I see all my school friends, now ladies with livers, and it's all some of them can do to be lifted into their motors, while I go to parties and dance. My hair and my teeth are my own. I couldn't stand life otherwise. I would never accept life at the price of ill health or old age. I laugh a great deal. I have worked hard, and I've had my reward. I have no quarrel with circumstances. My great work was the war. Then, when I was called on for my strength, I had it to give. . . .



JENNY LIND, JUNIOR

Young Boswell once wrote a limerick to commemorate the occasion, at a Princebridge concert, of the accompanist being a phrase in advance of the singer.

A coy prima donna named Frieda, Called down to the orchestra leader, "You're two bars ahead And I'm nearly dead," But he was too busy to heed her.

He showed it to her one day before luncheon. She smiled a little coldly, it seemed to him.

Frieda Hempel is one of the leading coloratura sopranos. She made her debut at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, in "Merry Wives." In 1907, she toured Europe, the guest-singer of the chief opera houses and orchestras, throughout the continent. She was for many years one of the favorites at the Metropolitan, having seventy-five roles in her repertoire. She was chosen to impersonate the Swedish Nightingale at the Jenny Lind Centennial concert in 1920, and since has repeated the concert, in costume, all over America and in London.

The gods were kind to Frieda Hempel. They gave her a glorious voice, but they were not content with

that, so they added grace and beauty and charm. She has used those gifts to advantage through her fault-less sense of costume. She has applied her dramatic qualities to the concert medium so deftly that an audience is immediately drawn across the footlights. A concert in a barn, with no acoustics whatever, is transformed into an intimate evening of songs. Young Boswell was presented to her once, after a concert, and though he trembled and tremoloed, he was not unaware of that same vital, personal presence.

What a prima donna has to say is unimportant. That is why the famous opera singers have always been an alluring subject for drama. Their temperament leads them to an inordinate interest in themselves and in the events of their lives—and yet that is their fascination. When Young Boswell asked her abstract questions about music and its history her answers did not matter. But it did matter tremendously that she had just come in from a walk, in a black dress and cape lined brightly in red, a red hat, and a gay red walking stick. It mattered that she has luxurious blond hair and vivacious eyes and a youthful enthusiasm for everything.

Frieda Hempel—I love everything outdoors. I love to ride horseback, because it keeps me outside. I have always preferred to be in the air, hating smoky restaurants and drawing rooms full of people. In the summer I go to a little village in the mountains in Switzerland. It's just a tiny place of two hundred inhabitants, but every cow and goat knows me, and every child greets me with a shout in the streets. It is the

most beautiful spot you can think of. Schopenhauer and Nietzsche spent many summers there. Nietzsche climbed way up the mountains above the village to a small island in one of the lakes and there wrote one of his greatest works.

A hurdy-gurdy set up a rasping tune in the street below.

Frieda Hempel—Sometimes I go out with the townspeople and make hay if they will give me a chance. And then I get tired of the mountains and the simple life, and want to be fashionable, and I go up to Paris again. I love to take pictures of all the little peasant girls, because they are so embarrassed.

Young Boswell—Doesn't that racket bother you? Shall I call down to them to stop?

Frieda Hempel—No, no. I like it. And bands I adore. Whenever I hear one I can't sit still. I always get up and want to follow it. It doesn't matter what they are marching for, I want to march with them.

She turned and looked out of the window at the green map of park and the water of the reservoir lashed into whitecaps by the spring wind.

I hate to leave New York now, when everything is so beautiful and I have time to see all of my friends. A singer has a strange life. Always in the train like a traveling salesman. That's a career. Sacrifice! Sacrifice! Always giving up something you want for something you want more. But I shall have a beautiful time in England. It is the height of the musical season there now. And the flowers are all out. I love flowers. Whenever I am touring and have flowers sent me I

always take them with me and put them in water and I'm always unhappy when they die. It's like children dying.

The music stopped and the hurdy-gurdy moved down the street.



THE SPIRIT OF THE TIME

One of the most fascinating houses in New York is Mrs. Whitney's studio in Eighth Street. It is pink plaster, with green trimmings. It is just around the corner from the Brevoort, and runs through to MacDougal Alley.

In the studio proper, where Gertrude V. Whitney works, there are a chimneypiece and two colored windows by Robert Chanler. There was a model, the clay still damp, of "Buffalo Bill" scouting on horseback, which she was commissioned to do for Cody, Wyoming.

Of American sculptors, Gertrude V. Whitney has most successfully caught the spirit of the American soldier. Her Washington Heights war memorial and the figure to be erected to the memory of the Fourth Division, display her finest art.

Her treatment of the soldier and sailor, the suggestions of uniform and war paraphernalia, her glorification of youth, her personal contact with the war, combine the qualities necessary to a true monumental work. No one else seems to have caught that same spirit.

She sat in a deep divan and talked casually of the sculptor's art. She is spontaneous. She is gallic.

Her auburn hair was drawn into a classic knot at the back of the head. She wore a strange shimmery

dress. As the afternoon wore on, she came casually to the subject of art.

Mrs. Whitney—I suppose today, of all the arts, architecture is most original and outstanding. had certain different conditions of building to meet here. We didn't have much space in our cities, and there came out of this necessity a new and entirely original form of architecture. You hear people talking about what a beautiful city Washington is, but why do they think that? The buildings in Washington are copies of old buildings which are very beautiful in themselves-beautiful in their proper settings-but which have nothing to do with the idea of an American capitol. A Greek temple turned into an office building hasn't much sense. Whereas, New York is much more beautiful and inspiring, because it is the outgrowth of a necessity, combined with the beauty of a new form.

Young Boswell—But American sculpture hasn't followed the development of architecture, and they are so much a part of each other.

Mrs. Whitney—Oh, yes, it has. With Saint-Gaudens we began to break away from copying the Europeans. Take his statue of Sheridan in Washington Square. Nobody up to that time had dared to do anything which was a complete departure. His Lincoln shows the same spirit. Of course he founded his art on traditions, but instead of copying he developed those traditions and brought to them a spirit of his own, and the spirit of the times.

Young Boswell—Do you think we, as a nation, are interested in our own artists?

Mrs. Whitney—A tremendous propaganda has been worked up by foreign artists. It was only a few years ago that our native talent was thought anything of. A thing that comes from abroad has a mysterious power over Americans. If people were only not afraid to express their own opinions and feelings, it would be a splendid thing. I don't care how bad their taste is, it is the expression of the person who has had the courage to say what he likes or to buy it for his own house. That is much better than buying, say, English furniture because it's the fashion or a French tapestry because some dealer has said to. One changes one's ideas about life, why not about art? One can discard them and go on to something else.

Young Boswell—And one could discard the furniture.

Mrs. Whitney—Yes, but I think all art must be the expression of the times. I admit that it must be good work to live, of course, but we don't know whether a thing is going to live or not. One can speak only for one's own time. For instance, what I have been interested in is the war. I was abroad during the first year of the war and closely connected with war activities. Through that came my tremendous interest in the young soldier, and the marvelous spirit of young America. I think I understood that spirit.

Which explains why she has been able to make a composite picture of the American doughboy, with all his sense of duty and brave imagination, which will stand as a true monument to all soldiers in the Arlington Cemetery.

THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC

Albert Spalding is an American violinist, who has made good abroad as well as in his own country. He was the first American instrumentalist engaged to play at the historic Paris Conservatoire concerts.

He made his debut in Paris in 1905. He toured Russia, Germany, France, Italy and Holland. His success was an important factor in showing Europe what America could do musically.

He was an officer in the aviation corps, and served eighteen months on the Italian border. He was among the first to fly over Vienna.

Young Boswell thought for a moment that he was back in Italy as he walked down a long, heavily carpeted corridor into a room with rough-plastered walls and seventeenth century Venetian chairs, and a carved pieta over the fireplace. Albert Spalding, a youthful man, with dark hair and volatile eyes, tall, and quite without artist pose, entered. They talked of Florence, sitting before the fire, on a low settee, upholstered in cloth of gold, and the violinist, with his enthusiasm for music and beautiful places, revived Young Boswell's interest in the academic discussion of music and its appreciation.

Albert Spalding—In the United States, I believe,

there is an awakening to the fine arts, especially music. We have a tendency to magnify the execution of music, but the layman who is a lover of music has almost as much importance. Yet, if a layman's intellectual capacity for keen perception of music does not keep pace with the perception of those actively interested in it, a country cannot really become musical. In other words, the point I take is this: the work of the laymen who organize musical societies and hire fine musicians to give concerts has only commenced. It is very much like a man who wants to become intellectual. He buys a large library of books, but they do him no good, except that he possesses a large number of book covers, until he has read and understands what is in them.

He hesitated between phrases, but always spoke with intensity and simply, smoking the while.

Albert Spalding—The appreciation and enjoyment of music can never be a collective thing. It will always remain individual, because the only thing of value to the listener is his own direct reaction. He can be stirred and excited by a large collective enthusiasm, by the excitement of an audience, which is purely an emotional reaction of mob excitement, but it has nothing to do directly with his reaction to the music. Unless the listener can divorce from his mind the excitement which the crowd brings in him and gets the sensation of sitting there alone in the hall the music is of no value to him.

Young Boswell—Imagine trying to get that sensation at the opera!

Albert Spalding—But the layman must cultivate oblivion to his surroundings if he wishes to get the keenest enjoyment from listening to music. The educational appreciation of music is developing immensely in this country. There is, of course, an American tendency to swallow things collectively. The American buys a book because everybody is buying the same book. He goes to a concert because everyone is going.

Young Boswell-We have democratized art, or tried to.

Albert Spalding—But art can never be democratic. Mind you, it is open to everybody, but it must always remain aristocratic to this extent—that is, the individual personal expression of a man's inner life. There is no unionization possible where, by paying an entrance fee, you can qualify. It is something everybody must study and work to attain and keep studying to retain. But, from a material standpoint, the appreciation of art is democratic, because no material possession, however large or small, can bring you to it or keep you from it. And that appreciation is the only salvation for the complexities of modern life.



THE GREAT MAN OF POLAND

Paderewski is a preëminent musician. He is a pianist of great note, he is a composer of international fame. He was the first Premier of free Poland. He is one of the greatest men living today.

Young Boswell waited nervously in a sitting room in the Gotham. The hour appointed for a conversation with the great pianist had long passed. The room was dimly lighted by a red-shaded lamp on a small table in the center. The keyboard of a piano shone in one corner. The evening traffic filled the Avenue below. A nearby clock chimed six. Young Boswell gave up hope.

The door opened slowly and the great pianist stood in the doorway. He stopped to remove his fur-collared coat, greeting Young Boswell in a kind, fatherly way. He crossed the room and sat down at the table, motioning Young Boswell to take the chair opposite. His eyes, sad yet warm with kindness, looked penetratingly at the young man, whose hands he took in his.

"You look tired, my boy," he smiled and nodded his head. "I am tired, too. I have been detained all the afternoon by exhausting business. It would be useless for me to try to talk with you. I could not say anything worth writing about." He paused. "You look

very young to have so responsible a place in journalism."

Young Boswell felt all warm and proud inside. He fidgeted in his chair, as he confessed his age.

When Paderewski was just such a young man, he was a music teacher in a Polish town. Rubenstein, the great pianist of that period, came to the town. After his concert, Paderewski took a composition to him, and timidly asked if the great man would hear it. Rubenstein sat silently while the obscure young man played through his work. When he had finished, Rubenstein said, "I can't make anything of it. If you will learn to play it, perhaps I shall see what you are trying to say."

Paderewski went away. He studied. Two years later, in 1887, his concert in Vienna brought him great success. He was proclaimed the coming pianist. So the story goes. Perhaps it isn't true.

"I do want to talk to Young Boswell," the great pianist was saying. "My secretary tells me you are taking a train for the west tonight, but that you are returning in two weeks."

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Then perhaps you could stop off in Buffalo on January fourth. There will be a ticket for you to hear my concert. And then next day you will come and have lunch with me, in my private car."

This small second-rank planet could not contain Young Boswell that night as the train sped west along the Hudson River. He had withdrawn to the stars.

Two weeks later Young Boswell hunted for the

private car "Ideal" in the Buffalo station. Heavy snow had fallen in the night and the wind whistled through the wooden train sheds.

Steam rose in clouds from a hose. The shades of the car windows were drawn. Young Boswell knocked timidly at the car door. A cook poked his head out and asked what anyone could want at such an hour.

Young Boswell—I was told to come for luncheon at this time.

The Cook—It's only quarter to one. Mr. Paderewski isn't up yet. He couldn't sleep after his concert last night. Are you the young something or other he expected today?

Young Boswell-I think so.

The Cook—Well, lunch is at three.

Young Boswell wandered up and down the platforms in nervous contemplation of the hour that seemed never to arrive. A clock struck three.

Young Boswell sat with Paderewski over coffee, the shades drawn to shut out the deary sheds of the Buffalo station. The great musician, with his golden hair and mustaches, sat at the head of the table, a wreath of laurel hanging on the wall above his head. There was a closed piano in one corner of the compartment, and flowers—tribute from last night's glorious concert—were massed on a side table. A servant cleared the table, brought cigarettes and then disappeared down the passage of the car.

Paderewski—I have had the same cook on every tour for the last twenty years. He knows just what I want. I said to him this morning: "You are a great

man," and he replied quite calmly: "Of course I'm a great man." And he is.

He laughed at that. His vigorous hands, not unusually long-fingered, rested quietly on the table. During lunch he had talked of his concert on the previous night, when he played on for an hour after the program was finished, the audience standing on their chairs. Young Boswell asked him why the people seemed to prefer the brilliant Chopin scherzo to the Beethoven sonata, and he replied that it was because Chopin was nearer the modern mind in his emotional appeal. Then Young Boswell asked him if he thought Tschaikowsky, who was essentially a nationalist in his music, would live.

Paderewski—The racial quality of human activity is inevitable. Tschaikowsky reflects the national spirit in form and in feeling. He expresses the sorrow, almost the despair of Russia. He is not a classicist. There is a racial roughness, almost a barbarism, in his forms, which have a charm, the charm of strength. the long run it produces the effect of monotony. When vou hear one Tschaikowsky symphony you almost know them all, and when you hear Tschaikowsky you almost hear all of Russian music. But with all that there is in his works a spontaneous and real creative force. Some of his formulas already are a little antiquated, but it is almost always the case with a work of art, that the form grows old. However real is their creative genius it cannot resist fashion and time. is not enough to have creative genius alone to become a classic composer. The form must be perfect to insure longevity to a work of art. It is not enough to have absolute perfection of form if there is no creative genius to give life to it.

Young Boswell—In exactly what terms do you mean creative genius?

Paderewski—Allow me a moment to form an exact definition. . . . Creative genius is the production of ideas through the fertility of imagination and the sincerity of emotion, which alone can call forth emotions and sustain them.

Young Boswell—Would you say, sir, that America is going through an artistic Renaissance?

Paderewski—I should say a naissance. You are still a young people. You had first of all your material needs to look after. You had to create conditions of life, which would assure you, if not a happy, at least a comfortable life. This is the primordial condition of life.

Culture, and by culture I mean human productivity, which is above the material needs of life, culture is, in a sense, a luxury which can exist only after these material needs have been secured. And I think that in this respect your country is on the way to accomplish very great things. You have already produced a rich literature of your own. You have given the world several painters, who occupy places of honor among the painters of all nations. You have created a style of your own in architecture, you have adapted modern material to modern requirements of building, wonderfully. You have talented musicians, who, if they have not come to light, show the fertility of your imagina-

tion. And that national imagination of yours, if not yet fully expressed in artistic productivity, shows itself in every field of your national activity. After all, that imagination, coupled with the youth of the race, promises great things for the future.

I have been asked repeatedly whether this tremendous upheaval, which involved almost every nation during the great World War, has been a source of inspiration and a stimulant to the artistic productivity of humanity. It is too early to express any opinion on the subject. I do know there has been much suffering, and there is still much sorrow in the world, but there is a great deal of fecundity in the human soul. And some of the greatest works of art have been inspired by great sorrow. Everything deep is expressed in great sadness.

He sat for a long moment, before he went on about the moderns and Borodine, and the thought of some day writing his memoirs.



THE TRANSITION

Young Boswell saw Paderewski again in the Spring. He had just returned from his long tour. He had earned half a million dollars from his concerts. It is an encouraging sign in America, that a musician earned more in his season than a prize-fighter. There is a naissance in America.

An eager assemblage of musicians and music lovers waited the appearance of the eminent Polish musician, in the drawing rooms of Ruth Deyo. She stood anxiously near the door, the sort of figure Dulac likes to draw, dark hair drawn to a roll at the back of the neck, arched brows, intelligent, vivid eyes, tall and with a quiet dignity. Young Boswell remarked upon the brilliance of the occasion, glancing betimes at the murals and the Oriental treasures.

Ruth Deyo—We are in a very interesting period of our artistic development when we are learning what the Orient has to give us in art. We are learning it in music, in painting, in poetry, in philosophy, in religion. At the moment it seems as though the absorbing of that knowledge, together with what our Western civilization has stood for, will make for the greatest art expression in the immediate future that has ever been. Each part of the world is in touch with every

other part, which has never taken place before. All the discoveries of science have brought us to a realization of the earth as a whole, and this cosmic realization should be an inspiration for the best art of the future.

Young Boswell—Art is ceasing to be national and becoming international.

Ruth Deyo—It will be more universal, yes. But, certain national traits will continue. You can't entirely eliminate those traits, nor should they be eliminated. I feel that all these modern efforts of painting and music and literature, of which some are worth consideration as serious works and some will not last five years, are a valuable phase of art. But we shall not have arrived until we get to the point where, by the use of our new technique which we are discovering and developing, we achieve a real expression of beauty. It is noteworthy that in each of the great periods of civilization, when the element of beauty was strongest, the period of art was best. The element of grotesque always appears in an age of transition, when art is groping for something.

Young Boswell—Do you think America is in a period of transition?

Ruth Deyo—Yes, and no doubt some fine expression is going to come out of this period. If not by the present artists, by the men who come after them. The contrapuntists before Palestrina wrote not very beautiful music, but they created a medium of expression which a genius with vision, like Palestrina, could turn into beauty. That is going to happen here. We

are the only country free to pursue our artistic life. These pioneers in art are preparing the way for the future men. These grotesque expressions will freshen the traditions of art.

There was a confusion of steps in the hallway. Everyone rose, as Paderewski and his wife entered. He
greeted Miss Deyo with a deep bow, and sat in a highbacked chair facing the piano, with his masterly head,
in silhouette, against the afternoon light from the
window. When the excitement of the dramatic entrance
had subsided, Ruth Deyo went to the piano.

She played Paderewski's Sonata in E Minor. The composer sat with his eyes half open, listening. It was a composition written by a true musician, not just chords and fine runs put together by a pianist. Young Boswell recalled something he had once read about Ruth Deyo, as she sat at the piano . . . "she has what so few pianists have, color in her playing and tenderness. Her technique is of dazzling brilliance and her ability to build an imposing climax truly astounding" . . . and when she had finished there was a moment of quiet and then deep applause. The composer turned to her and said, "I did not know the sonata was so easy until I heard you play it."

And Young Boswell was thinking how like a book it all was, how like a page from someone's memoirs.



THE FORGOTTEN SOLDIER

It was that afternoon Young Boswell first saw Ernest Schelling. He was sitting next his great friend and teacher, Paderewski. As they listened to the sonata which was being played, their profiles were projected against a velvet hanging. In contrast to the golden hair and Hellenistic features of the Polish musician were the black, curling hair and drooping mus-

A few days later Young Boswell went to the Schelling apartment on Park Avenue to have lunch with the composer. He was United States Military Attache in Switzerland during the war, and was awarded the Legion of Honor and the D. S. M.

taches, aquiline nose and Gallic brow of the American

musician.

He wrote "A Victory Ball" to the memory of an American soldier.

Schelling is a tall, romantic figure (surrounded by the beauties of his household, and his white dog, Nicolas, still faithful as he sleeps away his canine senility), sitting at his desk pondering over a music score. Pistols and guns, helmets and other grewsome souvenirs of war, displayed about the room, brought the thought of the war, now glibly forgotten by most of us, to his mind.

Ernest Schelling—When I went over in 1917, like many others, I was all filled with patriotism and with the ideal of our going in. I felt it so intensely, and felt it in all of the people I was with. I saw a great deal of the horror of it and the sacrifice, which seemed to me was all in vain. After witnessing that sacrifice and the reason behind it. I came back and the war was forgotten. It was then I was taken to one of those dance places we have here. It recalled the victory ball given in London to celebrate the armistice. The frivolity and gayety, in juxtaposition to what those people who were dancing owed their peace, made a deep impression on me. I came across Alfred Noves's poem, "The Victory Ball," while in this mood and I was impelled to use it as the basis of an orchestral fantasy, a bacchanale interrupted by an apparition of troops marching on inexorably.

Young Boswell—Is it because most of the people who were in the war were young? We forget easily when we are young.

Ernest Schelling—Yes. The event of the war didn't make a deep enough impression on them, because they were young and didn't think of the deeper significance of the experience. At present there is a general belittling of achievements in the war, and of the importance of military training. It is due to the Bolshevistic tendency of the age, which is a fad, but a very dangerous one. Even the men, themselves, who did most on the other side, and who are rather proud of their achievements, have forgot them, and have no desire to continue their army associations. It is

strange to me, for I am proud of my association in the war. It is a wonderful thing to be part of a great happening and a privilege to serve with a man like my superior officer.

(He pointed to the portrait of a distinguished military man.)

But so many men don't seem to feel that way. Maybe they do feel it, but are timid about expressing their feelings. When they first came back they were glad to wear their ribbons, but now one can't even talk of war.

He showed Young Boswell the score of "A Victory Ball," pointing to the phrases which picture the ball-room and swirling dancers. The rhythm of the fox trot and tango are suggested, and then comes the vision of the marching troops announced by trumpet calls—"those valorous and forgotten dead who sacrificially laid the world away"—and then the dance goes on.

Ernest Schelling (as he closed the huge portfolio)
—Perhaps this music has made the people think.



TWO BIOGRAPHERS IN STONE

Malvina Hoffman is an American sculptor of the first rank. She studied with Auguste Rodin, and was called to Paris to help arrange the Rodin Museum. Her "Bacchanale Russe" stands in the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris.

During the war, she closed her studio to do Red Cross service. In 1919 she made a tour of inspection of the Balkan States for Mr. Hoover.

For seven years she has been creating the progress of a Pavlowa dance in high relief. Her busts of Henry Frick, Paderewski, Ernest Schelling and Gervase Elwes are lasting biographies in stone. Her most important work is "The Sacrifice," presented by Mrs. Robert Bacon, as a war memorial to Harvard University.

A diffused light spread over the room. Three portraits of Paderewski, as the statesman, as the artist, and as the man, stood in the studio, and against the far wall hung the panels of the dance. In a linen smock, her hair parted severely and drawn across her forehead, her brown eyes intense as she talked, Malvina Hoffman sat on the edge of a couch. To divulge theories of art is difficult, but to speak frankly of the expression of truth through any art, is still more difficult.

Malvina Hoffman—There are two things to be remembered in trying to express a truth. In the beginning, the artist must be true to himself, and to express what he has to say regardless of the impression it will make upon the outside world. The chances are that the original idea will be misunderstood in the medium through which it is expressed. Secondly, never compromise in order to be understood, for inevitably you will wander from your first conception. A work will seldom be received in exactly the spirit in which it has been conceived. The onlooker approaches a work from an entirely different angle from that of the person who has to create it. The barrier of technical difficulties has to be obliterated.

She pointed to a wax figure of Anna Pavlowa, poised in one of the steps of her superb gavotte.

Malvina Hoffman—If I have an idea, like Pavlowa, in one of the movements of a dance, I receive it as an intangible, evanescent impression. I must catch the fleeting moment, and by means of this tangible matter, clay, work out this impression through this obscure mass, so that the person who sees it will get that same intangible evanescent impression of Pavlowa's gavotte. In doing a portrait, it is not so difficult to make a likeness of a person's face, to make that likeness good technical sculpture. But when it leaves that state it begins to be difficult and interesting to me to make the portrait more than photographic, to make it the expression of the person's character and personality. So the thing the sculptor thinks of is not the face or the features, but the essence of that human

being which radiates from his person. An artist who makes a portrait is responsible to his art, to combine those elements. Art is not only a privilege; it is an imperious command.

Her face flushed with enthusiasm as she told the story of the conception of the twenty-six panels of the frieze depicting the stages of Pavlowa's "Bacchanale." She has caught the movements of the dance in a kind of plastic rhythm. It is a record of one great artist's incomparable art, set down for all time by another great artist. She showed Young Boswell a note book wherein she had sketched figures from the dance, standing in the wings during performances and afterward in the dressing room, where the tired dancer would pose. It was a work of seven years and still unfinished.

Malvina Hoffman—I saw Pavlowa do this dance for the first time when I was a young and untrained artist. It helped me to decide my work. We signed a pact long ago to work the frieze out to our own satisfaction of perfection because we wanted to record it as one of the great things in art before she grows too old to dance. I made 150 drawings. In Boston, in Paris, here, anywhere she was, we went on with it. The consequence is that two artists have obliterated their own personalities for the sake of an idea. We have no notion where the frieze will be placed. We don't even know why we did it, but simply that we are impelled to do it. Art, you see, is a challenge, a command.

Young Boswell saw Malvina Hoffman two weeks later, in the train to Stockbridge, Massachusetts. She

was going to the country house of the dean of American sculptors, Daniel Chester French, whom Young Boswell was on his way to interview.

She shared her sandwiches with him, and pointed out the quaint villages amid the glorious Berkshires. Mrs. French and her daughter, Margaret French Cresson, who is also a sculptress of note, met Miss Hoffman at the station. They gave Young Boswell a lift to his hotel.

The next morning, a small man with gray hair and bright eyes appeared from the doorway of the studio, set in a classic garden against a background of fir trees and the Berkshire Hills. He hurried down the path and cordially greeted Young Boswell, who descended timidly from a taxi. After a long ride along country roads, he was speaking to the greatest of American sculptors.

They walked through a gate at the far end of the garden, and along a path through the pine woods, to a knoll overlooking the valley.

Daniel Chester French created his first public monument when he was twenty-three—"The Minute Man at Concord." His equestrian statue of Washington, set in the Place d'Jena, Paris: the heroic Lincoln, in the Lincoln Memorial at the capital: the Rufus Choate, in the Boston Court House: the austere figure of John Harvard, at Cambridge: the portrait busts of Emerson, of Alcott, of Phillips Brooks, of Edgar Allan Poe: the Richard Hunt memorial on Fifth Avenue: the General Grant in Philadelphia: and the monu-

ments to great men of more modern times are some of his finest contributions in stone and bronze, to American history.

"Memory" is placed in the Metropolitan Museum.

He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and letters, of the Academia di S. Luca in Rome, and honorary president of the Sculpture Society. In 1910 he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

A light rain began to fall. They hurried back through the garden, with its formal paths radiating from a circular stone fountain whereon cupids frisked, terminating in austere Penates and fragant trellises. The studio stands in the garden. It is one large room lighted from above, with a small sitting room on one side, and a wide veranda overlooking the slopes of the Berkshires. There was a model of the commemorative Lincoln in the high-ceiled studio.

Daniel Chester French—It is remarkable that about two hundred and fifty tons of marble were cut for that statue, which was reduced about half when the figure was finished. It was cut in twenty parts and never assembled until it reached Washington. It was really an extraordinary piece of work for the men who cut it in scale from my model, because many of the divisions were not plane surfaces, but curved, and the legs were set into sockets. The statue is twenty feet high as he sits. One wouldn't think Lincoln a figure for sculpture, and yet he is very sculpturesque. The top of his face is very fine, very strong, and the orbits of his eyes large. I have been told that a wide space

between the cheek bones and the brows is a sign of greatness.

Young Boswell—How does one go about constructing a portrait of a man one has never seen?

Mr. French—In Lincoln's case we have the lifemask, which Douglas Volk made while Lincoln was alive. He was interested in seeing the process, which consists briefly in putting a thin coat of plaster over the face, which dries in half an hour. Volk did it with Lincoln sitting before a mirror, and he did not cover the eyes.

He showed Young Boswell a photograph of the fine bust of Edgar Allan Poe, now in the Hall of Fame of the New York University.

In doing Poe there is greater difficulty. The only contemporary pictures of him extant, are two daguer-reotypes . . . both very fine . . . but both front face. There are no profiles of him, so that the profile has to be deduced from the light and shade shown in the front face view. The lower part of Poe's face is extraordinarily sensitive.

I enjoyed doing the portrait of Emerson. I made it in 1879. He sat for it in his house at Concord, where I lived. Emerson was one of the few men I have ever met who seemed as great as he was. He had great modesty and a deep modulated voice. When I had finished he said approvingly, "This is the face that I shave." Although he said things which meant ostracism at the time, he was tremendously respected in the town. Concord was a farming community. He once remarked, "I go down town in the evening, and pass

the grocery store and see all of the men talking and joking before the fire. Then I go in and it stops. I simply can't get to know them." Thoreau they didn't like, because these farmers didn't like to be told that their property was as much his as theirs. Then Thoreau was apt to cook his dinner in their woods and set the place on fire.

On the other side of the room, stood the white marble figures of the winged youth and maiden, which were exhibited this winter. It is a work of great beauty, based on the passage from Genesis...... "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair." Mr. French, a rather reticent, quiet man, took from a drawer a photograph of one of the western geysers.

Mr. French—Do you see that the water rises in the form of those two figures?

Young Boswell looked intently, and saw in the clouds of steam the inspiration for the two embracing figures. A kind of eternal man and woman created directly out of nature.

Daniel Chester French—A lady from the Mount Washington Hotel thought those figures reprehensible. (He smiled slyly.) The Puritans started off with the idea that the flesh was sinful, and the idea hasn't died out in New England. The art of decoration is a natural product of the human mind. It isn't confined to humans either. The bird builds its nest decoratively. Certain birds collect bright pebbles and lay out a path to the nest. Why it gives us pleasure is a mystery. The natural quest for beauty, I suppose.

The rain had ceased. Crystal drops hung on the

wistaria blossoms, clambering up the pillars of the veranda. The birds renewed their music. The sculptor took Young Boswell outside the studio to show him the railroad track, on which the floor of the studio is moved out into the open, so that he can go below on the slope and look up a statue, to see it in its future outdoor setting. It was here that he worked on the Washington statue, presented by the women of America to France.

Daniel Chester French—This is the advantage of having a studio in the country. I can run the statue out here in the open, and then go down below or up on the hill and look at it. I can tell how it will look when it is placed. A sculptor has to think of everything in the round. (He pointed to the distant valley.) That is a marble country. I was wandering about there one day and found a large field stone, which the roadworkers had turned up in the road. I brought it home and made a head of it. I've often wondered why we should want to model a figure from a piece of stone. No one quite knows what the artistic expression is.

At this point, his daughter and Miss Hoffman walked up the path from the house, and suggested that a little attention be paid to luncheon. During the noonday meal Malvina Hoffman recounted some of her experiences in the Balkan States. Sculpture was forgotten for the moment.



SCOTCH BREW

Hilaire Belloc, the English essayist, came to America to lecture. Lecturing is a modern madness to which all English writers eventually succumb. Belloc is a glorifier of the Middle Ages and of the Church. He wrote "Paths to Rome." He is a colleague and ardent friend of G. K. Chesterton.

He has written ballads, books of travel, and essays on everything.

He is a Britisher of French extraction, and served once in the French army.

He came at his own suggestion to Young Boswell's kitchen. He had requested near-beer to drink, as it was the Lenten season. Young Boswell hunted up and down Third Avenue for the required refreshment. He was inexcusably late consequently. When he returned he found a short man, with close-cut hair into which the gray was beginning to creep, above a ruddy face, sitting before the fireless hearth.

He wore a cape with flowing sleeves, which he did not remove for the occasion, quaint boots and a dark suit. He seemed a little vague, or perhaps indifferent, as Young Boswell questioned him, straining to catch every word. An excerpt from the Bayeux Tapestry, about which Mr. Belloc has written an enlightening book, was

set in the wall above the fireplace. He looked at it with tempered interest and translated the Latin inscription—Tant: Adbos Ham: Ecclesia—which Young Boswell has always thought meant, my aunt abhors ham and eggs.

Young Boswell—As a mediævalist, sir, do you think modern——

Hilaire Belloc—I'm not interested in that sort of question. I think they were happier then; that is all.

His English accent was touched with an Irish broque. Young Boswell found it difficult to understand him, particularly when he munched the potato chips, drank the Scotch brew and talked at the same time.

Hilaire Belloc—I was in America thirty years ago. I am struck by the complete foreignness of the United States to the European. I don't think either the Americans or the Europeans appreciate that. The habits here and abroad are entirely different. That is more noticeable to the European coming over here than to the American going abroad.

Young Boswell—That is because we are prepared by our education to understand Europe, while the European has been told rather exaggerated stories about us.

Hilaire Belloc—People in Europe were always telling me there is so much hustle here. That isn't true. Your time is cut up into smaller spaces. Your letters, as a rule, are shorter. An interesting difference is that Americans talk more slowly than the English, and their use of vocabulary is different. The thought emphasized is different. You take a phrase

used by an Englishman and an American to describe the same fact, and the relative emphasis of the verb, noun and adjective are different in the two languages. You, as a rule in your verse, you get your effect more by nouns than by adjectives. We get our effects in poetry more by the use of adjectives. You try to get new effects by using new nouns, or a new combination of nouns, while with us, it is the new adjective. That is a remarkable difference.

Young Boswell—Do you feel that we are a frightfully young nation?

Hilaire Belloc—I don't feel that you are younger or older than Europe. It is entirely different here, that's all. Suppose you had a distinct language of your own, everybody would recognize the difference. Your institutions originated in much the same way as the English, but they are quite different institutions in their present form.

In the last thirty years the spirit of America has changed. I was very much struck by the great number of laws and formalities that you have now, that you didn't have thirty years ago. Everything is so regulated.

He gathered up the letters and papers, which he had brought with him, picked up his bowler hat and said that he must go. He chanced to see a picture of Thomas Hardy on the wall. He told Young Boswell about his having been out in his boat with J. C. Squire one afternoon in the English Channel. They had to land, on account of a squall, in Dorsetshire, so they spent an hour with Hardy, who lived near by.

Hilaire Belloc—It was a very pleasant hour. (And as he stopped at the door.) You know, I have never heard the opinion of an American about Europe that was just. They don't realize that they have to be there a very long time to understand it.

Young Boswell wondered if there wasn't a vice versa to that.



RACK STAGE

Every young man passes through the tender experience of sending in his card at the stage door, crossing the doorman's hand with silver. Every young man suffers the same disillusionment when he walks on the other side of the footlights and beholds the bare stage. But the aura of romance still surrounds the actress in her dressing room. Every young man cherishes the memory of his favorite actress throughout his life, dreaming of her when he is old.

DRESSING ROOM NUMBER ONE

Lenore Ulric played six hundred performances of "Kiki." She first appeared on tour in the perennial "Bird of Paradise." She has done a cinema version of "Tiger Rose," in which she played for two seasons. She is a Belasco star.

There is a long mirror behind one of the boxes in the Belasco Theater, which, if you know the open sesame, leads to the stage. Young Boswell, pleased at the trick, passed through the opening into a green room, that place of first night meetings, and closing night farewells, which is seldom to be found behind stage in the present day theater. There were curious

pictures of stage people now forgotten on the walls, and in glass-topped tables, frayed and rusty mementos of past plays and players. There was a hat which Edwin Booth wore as Orlando, and a sword he had carried, perhaps in "Hamlet."

Lenore Ulric, with her aura of curly dark hair, looking like a bright Medusa, came in trailing a shimmery robe. Her eyelids were still black with cosmetic, and the blue lines drawn below them gave a warmth to her dark eyes.

Young Boswell—I should think such a long run would wear you out.

Lenore Ulric—Perhaps. But every actor and actress should have at least one long run in his or her career. It gives you a chance to make yourself perfect in one part. Of course, the play should be laid aside occasionally to rest the actor and keep him from growing stale. The very rest gives him a new impetus. There is always one danger in playing long runs, the danger of acquiring the mannerisms of one part, and letting them absorb your personality.

Young Boswell—Does it interest you to watch audiences?

Lenore Ulric—Each new audience is like a new game of cards. You have to watch how to play the hand. You have to watch each audience to see how they are taking the play, and work with them to make them like it. That is the one thing that keeps me fresh, going on night after night in the same part. Audiences are like individuals. They take their mood from the majority. Some are the show-me kind, who

have to be convinced that it was worth coming for. There are those who accept you immediately and it is no work to play, at all. They are so easy to please.

Young Boswell-You win them over by trying to please.

Lenore Ulric—Not exactly that, because it is so obvious across the footlights, if you are making an effort to please. I take the attitude, that I am doing my best and I like them, and if they don't respond at first, they do before the little opera is over. I think that is what the actors are here for, to take the people out of their lives, to make them a little happier. That is what they have paid their money for. It is the actor's mission to take them through a story and end it happily. The happy ending gives them a little hope that their own lives will end happily. So, it puts our profession almost in the rank of religion, because it makes people a little better. I don't care how sophisticated a person is, he can't help being touched.

She retraced her steps into her dressing room, trailing the shimmery robe, and Young Boswell passed again through the mirror.

DRESSING ROOM NUMBER TWO

As she sat on the other side of a tea urn, in a flowing brown dress, Young Boswell thought there is no actress in New York, who can be so naturally young and charming as Laurette Taylor. Her wide-set eyes, her musically modulated voice, her gold hair drawn back from her high forehead, and her expressive hands,

her delightful Pegesque grin, which breaks occasionally across her face, should be set down in a portrait for all times. That is the way the public thinks of her—a smiling, alluring ingenue. Nell Gwynn is still a fascinating figure of the days of Samuel Pepys, perhaps more fascinating, as she had been brought before the footlights for the tired business man. A fascinating, though an expurgated Nell, as Paul Kester wrote her and Laurette Taylor played her in the Equity revival of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." It was interesting to hear what one actress had to say about another.

Laurette Taylor—I always think actors have other things which interest them besides the stage. Books or music or outdoor sports. People of the stage should have many facets, like a beautiful jewel. If you are playing a period play you do some research, reading everything you can find about the characters. You get an enormous amount of knowledge. Nell Gwynn is an exhaustive study. She was rather gamine, as an orange girl from the streets would be, and in the life of the court she couldn't quite compete with Lady Castlemaine and the Duchess of Portsmouth, except for the favor of the King.

Young Boswell—What sort of an actress was she? Laurette Taylor—She was a comedienne and one of the most accomplished of her time. She could sing and dance after a fashion. Dryden wrote Florimel in "Secret Love" for her. He wrote a tragedy for her, too, in which she was a great failure. At rehearsals they found that she was going to be a fail-

ure, so Dryden wrote a prologue and an epilogue. In the prologue she had a speech predicting that she wasn't going to be good. That was the occasion on which she first introduced the cart wheel hat, a yard across. She was always introducing quaint conceits to amuse her audiences. At the end of the play, when she was being carried off dead, she sat up and turned to the pit, with these lines: "Stop, you low down damned dog. . . . Don't you know I have to say the epilogue." The audience roared and that saved the play. The chroniclers of the time say she was not so terrible in a tragic part.

Young Boswell—The critics have ever been kind, what?

Laurette Taylor—Like most actresses she took them seriously. She set the fashions for the ladies of the court. The cart wheel hat was copied all over London. She was quite short in stature, so she must have looked funny in those huge hats. The King saw her at the play that night, and that was the beginning of her court career. One thing I thought was amusing. Her mother, who was a vulgar sort of person, got very drunk one night and fell into a fountain and was drowned. Rochester, the poet, wrote a lampoon to commemorate the occasion, called "The Martyr of the Ditch." Nevertheless, Nell gave her a gorgeous funeral, with fine laces and velvets, and astounded the court.

Young Boswell—What happened to Nell in the end? Laurette Taylor—She died at the age of thirtyeight of apoplexy. She drank too much. They lived rapidly in those days. But she always said she wanted to die before she was forty. There are many things about her that are not printable, but in spite of it she is a fascinating figure.

Young Boswell—What do you think of the romantic play?

Laurette Taylor—If a romantic play is well done I like it. You hear the English language well spoken. Your eye is delighted with the romantic costumes and the graceful figures moving across the stage. It is more fun for the actors, and puts more joy in their work, than playing difficult modern roles. I always think of Bernhardt. She played queens and gorgeous courtesans, and she was always a romantic figure in the eyes of the public. That is what every actress wants to be, at heart.

To which Young Boswell agreed, as he reached for another cup of tea.

Laurette Taylor is a great actress who has never found her great play. "Peg" is known on both sides of the world, both as a play and as a picture. Her versatility has lent itself to equally fine conceptions in "The Harp of Life," "Happiness," "A Night in Rome," "The National Anthem," "Humoresque" and "Nell," but none of them are great plays. Sarah Bernhardt recognized her talent, when she asked that Miss Taylor give special performances, that she might see her act.

That is a story that Young Boswell hoped Laurette Taylor would repeat for him, but there never seemed time.

DRESSING ROOM NUMBER THREE

Ethel Barrymore is one of the great personalities of the age. Young men carry pictures of her about in their watch cases, and sit in the front row night after night. Young women copy her voice, and her walk, and try to roll their eyes in her inimitable way. Whatever she has played from "Captain Jinks" to "Rose Bernd," has been a memorable moment in the theatergoer's life. She has the extraordinary Barrymore beauty. She is a star among stars.

Young Boswell's heart turned over twice and did a record high jump when Ethel Barrymore, more radiant than he had even dreamed, opened her dressing room door, and that voice which sends little rippling thrills all through one said, "Come in." Young Boswell was quite speechless, and Miss Barrymore, sensing the cause of his confusion, directed him to a chair. If Helen's face launched a thousand ships. . . . Young Boswell took out a pencil and a note book.

Ethel Barrymore—Oh, he's going to put it all down! Afraid some pearl will drop and you want to catch it. There aren't going to be any pearls.

Young Boswell—(In a supreme effort to regain his biographer attitude.) I think every word you say is precious. Most people want to know what you think of the stage as a career. Do you mind talking shop?

Ethel Barrymore—I do think it is the great career for a woman, if she is sure that is where she belongs. (She laughed and turned her eyes away. Those indescribable eyes!) I can't imagine any other for my-

self. Some people are fortunate enough to be able to do the thing they love to do.

Young Boswell—And nowadays all the young things want to go on the stage.

Ethel Barrymore—I don't know whether they should. They shouldn't go in for a career if they can't stand the "gaff," and there is a lot in the theater. Those who just hang on and have little parts should be discouraged, unless they have really great talent, and then it's awfully hard to be a Duse and carry on a tray.

Young Boswell—To hear their friends talk, one might think all these young actresses were Duses in disguise.

Ethel Barrymore—Superlative praise is awfully bad for young actresses. It makes them lazy. Not that many of them aren't good actresses, but they shouldn't be treated like one who has worked for twenty years. To stay on the stage one has to have balance and a sense of humor. It is very difficult for young people to live down praise. There are very few of them who don't believe every word of it, for you haven't much sense of humor when you are young.

Young Boswell—(Unconsciously proving her point.) Yet, I like to see the younger generation coming into its own.

Ethel Barrymore—So do I, but infinite stories can be told about young actors who have come to light over night, and then disappeared. Spoiled by the praise of their friends, when they could have had just as much happiness with less praise. It all comes down

to what the public thinks of them whether they succeed. I've seen one career after the other skyrocketing and then not. But if someone like Stanislavsky, someone with a profound knowledge of acting—and a profound knowledge of acting is a rare thing—praises you, it ought to make such a glow that you would forget all of the struggles and the heartbreaking times. Such praise makes you want to do better acting. But the person who doesn't have that profound knowledge shouldn't count.

Young Boswell looked about the dressing room in which a piano, a couch, two chairs and standing lamp were intimately arranged. There was a picture of John Barrymore. There were photographs of Miss Barrymore's three children, and books piled on the piano. Young Boswell has always suspected that the gods and goddesses were not dead, but walked the earth in disguise. Here was proof. Here was a goddess!

Ethel Barrymore—The stage is heartbreaking sometimes. When you do one thing the public wants you to do something else. If you do something beautiful, then they say, why don't you do a play with a tremendous character in it? But it's a grand career . . . in spots.

Young Boswell was aching to ask her to lunch, but fear seized him, and he said a tripping goodbye. The sun seemed to set forever when he closed the dressing room door.

A little group of eager, curious faces was gathered

outside the stage-entrance. They were waiting for a glimpse of her. He wanted to shake each of them by the hand and say, "This hand is still warm with the touch of hers. I am sorry I have deprived you of a sight of her so long."

But young men are selfish and he walked indifferently down the street, instead.



AMERICAN PAINTERS AND ETCHERS

We do not appreciate our own artists. American artists suffer from a foreign art monopoly. There should be a tariff to protest them. There should be a nation-wide campaign against the foreign label, to which the American mind still attaches some mysterious quality of superiority.

The foreign art monopoly is particularly strong in painting. Our fashionable galleries are always announcing exhibitions of some world-famous foreign painter, whom no one has ever heard of before. Yet there are American painters who can hold their heads high in any foreign assemblage.

THE UNKNOWN ONES

Childe Hassam is one of the best-known American painters.

When he was twenty he boxed with John L. Sullivan in the Crib Club.

He is a descendant of Nathaniel Hawthorne and comes from Dorchester.

He thinks New York is the most wonderful city in the world.

He doesn't worship the fetish of foreign art.

In a dim room, lighted by a tawny shaded lamp, at the evening hour, when the city grows less restive and one thinks of the past and old regrets, Childe Hassam talked in a low voice of pictures and painters and writers, of any memory that happened to recur to him.

Childe Hassam—There seems to be a foreign monopoly of the arts just now. Look how few American singers we have! With painting it is exactly like the singers. Along the Avenue the exhibitions are in the galleries just because the painters have foreign names. Tade Styka does a lot of meretricious rot. I saw one of his pictures in the window. That was enough. He painted the dog's eyes exactly like the woman's. But we don't pay any attention to our men like Abbott Thayer, J. Alden Weir, Whistler and Twachtman, who painted such charming portraits and figure things.

Young Boswell—Did you go to Brooklyn to see the Russian exhibition?

Childe Hassam—No, but I went to Brooklyn the other day to see Joseph Pennell, and that was enough. He and Mrs. Pennell live on Columbia Heights. They have the most marvelous view of New York from their windows. New Yorkers have no idea of what a wonderful city we live in. It is the greatest thing man has ever done. I said that years ago and no one believed me. Now Joseph Pennell says it, and they believe him because he is just back from abroad.

His face was rather round, with some trace of the

New England shipbuilder whence he came. There was a sheen on his gray hair from the lamplight.

Childe Hassam—Really New York is the most wonderful thing ever done! Talk about the cities in the unexpurgated "Arabian Nights!" Take New York in any season, in any light, in the snow or the rain, it is just as wonderful.

Young Boswell—An Englishman came over here last year and painted New York, and he went back to England furious because nobody bought his work. He said we had no taste.

Childe Hassam—That was Nevinson. He simply drew cubified photographs. Of course, nobody would buy them, and because he couldn't sell his atrocious rubbish, like all true Europeans, he went home and slammed us. Like that bagman, Charles Dickens, when he came over here. He couldn't see the old houses in Boston, the most beautiful small dwellings ever put up. Charles Dickens, the drummer, is the most overrated person in the world. He knew nothing of æsthetics. Of course, he had a remarkable inventive genius, but he had a commonplace mind. But when it came to appreciating Colonial houses, as the boy in the street said, "It never touched him." He vituperated his own kind, because his own countrymen built those houses in New England.

Young Boswell—I don't mind that attitude in foreigners who come over here so much as I do in our own men. We still bow down to the foreign label.

Childe Hassam—Our critics could never go into ecstasies over the work of great Americans like Albert Ryder. He is almost unknown today, except to

painters. Take a man like Whistler, who was a great artist. They put him in collections because they feel they ought to, but they seem to do it grudgingly. They feel they don't want to put him in any group of etchers and lithographers. If there are great men here—and there are—the critics are afraid to acknowledge them.

The same is true of literature. Don't you think "The Scarlet Letter" is the greatest thing ever written of a certain kind of love? The pundits would say that Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" was the greatest because it is written by a Frenchman. Bah! I know French well. "The Scarlet Letter" has a much finer atmosphere. I can't think of anything on that subject that touches it.

We don't appreciate our own artists.

OLD DAYS AND NEW

George Luks is an American painter with tremendous vitality.

He loves American art and America, and doesn't care if he ever sees Europe again.

His most famous picture, "The Spielers," is in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

He painted "The Wrestlers" and "The Closing of the Cafe."

He regrets the passing of old New York and the bar at Billy's.

It was too early to call upon a painter, but George Luks accepted the bright morning hour almost enthusiastically, for with him convention is not a dominating idol. Young Boswell was grateful for the cup of tea, brewed almost black, and laughed at the amusing stories of the old days which the painter recalled, by way of making the tea taste like rum.

George Luks-Real New Yorkers are a thing of the past. These wild Humpty Dumpties in Greenwich Village think they have discovered New York and art, too. They forget that my contemporaries and I lived there before they were thought of, with their long hair and their little plays. In the old days everyone lived in Washington Square South. All the gentlemen wore black suits and little bow ties tucked under their collars. A gentleman never appeared till 5 o'clock. That was the time for the old tipplers to go over to have their drinks at the Brevoort. My, they were dignified! They talked seriously of the things that were happening in Washington. The Brevoort was very fashionable because the Prince of Wales had stayed there. They still had his old bed there, and when you got drunk you always slept in the royal suite. But the old New Yorker is gone.

He is a small man with a ruddy face, and a wisp of hair that grows forward in a triangle. He had hastily got himself into a sweater and baggy trousers. He smoked violently and changed his discourse to the subject of contemporary art.

George Luks—The one thing important for the public is an interest in contemporary art. What will people say when they see my pictures a hundred years from now? "Here's a fellow who lived in New York.

He knew the characters of his time." People should be interested in the art of their time instead of looking at pictures of Minerva manicuring her nails. There are lots of painting men in this country who need encouragement, and there is a type which needs discouragement. That type is always squirming for recognition. But we've lots of men with good taste in this country who might supply that encouragement, but they are broke, or their estate allows them \$100 a month to stay out of town. Wealthy men should encourage these men who have arrived. They should give them commissions as they do in other countries. This idea that genius must starve in an attic is all bunk. What would it mean to a rich man to give one of these men who have proved their ability a commission for \$20,000 and allow him to work on the thing for two years. Think of the work the artist could put out!

Young Boswell—How about subsidizing writing men a bit? Huh?

George Luks—I mean all the arts, not painting alone. Americans should patronize their own artists. Why should an American home be full of English portraits? Why should the theater put on foreign plays with long names? Why don't we have mural paintings by our own men, instead of foreign artists who make enlarged perfume labels for our walls?

Young Boswell—Perhaps our country lacks good taste.

George Luks—It should be developed. Therefore, we should encourage contemporary American art.

When you have done that, then you are building a country.

THE FUN IN LIFE

George Bellows was a famous athlete. Now he is a successful painter.

He has achieved some of the finest black tones in American lithography.

He has pictured the drama of the prize-ring.

He played baseball, football and basketball at Ohio State University.

George Bellows is a large, athletic fellow with that type of dynamic energy often found on the field or in the ring, but rare in the studio. He lighted a fire to take the morning chill off the studio: a two-story half-glass room at the top of his house in Nineteenth Street. Portraits of ladies in horsehair chairs, black and white drawings, country scenes—work from his vigorous brush—hung about the walls. He lighted one cigarette from another, talking of painting and of experience as the morning passed into noon. Young Boswell curled up by the fire.

George Bellows—One of the suggestive things in the researches of psychology is the reverence for works of art which can be built up in the mind. That reverence is a great force, a life stimulus to works of art. It makes one want to belong to this company of men who live high in the real sense.

Young Boswell wondered if he meant fourth stories or living in the spirit.

George Bellows—Life may be pathetically short, but it takes a long time to live it, and most people succeed only in being bored with it. The artistic instinct saves one from that. It enriches the experience of life, making every moment a romance.

Young Boswell—But the business man, for instance, has no romance.

George Bellows-Even the most commonplace man's experience is romantic. The business man romances over the money he is going to make. The painter romances over the picture he is going to make. is just the fun in life. It's everywhere, in everything. If you reduced everything to the merely efficient, all literature would read like a telephone book and all painting would be mere photograph. The good artist is the man who tells you a story which you have never heard before. The bore is the man who tells a story you've heard, and he tells it over and over again. The understanding of the story depends on the hearer. No man truly understands another, but the nearest approach to a great mind is a great man's understanding of that mind. The reason Shakespeare has such a reputation is because the finest minds of all ages since he lived have said he is great. That is the reason it takes generations for an artist's work to gain a sound reputation, to have the stamp of the finest minds put upon it. To be judged by the aristocrats of the mind!

The fire burned down unnoticed.

Take Gauguin for an example. He worked his head off to paint pictures that nobody liked, and yet he went on painting for posterity. He did it because he couldn't help it. The business man calls it silly, but the artist can call the business man silly if he wants to—a slave to a deadly dull routine. But what is the use of all this striving for reputation and trying to acquire a name? It's just a childish desire for power.

Young Boswell—And on those grounds the business man and the artist meet, don't they?

But Mr. Bellows was called to the telephone and never answered the question.

SIGNS

Joseph Pennell is one of the foremost etchers in America.

He is the author of "Pen Drawing and Pen Draftsmen" and "Etching and Etchers."

He has started a practical school of etching.

He is Boswell to Whistler.

Joseph Pennell, who said that the people in this country are interested only in billboards, movies and comics, was discovered in his practical workshop for etchers, at the Art Students' League. Girls in inky smocks, and industrious looking young men, consulted one another over their work. They were going through the various processes of reproducing their drawings from copper plates, inking them, and sending them through a heavy iron press, and then inspecting the result, some dubiously, others with enthusiasm.

Like a master of the Renaissance working with his pupils, Joseph Pennell, a bent man, with white hair and a grizzly beard, and a flowing black tie, walked about among them. Occasionally he came over and talked, in his nasal voice, to Young Boswell, who sat in a corner trying to understand it all.

Joseph Pennell—Here you see etching and lithography being taught practically. These people have all spent several years learning to draw for here we do not teach drawing. This is the first practical school of etching and lithography in America, and it began only last year. But they have them in England and Germany and Denmark, where they are supported by the government, which recognizes that they are practical schools, and that it is better than doing useless life studies. In Leipzig they have such a school which covers a whole block. They teach nothing but the making of books, printing, etching and so on. The students have to go through a high school and art school first. The people turned out of that school get jobs as foremen and heads of printing establishments.

Young Boswell—That is the theory on which your school is based.

Joseph Pennell—Of course it is a private institution not supported by the government. We recognized that if one wants this sort of work done, and done well, it must be taught our own people. During the war, the only men who could do this work were Germans. It is curious that in the shops where the liberty loan posters were made German was the language spoken. These students whom you see here are doing interesting things. Some of them are working regularly for the magazines. They come here one day a week, and get practical instruction.

Young Boswell—I agree with what you said the other night about billboards.

Joseph Pennell—I don't believe in billboards. The people who put them up should be hemstrung. In twenty-five years we won't have anything but billboards here. When I first went to Brooklyn to live there weren't any billboards. Now the other end of the bridge is filled with advertisements of things no one would by any chance use. The trouble is that the drawings made for these advertisements are sent off to some commercial place to be lithographed and printed, and when they are finished they don't look anything like the original drawing. I object to the billboard, but the poster is a great thing in this business of etching and lithographing.

There was a confusion about a table. One of the girls, in a green smock, with a band about her hair, complained that her proof was too dark, or something. Mr. Pennell rushed to the scene, and asked, "Now what's happened?" but, finding no grave error committed, returned.

Joseph Pennell—The instructor should make his pupils work for themselves. That's the main thing. We need practical schools. The trouble with this country, is that it is full of idealism and uplift, and we are leaving the practical side of art to others, when we ought to do it ourselves.



BEST SELLERS

Young Boswell once asked an Englishman which American writers he liked best. The Englishman led him into his book-lined study and showed him the complete works of Gertrude Atherton, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Robert W. Chambers. On the shelf above was a copy of Hendrik Van Loon's "Story of Mankind." "These are the American authors I read," the Englishman said proudly.

BLACK OXEN

Gertrude Atherton is the only living novelist who doesn't want to write a play.

She wrote "The Conqueror," "Tower of Ivory,"
"Rezanov," "Perch of the Devil," and "Black Oxen."
She has Nordic energy and a woman's understanding

She has Nordic energy and a woman's understanding of women.

In the room where "Black Oxen" was written, over-looking Madison Square Garden, Gertrude Atherton, with an energic instinct for early rising and an intensity of thought, characteristic of the American of strong Nordic blood, said a few further words on the Younger Generation.

Gertrude Atherton—The trouble with the Y. G.

(as she styles them) is that they promise, but they don't do anything to fulfill their promises unless they are geniuses like the Brontes or Aubrey Beardsley, who was doomed to die at an early age of tuberculosis, which quickens the brain. Of course, many of the Y. G. are a good forty-five, and yet they are far from writing good novels. To write a novel you have to begin when you are very young to nurse your talent, and not think because you have written a long book that you have written a novel. The Y. G. gives too much promise and not enough performance.

Young Boswell—They should be given a chance to show whether they are geniuses or not, don't you think?

Gertrude Atherton—Give them a chance, of course, but don't take them too seriously. I believe in every encouragement, for when I made my debut as a writer I was run out of court for being young. If a young writer has it in him he will last if given the opportunity to write. The second-rate people hold up for only a certain time and then drop out and are never heard of again.

Young Boswell was attracted by the green beads which she wore and the green band about her neck, and the jade colored ornaments on her black turban. A vivacity and fashionable manner of dressing which one does not expect of the writer.

Young Boswell—What effect do you think the war has had on America?

Gertrude Atherton—I don't think anyone can write a book now without putting the war somewhere

in the background. There is no doubt that it has touched this country psychologically. The boys came back disillusioned with life, with war. And the girls took their cue from the boys. That is the reason there is so much running wild these days. That's the reason parents are having so much trouble with their children. But it's only a phase and not to be taken seriously. Civilization has always gone through these superficial phases. Perhaps it is better that children are thinking more for themselves. Perhaps it is better thinking than their parents did for them. Individuality and independence of thinking are greatly to be desired.

Young Boswell—The present generation has reacted entirely away from the austere way in which their parents were brought up.

Gertrude Atherton—That reaction has its benefits. It prevents people from marrying quite as early and as easily, because they see each other so freely that they don't fall romantically in love, as they used to. I don't believe in early marriages.

Young Boswell—It is almost impossible for a man to marry until he is thirty on the present financial basis.

Gertrude Atherton—That is true, unless the woman works, too. But then they don't have children, and that is bad for the race. Still, I don't believe in early marriages.

Young Boswell—And marriage is only one of the issues which confronts modern youth.

Gertrude Atherton-I wish some genius would

come along to lessen this strain under which we live. I don't see any solution to the issues which have been brought forward. I want a solution, but something better, not worse. There is certainly something very wrong with civilization.

KING IN YELLOW

Robert W. Chambers is known wherever English is spoken, as a novelist, but few people think of him as an authority on forests, cats and American History. He started his career as a painter and illustrator. From his student days in Paris he drew many of his earlier stories. It was an artist who wrote the "King in Yellow," but that sort of literature didn't pay, so the young author turned into a best seller. Since then, he has produced a long list of novels and two plays.

In the thick-carpeted, walnut-paneled library of his publishers, Robert W. Chambers walked up and down the room, telling Young Boswell of his recent trip to eastern Tennessee. He is a man of medium height, with graying hair and distinguished mustache, fault-lessly dressed. He expounded his facts simply, speaking much as he writes. He has the superlative story telling faculty which has made his books so popular, even as he converses.

Robert W. Chambers—I have been in a beautiful region, the North Carolina and Tennessee mountains, where it is like June now. I went to a remarkable town, Kingsport, in Tennessee. What eight years

ago was an old tavern and two or three houses is now a model town of 10,000 people, with 1,600 pupils in the schools. John Dennis built a railroad into the mines, and he became interested in this site. A publishing house started pulp mills there, and then a bindery. A cement plant was started, and later a hosiery mill. The people employed are the mountain whites. The eastern mountaineer is quite different from the western type. The easterners are from fine old American stock. The younger generation is very adaptable. They come down from the mountains to receive an education. To see them running the complex machines in the pulp mills is a revelation after you have seen them as they live up in the mountains.

He explained the process by which pulp is made from the poplar trees, and stated that in twenty years more the pulp supply will be exhausted if measures are not taken to reforest the area.

Robert W. Chambers—I advocated the planting of a hundred thousand Norway spruce in that area, as I am told that spruce is best for the purpose. Reforestation is one of the most important questions before the whole country at present. We have cut our trees without any thought for the future. Immediate steps should be taken for the preservation of forest areas.

Young Boswell—But how are we to go about it? Everyone takes the attitude that there are plenty of trees growing around. So why worry?

Robert W. Chambers—I should advocate federal control of forests. I hate to say that, as I am strong

for state's rights, but it is the only way to stop the ruthless cutting of timber. The federal policy should be modeled on the European forestation policies, which have been worked out from years of experience, only it would have to be adapted to our form of government. Forestry should be a separate department of the government, and the head forester should be a member of the Cabinet.

Young Boswell—I don't think most people realize the importance of the problem.

Robert W. Chambers-We must replace the forests to keep the rivers in their banks and prevent floods, to keep the soil fertile, to prevent erosion, and to provide a natural place for birds, without whose aid our farmers would be ruined. If something isn't done. in twenty years there will be no available wood. The supply will be exhausted, and you know there is no substitute for wood. The only heavy stand of trees left in the country is on the Pacific Coast, and when that is gone we will be woodless. One of the most important factors is the prevention of fires, and steps have been taken in that direction. But, also, there must be national forests, state forests, county forests, even city forests. A certain acreage must be set aside for the reforestation of the country, and not a tree should be cut down without a federal permit. It has to be done, that is all.

THE BAT

Mary Roberts Rinehart is one of the most successful Americans writers.

She began as a playwright, producing her first play before she wrote her first book.

She was a war correspondent, being the first American woman to go to the French front.

She has written editorials, short stories, novels and motion picture scenarios.

She has that rare virtue, a sense of humor.

It was a relief from official seances in Washington to have tea with Mrs. Rinehart in her luxurious apartment. In a fashionable black gown with flowing sleeves and a large black hat weighed down with roses, a long strand of pearls swinging as she walked, the creator of Bab came down the corridor to greet Young Boswell. She didn't wear large spectacles, as Young Boswell had always thought all writers should. She was more like a prima donna.

Mrs. Rinehart—Here is the American public as I see it. It is like many families, which present a united front to the world at large, but are strongly divided among themselves. It is only when the division among ourselves becomes equivalent to our position in the world, that our situation may be regarded as dangerous. Nationally, I believe there are internal forces at work to disunite us, and the diversity of opinion is accentuated by the fact that our conservative element is becoming ultra-conservative as an offset to the pull the other way. For instance, I have always liked to

consider myself as a progressive in politics, but even the word progressive has fallen into disrepute temporarily.

Young Boswell-Let's don't be so serious.

Mrs. Rinehart—What shall I talk about? Clothes, dogs, people, writing?

Young Boswell—Isn't writing a serious matter?

Mrs. Rinehart—I always take it pretty hard, but the critics don't seem to.

Young Boswell (trying to adjust himself to this new angle)—What do you think of the critics?

Mrs. Rinehart—Not very much. (Yawning.) I don't read the reviews. I'm the best judge of the craftsmanship in my work, and I'm quite willing to leave it to the people who buy the book whether it pleases them or not. I've often thought it would be a fine idea to make the critics buy their books. You know, when we give away seats in the theater we never expect an enthusiastic audience.

Young Boswell—I hear you are doing a new play. Is it about the younger generation? Everybody is taking a crack at the Y. G. recently.

Mrs. Rinehart—No. Frankly I know nothing about the younger generation. (Young Boswell noticed the pictures of her sons on the desk.) No person who is not of that generation can know anything about them. On the surface they undoubtedly display a considerable laxity, but I'm inclined to think that it is largely a laxity in manners rather than in morals. I always have contended that there was no more highly sexed period than the Victorian era, when a girl was

supposed to swoon if she showed her ankle. On the other hand, from the point of view of the detached observer, I often wonder what the children of this younger generation will be like. It has so ruthlessly torn down, and I have yet to find that it has built up anything. But revolt is not necessarily unhealthy, although many critics of this new generation think it is. I think it is a mistake to class as one the two distinct divisions of Young America today—the frivolous, irresponsible and pleasure hunting young people, and those who are merely seeking their rights. One set wants to play, and their motto is irresponsibility. The other set wants to work, and their motto is individuality. But come, you must be starving. Have another cup of tea.

MANKIND

"The Story of Mankind" has been read by everyone from school children to grandmothers. It is full of information, and it contains the author's delightful drawings. Unlike most books of its class it is worth reading.

Hendrik Van Loon was born in Holland, but has become an American citizen.

He has written histories of modern and ancient man.

He was a war correspondent of The Associated Press, and is now a columnist on a Baltimore newspaper. When he isn't writing he is fiddling, and when he isn't fiddling he paints—being versatile.

Hendrik Willem Van Loon, not only tall, but of large proportions, with brown eyes and blond hair grown dark, remotely Nordic, sat down by the window in the dining room of the Harvard Club. He tore open the flood of letters which a successful writer must read during breakfast. Young Boswell looked out of the window to watch the people go by. There were traces of all races in their faces. Even a gypsy, a red silk handkerchief wound about her head, wandered by. Stimulated by the warm coffee, the talk progressed to a discussion of civilization in its present state.

H. W. Van Loon—The trouble today is that the people who run things are third-rate people. If we are to stand for decent civilization we must fight all the time against inferior people. I don't believe in reconstructing the world by act of Congress. We ought to have a new movement, a kind of quiet revolution, to get things out of the hands of the unwashed. Of course, we always have the reactionary to cope with.

Young Boswell—Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the greatest minds of the country were the leaders, but look at things now!

H. W. Van Loon—Up to that time there was a broad ocean between America and Europe, and only the best and strongest men could get here. Now it is so easy to cross the Atlantic. They crowd and crush, and when you try to push them aside they shout

"Democracy!" in your ear. They sit in the subway and feel a blazing dislike for anyone with ideals. They don't mind your having diamonds and fur coats, but they seriously object to your having better manners. If you happen to look like a literary man they all move away from you. I'm not talking against any particular nation, but against the class of people who are allowed to come into the country. This class of people have been so accustomed to pushing with their elbows in indecent haste that they come over and start pushing in a country in which there was no indecent haste before they came. We shall have to put up dams and dykes to stem this flood of hostile tribes who are coming over here if we are to save our cultural life. I'm really not exaggerating a bit. Look at some of them! They are incredible, aren't they?

Young Boswell—I went to Ellis Island the other day. It seemed the only intelligent people one saw there were those to be deported. I wondered how we were ever going to absorb them into a homogeneous nation.

H. W. Van Loon—I'm not in the least a believer in most of these high-sounding racial theories. What God has put asunder let no man put together! If we are going to have a civilization which is not a dog kennel, which it is now—a badly behaved dog kennel—then we shall have to have some discrimination about the people we let into the country. Otherwise we shall be in the hands of self-appointed soviet vigilante committees, which will do more harm than good with their lack of discrimination. Civilization can't be saved by organ-

ized societies, yet I can well understand such a movement as that of the Fascisti, with all its claptrap, wanting to get rid of these cheap people who are trying to run the world.

Young Boswell-What can we do about it?

H. W. Van Loon—If we want the country a decent country we shall have to let in only certain races and classes of people which we can absorb, neglecting the idea of their becoming 100 per cent American. We must choose what the American civilization is to become—white or black or yellow or just mongrel.



THE FOREIGN ART FETISH

Frank Crowninshield is the editor of Vanity Fair.

He was on The Century Magazine when Young Boswell was a bov.

He introduced American readers to modern art.

He has championed the foreign artist but not neglected native genius.

They were lunching at Delmonico's, which, alas, is no more.

Frank Crowninshield is a connoisseur of rare dishes as well as works of art. Young Boswell had never tasted such delicious gumbo as the waiter set before him. The editor of Young Boswell's favorite magazine sat in the corner of the restaurant to avoid a draft. He was so kindly about the things that young people are trying to produce these days that Young Boswell asked him what he thought of American Art.

Frank Crowninshield—My belief in foreign art is held despite my sympathy for the art of America. There is a theory that we must all shout for American painting, American plays, American satirists, for American essayists and American fashions. But as a working plan, in actual laboratory tests, the nations of Europe, particularly Russia, France and Italy, are imbued with the genius which produces a constant and

never ending succession of artists. They have the warmth, the madness; they have the special individual flavor that seems, so far, to be lacking in American artists.

Young Boswell—You are evidently not 100 per cent American in your tastes.

Frank Crowninshield—Life recently celebrated its fortieth birthday. In all that time they can boast of only one social satirist, Charles Dana Gibson. Our painters, the great ones at least, are outnumbered ten to one in Paris, in Moscow, in Rome. Our essayists seem to diminish in size when we set them up against the Englishmen. Edward Bok thinks we should have only American fashions for women, but they simply don't exist. The case is even worse in craftsmanship.

Young Boswell—Still, very fine things are being done in all the crafts in America. Don't you think your attitude is a little too sophisticated?

His blue eyes closed in a smile. He explained that he believed in native art as strongly as anyone, but that when it came to buying art there was so much to weigh the balance down on the side of the foreign product.

Frank Crowninshield—You don't quite understand. This little sophisticated attitude Mr. Nast and I have toward foreign art is genuine. At the same time it is commercial. We have built up a following on that attitude. We have added to our art. The Russians in particular in the last five years had added to our art a note—as the result of imitations, inspira-

tions and enthusiastic pupils, bound to occur in America because of our exposure to their art—a note of madness, of ecstasy, a sort of flaming passion and heat, which we did not have. It is all very well to say that America can get along without Russian art, but such an attitude is starkest insanity.

Young Boswell—Yes, the Russians do make our painting and dancing and music seem a bit tame and cold.

Frank Crowninshield-Think what a marvelous thing it is for American artists that they are being exposed to the Russians who are living here in America. The same thing is true of France. A hundred great Frenchmen are living here today. They are giving us the priceless benefit of their genius. Italians have introduced the Latin culture, which we need so much. Then why protest against the invasion of foreign art? Why the chauvinistic attitude, why these cries of "Keep out", when our whole cultural life, our critical appreciation of art, our natural love of beauty is being stimulated and improved by these great men, who come to New York from all over the world and who are now making it the center, which it truly is, of a great artistic renaissance?

A CRITIC'S POINT OF VIEW

A. E. Gallatin is a critic of the arts, and a collector of works of living American artists.

He has recently published a book on "American Water Colorists."

His "Arts and the Great War" is the only collection of posters and paintings of the war.

He is an authority on Whistler and Beardsley.

Young Boswell turned the pages of Gallatin's exquisitely printed books, in which he has set down his scholarly opinions of Whistler, Beardsley, the men of the '90's and of the modern Americans. Albert Eugene Gallatin is a critic of the arts, who knows what he is about. He is a small-boned, ascetic looking man, with a broad brow, glasses and penetrating blue eyes. The roundness of his head is accentuated by the blondness of his hair. He sat on the other side of the tea table with his feet on the fender, speaking thoughtfully. The fire lighted up the bookshelves, which harbored first editions. The walls were hung with paintings by contemporary men.

Gallatin—There are very few painters worthy of the name "artist." If there are ten artists in this country at present, and six men who appreciate them, we are doing very well. In Turner's time there was only one man who appreciated him, and that was Ruskin. There was only one man who bought Cézanne's work. Durand-Ruel was the only man who appreciated Manet and Renoir in their time. All three of those men are now in the Louvre. Only after years of struggle were the Barbizon men—Corot and Millet and the others—appreciated at all. Rodin wasn't recognized in his time. As late as 1900 the French government would not allow him to exhibit in

the Salon. His friends had to set up a pavilion just outside to show his work.

Young Boswell—A painter has to be dead to be appreciated by the Louvre or the National Gallery?

Gallatin-It is right, I think, because if a man is living the purchase of his pictures by museums is a matter of politics and friendships and personal jealousies. Whether a man is a genius or not doesn't enter into it. The French system of having a Luxembourg and a Louvre, buying good contemporary painting for the Luxembourg, and leaving it to posterity to decide whether it shall go to the Louvre or not, is the right system. I think that is shown by the collection of contemporary paintings and sculpture in the Metropolitan Museum, which is about as bad a collection as it is possible to get together under one roof. The curator buys very well. If it weren't for the committee, which is made up of professional painters, who have to pass on the paintings, he might make a good collection. The buying of paintings should be in the hands of collectors and critics.

Young Boswell—But we should encourage our own painters.

Gallatin—There is more being done for American painters today than at any other time. The women's clubs boom them, the dealers push their works, museums buy them. Our exhibitions are free and the dealer doesn't charge the painter who exhibits, as they do abroad. He takes a percentage on the sales, that is all. I like what Bernard Shaw says about paintings... there ought to be a law in the statute

book stating if more than 10 per cent of the public likes a picture it should be burned.

Young Boswell—You don't believe in the democracy of art?

Gallatin—Democracy and art are opposite poles. The great thing painters and sculptors ought to turn to is industrial art. We have no designers in this country. The exhibition of native furniture, silver and fabrics at the Museum was appalling. There are too many easel pictures being painted, and there is no reason why an artist shouldn't do something practical. Why should an artist paint something that nobody wants and then blackguard the public for not buying it?

Young Boswell—With all the encouragement which you say the American artist has, do you think America is fertile soil for art?

Gallatin—The artist coming from Europe immediately perceives the elementary force in our country, which gives him enthusiasm and expansion. He becomes aware that the soil, the most fertile for the continuity of art, is here.

AND A CURATOR'S OPINION

Bryson Burroughs is curator of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum.

He is of the romantic school of American painters. He studied first at the Art Students' League, won the Chanler Scholarship in 1891, and went to Paris and Florence.

He won silver medals at the Buffalo Exposition in 1901, and at Pittsburgh, two years later.

His "Consolation of Ariadne" hangs in the Metropolitan.

The museum has provided a resting place for visitors, as well as for works of art, by turning one of the quiet courts of the building into an airy garden, with tables and chairs, where one may sip refreshment under the eye of a classic statue, which stands at one end. Bryson Burroughs, a quiet man, thin set, with a roundish face, gaunt blue eyes and fine-fibered hands, discoursed with Young Boswell upon the subject uppermost in his mind, painting.

Young Boswell—I have remarked the need for permanent public exhibition of the work of living painters. There is no distinction between the living men and the dead, as there is, for instance, in the Luxembourg and the Louvre.

Bryson Burroughs—The Metropolitan Museum covers both fields. It is really a Luxembourg and Louvre rolled in one. Many people talk of that, and I think it would be an excellent idea if there were a sort of purgatory, where the good canvases might be sorted from the bad, by the test of time. However, that is gradually being done in the museum. There is a strong competition between the contemporary paintings and those which have been carefully selected from the best of all times.

It is difficult to determine the genius of a contemporary. As one looks over the history of painting one sees the painter, chosen by his own generation as unlikely to live, chosen by the next generation as the great painter of his period.

Young Boswell—It is difficult to separate what is great from what is popular.

Bryson Burroughs—There were precious few people in my time in Paris who thought highly of Cézanne, yet he has had an enormous influence on young painters all over. There seem to be a few rare people who can judge what is important in contemporary art. It is especially hard today, because all of the young people in painting, in fact in all the arts, have based their work on theories which someone immediately smashes through in favor of another theory.

Young Boswell—What do you think of the younger painters?

Bryson Burroughs—It is difficult to say. I know very few of them. I know their work only through what examples of it I have seen in exhibitions. After a certain age a person becomes numb to new things. The present American work seems so cosmopolitan, so based on foreign traditions, especially on French traditions. Yet I do not know how true their cosmopolitanism is, because as we look back upon the American painters whom we now think of as national we find that they, too, founded their work on foreign traditions. There have been certain times when the national quality of art has not been so marked. This seems to be one of them.

He spoke of the present age as a reaction to the stodginess of the nineteenth century. The casting off of the old forms in painting as well as in most of the other arts, the avowed freedom of expression and the indifference to tradition seemed to him a transitional phase and part of the eternal reaction of a new generation to the entire scheme of the one before it. He agreed with Young Boswell's platitude that art was based upon one great tradition, from which artists swerved from age to age, only to return to it again in the next age.

Bryson Burroughs—Nobody can foresee what will become of this age until after it happens, and then the prophecy becomes perfectly obvious. There are some people who think this is a great revolutionary period, just as the return to naturalism in the twelfth century was a great departure. They think it is the inauguration of a new form of art, but I cannot believe that. I think there will be a return to the traditional forms, which will have been freshened by this present breaking away from them.

The classic statue against the wall seemed to Young Boswell to nod her head in approval.



THE PRINTS AT THE MUSEUM

W. M. Ivins, Jr., is the curator of prints at the Metropolitan Museum.

He began as an economist and wrote for "The World's Work."

He studied law, did accounting and wrote corporate mortgages for ten years.

He believes a man doesn't always find himself in his early years.

Mr. Ivins and Young Boswell walked several blocks, from the print department to the Museum restaurant, to a small room devoted to smoking. Other curators sat about puffing their pipes. A waitress brought coffee and slammed the door with unnecessary vehemence.

W. M. Ivins, Jr.—The trouble with the public at large, in their attitude toward prints, is they don't realize that prints are just printed pictures and that everything from Brigg's latest cartoon to Rembrandt are all prints. The good gets weeded out from the bad as time goes on, and the good remains. For instance, there is a set of prints, about as famous as any in the world, which were made in Florence in the fifteenth century. They were made to put on the top of candy boxes. At the same time, an obscure man,

named Savonarola, got out a series of sermons. In order to make them sell, the publishers did as newspapers do today, they put in illustrations. Those illustrations are known as the early Florentine woodcuts, and are immensely valuable.

Young Boswell was talking to a scholar, a man too soon gray, his face still young, with a high forehead, behind which was kept a store of facts about prints and paintings and painters, and a wide experience of life.

W. M. Ivins, Jr.—In the middle years of the nineteenth century Daumier did the same thing. The Daumiers came out on the third page of the "Charivari." They are now regarded by some people as the best social Take the two best sets of caricatures of the period. French eighteenth century engravings. One of these sets were illustrations for a song book and the other set were really fashion plates. Gova's great lithographs were sporting prints, advertisements for bull-Durer's woodcuts were book illustrations. fights. Naturally, this doesn't mean that all fine prints have come out this way, for many were made by artists just as they paint an easel picture.

Young Boswell-What about early American prints?

W. M. Ivins, Jr.—I don't know how it happened, but none of our men made prints of any artistic value until very late. In the early days we imported our prints, just as we imported our novels and poets. Etching in this country is a matter of the last forty years, and lithography of the last twenty-five years.

It is interesting that the most prominent American etchers have been expatriates. Jimmy Whistler never made an etching in his own country. He did make a few maps here. Mary Cassatt did all her work in France, and Wenban did practically all of his work in Germany.

Young Boswell—Is there much to be said for contemporary prints?

W. M. Ivins—The best prints and pictures being made in this country today are the etchings, lithographs, cartoons and illustrations in our newspapers and magazines, where they come as a response to a perfectly natural demand. There is nothing of the hothouse about them. Because these prints are cheap and common the contemporary thinks they have no value, but as time goes on they will have value. People do a lot of talking about contemporary stuff, but we are too near it to appreciate it. That's the reason the old stuff is more interesting, because it has stood up and taken the test for years. The contemporary men always have to meet the competition of the dead men. Although they are dead their work isn't. Why should you pay \$25 for a lithograph by a living American when for \$25 in Paris you can buy 100 Daumiers? That's the test!



THE ANCIENT ART OF THE ORIENT

S. C. Bosch Reitz is the curator of Far Eastern art at the Metropolitan Museum.

He is a landscape painter of a family who own one of the most important collections of paintings in Holland.

In 1916 he compiled a catalogue of early Chinese porcelains and put on an exhibition of rare specimens, at the museum.

In a bright room, up an almost secret stairway, off one of the galleries, its walls sparsely decorated with Japanese prints and photographs of Buddhist shrines, taken during his travels through the far East, Bosch Reitz, curator of Far Eastern art, talked of a civilization which is gone and of the art that has survived from ancient days in China. He possesses a great store of vitality, and an ease of speech, tinged with a warm accent.

Bosch Reitz—You know, of course, Chinese painting is about the most difficult form of art to understand, but it is also the quintessence of Chinese civilization, and so, important. Until the last ten or fifteen years it was impossible to study Chinese painting unless one went out to China, because they took careful precautions not to let good paintings go out of

the country. Even in China it was difficult to see them, because there were no museums. The people who went to the Orient saw the Chinese paintings in Japan, among the temple treasures and in Japanese museums. Europeans got interested in Chinese painting through the Japanese art, which is based on Chinese art, just as ours is based on Greek and Roman art.

He talked with enthusiasm. He is a man of medium size, gray hair, silver spectacles and a vivacious mustache; altogether human, sprinkling his knowledge with delightful stories.

Bosch Reitz—So Western people became interested in Chinese art. In Paris in 1912 there was an exhibition in the Musée de Cernuschi, and that was about the first time that really good Chinese paintings were shown. Mr. Freer, of Pittsburgh, got interested in Japanese prints through Whistler's Japanese influence. He went to Japan, brought back screens and bought some Chinese paintings. These are to be housed in the new museum in Washington along with the Whistler collection which he made during his lifetime. He did a lot for Chinese paintings. He gave others the impetus to acquire Chinese art.

Ten years ago the museum here began a collection, some of it not so good, so we have to weed out.

Young Boswell—How can you place the paintings in their proper period?

Bosch Reitz—There is great difficulty in deciding what period a Chinese painting is. We know the whole history of the European painters. We know almost nothing of the Chinese artist, except as he

belongs to a certain school. In deciding whether it is an original or a copy signatures are of no value. Forgers put them on with the greatest ease. Even old and perfectly good pictures often have wrong signatures, because some former owner wished to put his connoisseurship on record by adding the name of the artist to whom he attributed the picture and authenticated with his own seal. When it comes to identifying the author our troubles are great, indeed. It is easy to recognize a likeness to a well known school. So we do not pretend to authenticate a picture in the same way as one would a Rembrandt or a Raphael. The paintings have simply been chosen for their artistic merits. The only way to know an original is to decide whether it is good or not. After all, it is the quality and the beauty of the work of art which will always be the main reason for the appreciation of Chinese painting.

If the American public is really interested in painting it will buy the work of American painters. It is easy to collect Japanese prints, or old masters, which have the brand of authority on them. The wise man chooses the work of a contemporary, which will some day become an old master.



POOR LITTLE FOX!

TOOM BITTED TOM.

Minnie Madden Fiske made her first appearance on the stage at the age of two. She was a full-fledged star at sixteen. She will go down in dramatic legend as the great exponent of characterization. Her supreme creations, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Becky Sharp, "Salvation Nell," will be remembered always by those fortunate ones who saw her.

She has lived quietly, studying the drama, perfecting her art, devoting her spare hours to the humane work of the National League to Conserve Food Animals, of which she is president. She believes in vegetable dinners, furless coats and foxless fox hunts.

Veiled and remote, enveloped in a blue coat without fur trimming, from under which appeared the flounces of a black lace dress, Mrs. Fiske sat in a deep couch talking of youth and animals and humanity. Her ecstatic eyes blinking and twinkling, pierced the wide meshes of the white veil. She held a handkerchief, which has become part of her dramatic personality, to her face. She spoke in jumps, bobbing forward as the inflection rose, hesitating before the end of sentences, and then rippling the final phrase.

Young Boswell (a little wearily)—I think youth as the great and glorious period is highly overrated, don't you?

Mrs. Fiske—It is a time of restlessness, impatience, egotism, self-centeredness, selfishness, and none of those things make for happiness or peace of mind. It is a difficult time in which to be young. We have no great leaders in any department of life. We want to trust someone, but there is no one to trust. I hope leaders will be forthcoming.

All my life, I have remarked the unawakedness of the human race, particularly to the dumb creatures of the world. I think we are still in the dark ages. This is one of the darkest ages. The most appalling thing is the exploitation of dumb creatures, without any understanding or sympathy for them.

Mrs. Fiske, who can do more with a handkerchief than most actresses with a whole wardrobe, waved it to strengthen her point.

Mrs. Fiske—A great American once asked this question: "How has man met his responsibility toward the great dumb creation committed to his care?" He answered the question in these words: "Without intelligence, without justice and without mercy." Some day women will awake to the crime of dressing themselves in furs and skins, as savages once had to do, dangling dead animals about their throats. The unforgivable thing is the act of cruelty to the helpless. There isn't a human being who would have the courage to face, for five minutes, such an experience as a trapped animal faces. Starvation, pain, unspeakable fright, attack from other animals, fever, sickness! The human race is frankly in terror of pain and torture. Millions are spent each year in research

to prevent pain, and to relieve it when it comes. But how blithely we hand over the dumb creatures to torture! Think of a fox hunt! A lot of healthy, cheerful, prosperous people pursuing a poor helpless little fox!

Young Boswell—And the cruelty of the bullfight, and the torture of the horses!

Mrs. Fiske—The bravery of the human race sinks into oblivion beside the fortitude of animals. There has been no example of courage in the whole human history like the examples we see every day from animals. We exploit animals for sport, for gain, for pleasure and for any kind of profit. Wells said in the last pages of the "Outline of History" that the greatest tragedy of the world is the exploited animal. The human race is still unawakened. Very few people know that an average of 4,000,000 cattle perish every year on our ranches from starvation and exposure. This long death of hideous torture goes on year after year.

Young Boswell—It is only in recent times that there has been any kind of prevention of cruelty. We are much kinder in this country than in most.

Mrs. Fiske—There has been a recent exposure of our slaughtering system. When nature has supplied plenty of clean, healthy foods, why should we eat the poor, sick, terrified animals? (A seraphic, goldenhaired creature of sixteen passed by.) What is lovelier than a sweet, gentle and kindly, intelligent girl like that, but it is appalling to think of all the horrible things that must transpire to supply what civilization

has decided is necessary to sustain her existence properly. Think of the men, cursing and swearing, up to their knees in blood, in the slaughter-houses! That is for her food. Then, to keep her warm, there is the trapped animal, whose plight is . . . Think how we could change the whole situation by the proper education! We should have to let the present generation go because their ideas of animals are fixed, but if we start with the children, these new citizens, we could give the world a new point of view about animals.

Young Boswell saw a man in the street beating his horse and rushed out to stop him.



THE MAGIC OF THE BATON

The conductor of an orchestra is a kind of spiritual medium between the composer and the audience. He is an interpreter, translating the exact meaning of a composition into the vocabulary of the hearer. He is the brain of an orchestra, manoeuvering its intricate parts, coördinating all the sounds, into one great sound. He is the magician, who waves his baton, and presto, there is music in one's ears.

DAMROSCH

Walter Damrosch followed in the direct line of a great tradition. He is the son of the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch. He was a concert pianist at the age of sixteen, touring the country. He has brought the New York Symphony Orchestra, of which he has been the head for many years, to the front rank of musical organizations.

He has shown great interest of late years in the American Conservatory which he founded at Fontainebleau.

When Young Boswell called upon him one afternoon, he sat at the piano trying out the voice of a young soprano from the American Conservatory.

He told her how well she had sung, and how difficult the aria was, and she was gone. He sat down on a long couch by the fireplace. There was a quiet force and great dignity about him. He had the enthusiasm of a man with gray hair, for the things young artists are trying to do, that is rare in men of accomplishment.

Walter Damrosch—Everybody is living in the future today because we want to forget the past. It is always so after wars. I remember as a boy of sixteen I was sent on a concert tour by my father, to accompany August Wilhelmj, the violinist. We started in Washington and went through the South to New Orleans. That was in '78 or '79. I can still see the wrack and ruin of the South after the war. The whole region was dismantled. The institutions of learning disrupted, and meagerly kept up. The standard of living was lower than in the North because everyone was poor. If it took that long for the South to recover, think of Europe after five years!

A great dog wandered into the drawing room and settled by the fireplace.

Walter Damrosch—I was in Vienna last June, my first visit in many, many years. I expected to stay two weeks. I found, with the rate of exchange, I could get a palatial room for 90 cents a day and a banquet for 40 cents. But the terrible decay of life, the misery brooding over that town, built for emperors and pleasure, affected me so, I got out after six days. You couldn't see it, you could feel it.

The Austrian peasant isn't so badly off because he

lives on the produce of his land, but the intelligentsia—the musicians and scientists and teachers and lawyers, who are paid very little more than they were before the war—are literally starving, with no hope of things righting themselves in their lifetime. The result is that all the oldest and most honored cultural institutions are crumbling for lack of support. I hear the same of symphony and choral societies, all those organizations which meant so much to the world before the war.

Young Boswell—Do you think these conditions have influenced art?

Walter Damrosch—I should like to give a piece of my mind to those shallow individuals who talk of the influence on art of the great war. It took Germany 150 years to recover from the Thirty Years' War. There is something which sears the cultural life of a people who've gone through such a terrible experience. Creative impulses are checked and the tranquillity necessary to the creative artist is destroyed. At present the best minds in Europe are devoted to finding the next day's bread. It is remarkable that under such conditions there is any activity along artistic lines. I do not look for a great new art impulse for a long time.

Young Boswell—How do you think the war has affected us here?

Walter Damrosch—All of the best artists of Europe who had the price of a steamship ticket came over here, and our musical market is overcrowded. A country, to have a real musical life, must create it from within. In our country the taste for music has developed in a topsy-turvy fashion, but in Europe it has sprung from the soil, as it should, from folksongs, from the natural desire to express a feeling. I believe that natural desire for emotion should be encouraged. It is the mainspring of life and joy, and nothing can draw people into fine channels better than music. But we have been bequeathed a distaste for the display of feeling by the Puritan. It is not easy for us to show emotions. Whoever heard an American farmer burst into song over his work?

And Mr. Damrosch went upstairs to his library for a conference.

STOKOWSKI

The Philadelphia Orchestra has won a just fame under the baton of Leopold Stokowski, both in its native city and in New York.

Stokowski was born of a Polish father and an Irish mother, and went to Oxford and the Royal College of Music in London.

He wrote an orchestration of our national anthem, when snowbound in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

He is one of the youngest and most popular conductors.

He was the first person to receive the Philadelphia Award.

As Young Boswell hurried through the green room of the Academy of Music he heard a woman with three

ropes of pearls remark, "Stokowski is not only a great conductor, my dear. He is quite an Adonis."

"I suppose you mean his shock of yellow hair, and the Greek profile," a man with her said, while I thought of the perfect movements of an athlete as he led the orchestra through those last tremendous passages of the "1812 Overture." "Tschaikowsky and Stokowski," said the lady with the pearls. "What a wonderful combination!"

Young Boswell climbed the back-stage stairs to renew an acquaintance with the conductor made in his 'teens. He was admitted to the dressing room by Billy Morris, the rubber, and found Stokowski, facedown on a divan. The room was furnished sparsely, with a littered desk, a piano and an electric heater. Wreaths from former triumphs and a flag hung on the wall.

Stokowski-Of course, I remember you. What are you doing now?

Young Boswell—I'm trying to be a journalist.

Stokowski—(Turning over, and throwing up his hands, as if in despair)—Oh—and you were such a nice little boy! I suppose you have come to talk to me about music. Well, I can't talk about music. It's impossible. The only way to talk about music is in its own language—to play it or sing it. There's no use of talking to me, anyway, because I haven't any ideas.

Young Boswell—Perhaps after you have had your rub, you will get one.

Stokowski-Mr. Morris, here, is much more fa-

mous than I am. He was a rubber at the Olympic Games. He rubbed Dick Landon, the champion high jumper. (Mr. Morris bowed gravely.)

I always have a rub after a strenuous concert. Conducting is inclined to tighten up the muscles. Rubbing takes away the contraction. Also, I like to keep Mr. Morris busy.

Young Boswell—Aren't you going to give a series of lectures about music?

Stokowski—Yes, and I'm going to write a book. My hope is to bring all people who love music, but realize they do not know much about it, to an understanding of music and of the works of the foremost composers and of musical history. There is only one kind of music: that which has been truly inspired, whether it is the inspiration of our own days or of the past generations. I don't know anything about the future of music, and nobody else does. I am interested in the present, and I consider the orchestra the most complex musical instrument and a marvelous human organ. You see I have no ideas, as I told you.

Mr. Morris having achieved his cure, Stokowski slipped into a dressing gown and lighted a cigarette. He spoke of the Oxford days, and the years when he was organist at St. Bartholomew's Church in Park Avenue, and at St. James, in Piccadilly, and when he was conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra.

Stokowski—I should like to have been a painter, there. On some days when the black clouds hung over the Ohio River, and you looked up from below, to the hills. A painter like El Greco might have

done it.... When people are interviewed they always want to reform humanity. I don't want to reform anything. I think humanity is quite nice.

And Young Boswell left him standing by the piano, and went into the street to see if the young conductor were right about humanity.

REINER

Fritz Reiner is the youngest conductor in America. He has succeeded Ysaye as conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. He has given concerts all over Europe and was the first conductor at the Dresden Opera for eight years. He organized his first orchestra while still a schoolboy, at the age of eleven.

His house is on one of the hills overlooking the lights of the city, with the Ohio River meandering in the smoky distance.

Young Boswell sat on the porch rail, soft rain gradually drenching him, waiting for Fritz Reiner to return from his Sunday concert. Young Boswell had never heard such pianissimos. They were like echoes from an orchestra in another world. The young conductor and his wife arrived, and later coffee was served in the drawing room. As he talked of the musical development of the country his weariness from the strenuous afternoon's work fell from him.

Fritz Reiner—I have never seen such musical material as there is in this country, and most of it undiscovered. I have found people who don't even know the notes who can play correctly. They go to a musi-

cal show or to a concert, and they not only bring home the melodies but the harmonization and the correct basses. They must be educated. And you have wonderful voices in America, but the young people don't study; that is why you have so few American singers. Young Americans hear singers from abroad who are at the top of their profession, and they don't realize that these artists have studied for ten or twenty years. They think they can just open their mouths and sing. America's musical possibilities are tremendous.

Young Boswell—But we have such bad musical taste. Fritz Reiner—You are such a young country. Your taste will develop. It is better than you think. The artists should give more real, valuable music on their programs, and the public will appreciate it. I have tried it in the smaller cities where we have played. I gave them the same music we play in Cincinnati and they were pleased. They came up to me afterward and thanked me for giving them more earnest music, which they usually don't hear. So I say, give your people only the best music and you will get a musical country not in ten years or twenty years, but, eventually, you will be a great musical country. Music is a necessary factor in the life of a people.

Take music away from people and you will see what I mean. It was a great factor during the war. Think how much further men will march behind music! Look what happened to the soldiers on leave when the theaters closed. They were lost without music and the theaters were opened again for that reason.

He put his cup on the table and lighted a cigarette.

He is a rather small man with wavy dark hair and eager eyes.

When a country has to find its bread and fight for its existence there can be no musical development (he continued). Your American pioneers were struggling for life. Not for a hundred years did art begin in your country. Then you started choral societies and orchestras and had time to think of the beautiful. To a people art is a luxury. Not to me, of course. It is part of me, but if I had to choose between art and starving, even I should choose to eat. But now business has brought America to a place where she can support art. Now you have the very best singers, the very best instrumentalists, the very best orchestras—

Young Boswell—The very best conductors.

Fritz Reiner—Because your spiritual needs are growing. I notice an increasing taste for real rather than mediocre music. Art flourished in Europe because there has always been a big protector, a great patron, to subsidize artists, as Lorenzo di Medici and the popes did for the Renaissance, like August the Strong for Germany and like Ludwig II, who was the great patron of Wagner. Now in America you have your old families of established wealth, who have an interest in the arts. They play the same role, and with such support you will see a steady artistic growth in the next few years.

GABRILOWITSCH

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, conductor of the Symphony Orchestra in Detroit, gives moments of musical relaxation to those who build the motor car. He carries on the good work of educating the Middle West, taking his orchestra on tour.

He is a well known composer and a pianist of importance. He is a Pole by birth, but has completely identified himself with American musical life by becoming an American citizen. His wife is Clara Clemens, a musical artist and daughter of the great American humorist, Mark Twain.

He is an unusually tall man, of Lincolnesque gauntness. His dark hair stands high. There is authority in his speech. His voice is resonant. He sat by the window, scrawling with a pencil on a scrap of white paper, as he talked to Young Boswell.

Gabrilowitsch—What is a musical country? A country that composes music or a country that needs music for its daily life? In the latter sense, America is immensely musical, because music is part of our daily life. The French have given the world composers, but there isn't a decent orchestra in France, outside of Paris. The same is true of Italy. Large classes of people in these two countries are completely indifferent to instrumental or orchestral music.

So far as I know, there are only four or five countries that consume large quantities of music. They are Germany, Austria, Holland, England, Russia and America, most of all. Our Detroit orchestra plays in

places which aren't even on the map, and yet they have their musical clubs. We played in some small Illinois town not long ago, a place of twenty thousand people, and there were sixteen hundred members in the musical club. We submitted various programs to them for approval, and they chose, of all things, a Brahms symphony. The club members had been meeting and studying the symphony for months, playing it over and discussing it. That's what I call being really musical. We gave two concerts in Kansas City in one day, to which fifteen thousand people came. The afternoon concert was given for children—eight thousand of them came.

Young Boswell—You couldn't duplicate that anywhere in the world.

Gabrilowitsch—Which are you going to call the musical country, the nation that gives or takes? It is very seldom that the two things are combined. Russia combines them, and Germany. Even more so Austria, because most of the great German composers were Austrians. One might call them musically self-supporting countries. What happens in the history of countries is that they shift from one category to the other. For instance, Germany today doesn't produce great composers as it did a hundred years ago, and, on the other hand, France, in the last twenty-five years has produced more interesting music than at any time before in its history. Now, there is no reason why America, which is now a great consumer of music, shouldn't become a producing nation.

Young Boswell—Why haven't we produced great composers here?

Gabrilowitsch-If this country does not produce great composers, it is not for the lack of encouragement. All the orchestras nowadays vie with one another to give a hearing to young American composers. is the audience which takes a rather lax interest in these new works. Go back a hundred years, and you will find that such a tremendous genius as Schubert went through life without having a chance to hear most of his compositions. To think that Schubert composed seven symphonies, each more beautiful than the others, and never heard one of them played! Think he was discouraged? Not in the least. He went on composing because he couldn't help it. So this, to me, proves that if there is genius for musical creation inherent in a nation, outside circumstances are not going to stifle that creation.

The afternoon grew dark. Many blocks below the lights of Forty-second Street flared up like a signal fire. One knew that the crowds, in answer to that signal, already walked there in search of amusement, quite unconcerned whether creation in any art was stifled or not. They were satisfied with jazz.

MENGELBERG

For several years Mengelberg has come to America as guest conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra. He is a pianist and organist. He studied at the Cologne Conservatory under Wuellner, who was a pupil of Schindler, who was Beethoven's pupil.

Swathed in a fur-collared coat, smoking a Willem Mengelberg cigar, the conductor returned from a rehearsal followed by his secretary. The conductor, with his aura of golden hair encircling his round, ruddy vigorous face, rested in a chair by the window, while his secretary told Young Boswell of the Amsterdam orchestra.

The Secretary—It was the only orchestra which remained intact in Europe throughout the war. Mr. Mengelberg has been conductor of the Concertgebouw for nearly thirty years. He was appointed in 1895. At the same time he was conductor of the Museum Society in Frankfort, and the Caecilia Verein, and went each year to conduct the Philharmonic Society Orchestra in London. For twenty-five years he has also directed the Toonkunst, which is a chorus of 600 voices, male and female, with a chorus of several hundred boys.

Willem Mengelberg—Of course they don't remain the same for thirty years. Denherdog conducts the children's chorus. Cornelius Dopper is assistant conductor of the orchestra. In my season of four months in Holland I conduct a hundred concerts. Fifty or sixty of them are in Amsterdam and the rest in Rotterdam, the Hague, Utrecht, which is almost in the center of Holland, and so on. I was born in Utrecht. The Concertgebouw is a private organization, with subventions from the City of Amsterdam, from the State of North Holland and from the government. Con-

sidering these subventions, I conduct educational concerts for the people, at the price of twenty American cents.

We give them the best artists. It is a kind of hobby with me. I give all of the educational concerts without fee, like those we are now giving with the Philharmonic Orchestra. I like American audiences. They are very responsive. Here your orchestras are wonderful, but it is also good to know how the foreign orchestras are playing.

Young Boswell—I think it is time that America has a glimpse of the Concertgebouw.

Mengelberg-The Willem Concertgebouw It is an international factor in European musical life. It has performed in almost every coun-In 1903 it went to London for the try in Europe. first Strauss festival. It has played in Paris, also several times with my choir. In Madrid, Rome, Berlin, Frankfort, in Norway we have played. And then we have foreign conductors come to conduct their native music. In one season it was possible to have an Italian concert directed by Casella; a Danish concert conducted by Nielsen, the composer; Suter conducted a concert of Swiss music; Pierre Ney conducted two evenings of French compositions, and Sir Edward Elgar came over for an English concert. Nikisch and Muck gave German music; Kreutzer conducted the Russian concert, Rasse the Belgian and Schoenberg the Austrian. It was a circle of national music. That was in 1920.

He lighted another cigar, passed Young Boswell a rose-tipped cigarette, and went on.

This last season, beginning in September, 1922, we had a French music festival of the compositions of eleven living composers. We also gave some Saint-Saens and Debussy. Maurice Ravel attended. Mme. Croizat, Milhaut, Florent Schmitt and Albert Russell were there. We played pieces that were never performed before. It was the first hearing for Schmitt's "Antony and Cleopatra." There were two evenings of chamber music. . . The chorus always sings in the language the composer writes in. For instance, this year we sang "The Damnation of Faust" in French. I am interested in American composers. I was the first in Europe to play the works of Ernest Schelling. He came over and played his own compositions. It was a wonderful performance!

And then he offered Young Boswell a Mengelberg cigar.

COATES

Albert Coates came to America again in 1923 as guest conductor of the New York Symphony. It was not known until the Spring that he was to organize a new orchestra in Rochester, under the patronage of Mr. George Eastman, in 1924.

He is an Englishman who was born in Russia, and educated in Liverpool, under Sir Oliver Lodge. Then he went to Leipzig and studied piano. He first conducted there under the great Nikisch.

At the age of twenty-eight he was chief conductor

of the Imperial Opera at Petrograd. He conducted the performances at the Maryinsky Theater until the Bolsheviks took the upper hand. Since then he has conducted the Royal Philharmonic and the London Symphony orchestras, and seasons of opera at Covent Garden, in London.

One of his compositions, "Asshurbanipal," was held by the Russian government, as a hostage against his return. "The Eagle" is dedicated to the memory of Nikisch and a ballet, "The Robber Nightingale," to his daughter, Tamara.

Mrs. Coates writes all his libretti.

Young Boswell had never been to the rehearsal of a symphony orchestra, until he was taken to Carnegie Hall one morning. Albert Coates, in his shirt sleeves, his collar open, tapped with his baton, said "Good morning" heartily and the orchestra replied "Good morning" to the accompaniment of wheezes and scrapings and drums being set in order. The orchestra stopped from time to time to discuss certain phrases with the conductor, and when they had finished the first movement he wiped his brow and said, "That's it! Good! I didn't know there was so much in this thing," and the musicians tapped on their violins and blew upon their flutes in applause. Mr. Coates drew on a heavy overcoat and came down into the auditorium to talk with friends who had come to the rehearsal.

Young Boswell—I like the way you play Brahms. Most people make a dry old professor of him.

Albert Coates—I always think of Disraeli and Gladstone when I think of Brahms. Disraeli treated

Queen Victoria like a sister, like an equal, and she loved it. Gladstone treated her like a queen (he bowed formally to show his point) and she would have none of it. That's the way most conductors attack Brahms. They treat him formally, as though he had only an intellect, and he has a lot of the other.

Young Boswell—The Russians certainly have the other.

Albert Coates—The Russian, being spread all over the world, is comparable to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. The Greeks were put out. They wandered to England and France and Italy, and up to the north, and after that came the Renaissance. The Russians have been put out of their country, and are wandering the world. I think a great period is coming.

Young Boswell—A new Renaissance!

Albert Coates—The Russians are all geniuses, and they are all children. One day after the revolution we were rehearsing "Carmen" at the opera in Petrograd. The young Russian who was singing "Escamilio" threw himself around the stage, put in his own business and sang the part his own way. I told him the part shouldn't be done that way. "But why not? I am free now." That was the Russian idea of freedom. An officer announced, to a Russian regiment, which was serving in the south, that the Czar had been dethroned, and that they were now free. The men turned to one another in confusion. Finally their spokesman said: "An announcement has been made: Whenever an announcement has been made to us before we've always sung 'God Save the Czar.'"

they sang it. That's the Russian. Simple, child-like!

Someone asked him when he had last seen the great conductor Nikisch, before his sad death. His dark blue eyes, which are always twinkling, grew sober.

Albert Coates—Nikisch was to conduct his concert in Rome, the week after I finished. I went off to Capri for a rest and wrote him that I was sorry to miss seeing him. But I went back to Rome sooner than I had planned and got to his concert before it was over. I stood along the side lines. It was in the Augusteo. When he had finished there was a thunder of applause. Nikisch saw me standing there as he was taking a bow. I shouted: "Well done, professor!" The crowd looked at me. They all knew I had been his pupil. So, Nikisch made me step upon the platform and take a bow with him. That was a very beautiful thing for him to do. Of course, at the time it meant nothing, but now it is very vivid. That was a great romance, you know.



BUT ONCE A YEAR

Christmas was dawning red and green over the garden. Young Boswell turned restlessly in his bed. He heard the strangest noises coming from the Franklin stove. He was just half awake, as everyone is on Christmas morning, and turned over for another forty winks. It was a persistent noise, as though someone were falling downstairs and then picking himself up and falling down again.

He decided it couldn't be the Mice, who were camping in the piano for the winter somewhere in the vicinity of high A, although it might be the enthusiasm of the younger members of the family over their stockings.

Certainly not Mr. and Mrs. Mouse, who were dead to the world after a hard night's work collecting candle grease and cheese titbits for Christmas surprises. It wasn't the bird, because the cat had eaten her for his Christmas Eve hors d'oeuvre.

His meditation was abruptly ended. A large foot appeared in the chimney opening, kicking the teakettle across the room. And then another foot, and Santa Claus, covered with soot, frightfully mussed, slid down onto the hearth rug. Young Boswell was sure he was dreaming.

Santa Claus—Whoever told Ben Franklin that this

thing belonged in a chimney, anyway? It's the worst excuse for a fireplace I've ever seen. I'm certainly glad that I've kept my waistline. I need it these days with all these modern improvements. I just gave up trying to enter by the radiator, and as for these newfangled electric heaters, they're impossible.

Young Boswell—Stop complaining. I want to sleep. I haven't anything to get up for, because there will be nothing in my stocking.

Santa Claus—It's your own fault. You didn't hang it up. And it's untidy to leave them lying around this way, you know. But I didn't fight my way down this stuffy little chimney to discuss stockings. I came here to be interviewed, so get up and show me some attention.

Young Boswell reluctantly crawled out of bed, put a few logs in the fireplace and started to brew tea.

Santa Claus—I feel really offended. Here you've been going around all winter asking famous people to talk about themselves and you haven't come near me. It's rather inexcusable, don't you think, considering I am the most famous person in the world today?

Young Boswell (annoyed)—Yes, yes, but you don't exist.

Santa Claus—That's propaganda. I'm tired of hearing that. I'm tired of having little boys ask their grandmothers to tell them all about life, now that they're old enough to know, and having grandma tell them there isn't any Santa Claus. Well, there is, and you know it. And here I am. You might begin by . . . but, wait a minute. It's getting too hot in this room for me. If you must have a bonfire, you

won't object if I remove a little of this costume. It was made for street wear.

First he took off the leather boots and then the red, fur-trimmed trousers and coat, and, to Young Boswell's amazement, he lifted off the beard and bushy eyebrows and the tasselled fur hat. It was all a mask. A very young man in red tights and a short fur jacket stood up. His hair was blanched, his eyes luminous, sparkling.

Young Boswell-I don't understand!

Santa Claus—I see you don't. Well, I knew that the public would never take me seriously if they knew my age. They would say that I'd have to wait till I grew older to be capable of holding such a responsible position. Hence the disguise, because unfortunately I can't grow any older. I am perpetually young.

Young Boswell—This is a bit of a surprise, but it explains why you are always playing practical jokes.

Santa Claus—How did you find out that I had a whimsical sense of humor?

Young Boswell—I've put up my stocking before, with the same delightful disappointment.

Santa Claus—I figured Christmas out a long time ago. Everybody buys the thing he has wanted all his life and then gives it to someone else, who doesn't want it at all. So I put things in people's stockings that they don't want. Then to be polite they have to say that they did want them more than anything in the world. I like to watch them squirm when they say it. Of course, this post-Christmas exchanging at the stores has rather spoiled my fun.

Young Boswell-I suppose that explains why I

always get neckties for Christmas. And I hate to have anyone select my neckties. It's the only chance a man has to show his personality. I have a delightful old aunt in Albany who always sends me pink ones. Funny to find out that you are young.

Santa Claus—I wonder that no one figured it out long ago. Of course I am young. That's Christmas—youth, laughter, giving gifts. That is why I am perpetually young, because it is always Christmas with me. Young Boswell your door bell is ringing.

Young Boswell-I thought it was sleigh bells.

Santa Claus—That's another thing I want you to put in your interview. I dislike all this modern publicity I have been given, about coming in automobiles and airplanes. I'm just old-fashioned enough to stick to reindeer in spite of the march of progress. I'm just the same as I was hundreds of years ago when people first heard about me. I haven't changed a bit. But you had better answer that door bell.

Young Boswell walked cautiously through the long passage to the basement grill. He wasn't quite certain, until he saw the green coat of the messenger, that he wasn't walking in his sleep. "Package from Albany, sir. Sign here."

When Young Boswell went back into the kitchen Santa Claus was gone, and the water was boiling in the kettle. As he untied the string around the package, he heard sleigh bells far away, and when he opened the box, he found a pink tie with love from Aunt Agatha.

THE POETS OF THE WORLD

Edwin Arlington Robinson has influenced the younger writers more than any other living poet in America.

He came from a little village in Maine. The aroma of New England rises from his earlier verse, and the golden light of the Middle Ages shines upon many of his lines. He considers "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford," "Merlin" and "Lancelot" and "Roman Barthalow" his best work.

Robinson was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best volume of American poetry in 1922, and received an honorary degree from Yale University in 1923.

A poet is a lonely man! There was a self-sufficient quality about Edwin Arlington Robinson, as he sat beside his desk, in a quiet room, overlooking Macdougal Alley. There was a trunk in the corner of the room, and stacks of shirts on the chest of drawers, and he was making preparations to sail for England. He had just returned from the tortures of the dentist, and confessed that he was tired and rather at a loss to talk about poetry.

E. A. Robinson—As far as I can make out, poetry is a sort of secretion. It is either there or it isn't, and I doubt very much if the poet himself has very much to say about it. At any rate, it has been proved that no amount of labor and striving will produce it.

Young Boswell—Do you think the younger poets have it?

E. A. Robinson—There is a lot of brilliance and dash among the younger writers, but it would be a good thing for them all if they would go back and read Shakespeare and the Old Testament for a few years. Young poets make a mistake to publish their work when they are too young. They get a pin-feather fame as boys, which is detrimental to their later development. Of course, there isn't very much poetry in the world. . . .

Young Boswell-Not much real poetry.

E. A. Robinson—There are never more than four or five poets in the world at the same time, and no one knows who they are until they have been dead half a century.

He tipped the chair in which he was sitting, rocking back and forth as he talked. There was static warmth about his dark eyes and a sensitiveness of the mouth. His smooth phrases came laconically from the silence which had settled over the room.

E. A. Robinson—When William Vaughn Moody and I began to write there were about seven or eight poets whom one heard of in this country. In those days it was almost impossible to get a book of poems published. Now it is almost impossible not to get them published.

Young Boswell—Do you think there is any just way of judging contemporary poetry, or must we wait until the poet is long dead?

E. A. Robinson-There is some mysteriousness

about that inability to judge contemporary poetry, but it has always been so. I think, on the whole, that American poetry, at present, is more vital and significant than most that is being written in England. But one of the great faults with American poetry is that it is altogether too much a reaching out for short cuts to glory. Many of the younger writers seem to have lost all standards, or, rather, they give the impression that they never had any. They show no end of cleverness, but they don't know really how to work.

Young Boswell—But most of them don't consider poetry work. It is just self-expression or something to be done instead of reading the paper at breakfast.

E. A. Robinson—Most people seem to forget that poetry is the most exhausting and tyrannical of professions and they turn it into a sort of mild dissipation. I can't speak for others, but I don't see how a man can write poetry and do anything else. Probably the public will never understand that however much inspiration there may be poetry is the hardest kind of work.

There was a knock at the door. It was one of the younger poets who had come on a pilgrimage to say farewell to his literary idol. Young Boswell slipped out quietly.



THE DRAMATIC YEAR

Young Boswell asked a critic what he thought of the season in the theater as he looked back upon it. It was Stark Young. He said, "One of the ways in which I like to think of a season is to feel as one feels after hearing music, or seeing something in the natural world, or after looking at architecture. One carries away afterward from the experience something that is not a precise memory of the details, but a kind of abstract quality that remains in the mind. A kind of rumor! When a season is over, as when a scene in the theater is finished, you have a full something in your mind, which is not connected with the details of the scene, something not definitely remembered, but nevertheless retained as a beautiful and worth-while experience. That is quite noticeable in this season. I look back upon it with a certain abstract beautiful excitement which is a creative thing in itself."

THE THEATER OF THE PEOPLE

Max Reinhardt is one of the greatest dramatic producers in the world. He began as an actor in Vienna in the early '90s. He has produced the works of the great dramatists from Aristophanes to Shaw. "The

Miracle," with two thousand in the cast, was one of the brilliant episodes of the theater world. He is going to produce a series of plays in America for Morris Gest.

Professor Reinhardt, as he is termed, sat placidly in a chair by the window, expounding his theories of the stage. He is a small man, with dark hair, a prominent nose and ears that seem ever alert. There is evidence of infinite energy in his manner of speaking. He has the opalescent gray eyes of a man with a resource of ideas and the power to carry them out.

Young Boswell—What, sir, do you believe is the purpose of the theater: to amuse or to instruct?

Max Reinhardt—The theater can have an extraordinary educational value and elevating influence. That value and influence have been recognized in the Old World for centuries. Every state, royal or republican, has considered that its paramount duty was to provide for a theater, just as it provided for schools and libraries and churches. I think its importance is even greater than that of the other institutions, because the theater is the only one which appeals to all the people. The others appeal only to certain groups. The theater is a unifying element, bringing the people together in one great institution.

Young Boswell—You have not found that true in America.

Max Reinhardt—No, I was astonished to find all the other institutions here, the schools, the museums, the libraries, even the business houses, so splendidly supported, with new ideas of organization, and that the theater was so neglected. I can't understand why you have no national theater and that the state is doing nothing toward one, particularly when so much money is being spent in other ways. The theater is left entirely in the hands of the commercial manager. It occurred to me that perhaps it was because you were such a young country and have had to use your energy in other directions, so that there was none left for the theater. I can't understand why the rich men, who have done so much for art and music and science with their bequests and foundations, have done nothing for the theater to free it from its commercial necessities. I am afraid that in America the tremendous value of the theater as an educational institution is underrated, whereas it is the only institution which propagates great and new ideas in a palatable way. It teaches the people while it amuses them. It requires great effort to attend scientific lectures or to study in the library, but the theater contains as much pleasure as it does education.

History bears me out. The Greeks and Romans understood this value of the theater, which was a state function to them. The early Church understood this, and, of course, you know that the modern theater is an outgrowth of the early Church.

Young Boswell—How have you worked out this scheme in your own theater?

Max Reinhardt—To put it briefly, by producing as best I can the plays of all nations and all times, from the Greek tragedies down to the modern dramatists. I have communicated to the audience all that

the great minds of the world have had to say. not enough simply to give Euripides or Shakespeare or Moliere or Strindberg, it is not enough to get good actors to say their lines, but it is of utmost importance to make these plays live upon the stage. I contend that the play, any of the classics we might mention, should be made just as interesting as the Ziegfeld Follies. If a play bores the audience the mere fact that it is a classic is a hindrance. To make a classical play live one doesn't consider the splendor of the creation, for it is more vital to bring out all the elements contained in the play—the comic elements, the temperament of the dialogue, the atmosphere and so on. I am always concerned chiefly with the actors. No decoration or tricks can achieve that result without the actors, and the audience can be moved and touched only by the natural rhythm of the language and the simplicity of everyday life reproduced on the stage.

He rose quietly from his chair and disappeared from the room.

THE REPERTORY THEATER

Stuart Walker has shown, in his companies of players in Cincinnati and Indianapolis, what the possibilities of the repertory theater are. He originated the Portmanteau Theater and wrote the Portmanteau plays, a movement toward repertoire on a small scale. He is an educator, as well as a producer. In ten years he has turned out thirty young stars, products of his repertory ideal.

Young Boswell wandered into Stuart Walker's comfortable offices in Carnegie Hall, where scenes from "The Book of Job" and Dunsany plays hung on the walls, and here and there a reminiscent press notice. Mr. Walker has straight black hair and blue eyes, and a casual smile, which makes you wonder just what he is thinking. He outlined for Young Boswell his dream of the perfect repertory theater, but he preferred to speak of the repertory theater as he had seen it.

Stuart Walker-My principal interest is in the development of the repertory theater, and in the development of actors and the encouragement of play-The trouble with the American theater is that it is centered in New York City, and no theater should be centralized. Probably the most successful theater of a single nationality is the German theater isn't it? It has done more for stagecraft and for the preservation of acting and it is the most catholic as far as its playwrights are concerned. The German theater isn't centralized. There are probably a dozen authoritative centers in the German speaking theater, to supply about eighty million people. New York and London are the centers of the English speaking theater, and you can work out for yourself how many people they try to supply.

Young Boswell gave up even daring to contemplate such a number.

Stuart Walker—The lesson we ought to get from that is that evidently we should have a large number of resident dramatic organizations.

Young Boswell-You mean stock companies?

Stuart Walker—No. Not stock companies, depending on one or two leading actors, but of companies made up of a number of creditable actors, and under adequate direction. We've just had a lesson in the Moscow Art Theater, showing what good direction with resident actors will do, provided that it is given time and proper financial backing. Practically the same results could be reached with a series of repertory theaters, established in various American cities, provided the companies could be kept together for a number of seasons, to develop the actors, who have had no chance to be developed before.

Young Boswell—Would you have these state theaters or private organizations?

Stuart Walker-It is impossible to have a state theater in America because it would be mixed up with politics, unless it could be run on such a basis, say, as the Smithsonian Institution is run. Still, as a private organization, a repertory theater would be infinitely less of a risk than any symphony orchestra is, in the same city. The trouble with the repertory theater is that it has to be developed slowly. There are two ways to work it, either to exchange plays or to exchange actors, between the various cities. It is better for the first few years to have each company work up only four or five plays and then after four or five weeks in one theater, to move on to another. would mean that the actors would have a chance to refresh themselves, which they don't have if they play the same part night after night for a long season. With the present system in the theater, the actor is

continually being called away from the little company to play a big part. His personality is exploited, and he has no way to refresh his art. The whole secret of the successful theater is a resident organization of actors working together year in and year out.

NOVELS MADE INTO PLAYS OVERNIGHT

Cyril Maude returned to America after four years absence, to put on a dramatic version of Hutchinson's best seller, "If Winter Comes." The play ran only a few weeks on Broadway. As an actor-manager, Maude started his career with thirteen consecutive successes at the Haymarket Theater in London. He played in "The Little Minister," "Second in Command," and "Grumpy."

Young Boswell faced Cyril Maude across two pigeon pies at the St. Regis. They discussed the efficacy of adapting plays from books and books from plays. The English actor had just remarked that the thing he was keenest to see established was an interchange of students between English and American universities. He holds that it should be compulsory for English boys to come over here and get an understanding of the American people and their customs at their source, just as we send our young men to Oxford and Cambridge. Which led to a comparison of theater audiences in the two countries.

Cyril Maude—I find that the appreciation of comedy is absolutely the same in England and America. The gratitude of audiences is very markedly

greater here than in London. If they are pleased here they express their pleasure with a great many more curtain calls, and they are more tactful if anything goes wrong, while the English audience laughs out and shouts. On the opening night of "If Winter Comes," in London, the fire on the hearth went out right after the letter had been burned, as though it had been turned off for economy's sake, after it's part in the play. The gallery roared. Rude gallery in England!

He is a short stockily built man, with gray hair and mellow skin. His eyes are keen, and his wit sharp, and there is more of the country gentleman than the actor in his manner of thinking and talking. He spoke again of adapting books to the medium of the stage.

Cyril Maude—In adapting novels, my idea is to take the nucleus of the book, and construct the play with the same material, just as the author takes his original material and decides what form it should be written in. Barrie, for instance, when he wrote "The Little Minister" as a play, didn't look at the book. That is why the play departs from the details of the book.

Young Boswell—I don't see where there is a play in "If Winter Comes." All the action went on inside Mark's head.

Cyril Maude—I saw a play in the book, and went to Hutchinson, and asked him if he felt it could be done. He said that he had never written a play and couldn't adapt it himself. He suggested, as I knew Barrie so well, to ask his advice, and I did. So Mac-

Donald Hastings adapted the story and we produced it in the provinces. I didn't think it would go in London, and it didn't. It wasn't properly produced, and everything went wrong on the first night. Some of the actors didn't speak loud enough, and so on. It was a failure.

He bowed to someone in the restaurant, ordered some English brand of cigarette, and went on.

Cyril Maude—But, I decided, that if it was properly produced, it would go in America. So I came out here in fear and trembling. The critics said just what I thought they would, but I try to look beyond what they will say. Usually, when they give bad notices, I agree with them, so I never bear any ill will toward them. But, in my experience of forty years, for I began in America in '83 in Denver, I have found it is best to figure out what will attract the great majority, not necessarily what will attract the critical men. The greatest successes I have had have by no means been the best criticized.

Young Boswell—I suppose the critics don't represent what the public wants.

Cyril Maude—But one would despise them, if they didn't say what they really think. If I were a critic, I should criticize quite the way they do. I might be even more bitter, because I think the critics never see a play at its best on a first night. The actors are nervous, the lights are wrong, nothing goes smoothly.

Young Boswell—I suppose they are a kindhearted lot, after all.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

Brock Pemberton was tired of journalism so he changed his coat and became a producer of plays. "Six Characters in Search of an Author," was one of the most talked of plays of the season.

Young Boswell saw Brock Pemberton between the acts at the Princess Theater and accosted him. They lighted cigarettes, which made Young Boswell impatient, because he wanted to ask where the producer unearthed the Luigi Pirendello play.

Brock Pemberton—I was in London last winter. One afternoon I was asked to go to one of the performances of the London Stage Society, an organization which gives special performances of plays that aren't apt to have a hearing in London, otherwise. They were giving "Six Characters in Search of an Author." I said I couldn't go, because I had an appointment with the curator of the Victoria and Albert Museum to see about bringing over an exhibition of stage design.

Young Boswell—That exhibition was in Amsterdam last February, but I didn't have a chance to go. I couldn't get away from Brussels in time. What was it like?

Brock Pemberton—There were stage sets from most of the civilized countries. Gordon Craig, of course, and Appia. He antedates the leaders of the simplified movement. He deals in masses, using skies and piles of steps and that sort of thing. America

was represented by Robert Edmond Jones, Norman Bel-Geddes, Sam Hume, Lee Simonson and Joseph Urban. I've turned over my part of it to *The Theater Arts Magazine*. They're going to bring it to New York, I believe.

A call of "Curtain!" interrupted the conversation, which was resumed after the second act, in which the six characters are put through their parts by the bewildered director.

Young Boswell—But, you didn't finish about seeing the performance at the London Stage Society.

Brock Pemberton-Well, I said I'd go for a few minutes. Bernard Shaw was there, sat in the same row. He roared at the cracks at authors; particularly at the thrusts at playwrights. I talked with him between acts and he was so enthusiastic, and so was I, that I called up and postponed my appointment with the curator. They call Luigi Pirendello the Shaw of Italy, you know. I began pursuing the American rights immediately, and found they were held by Storer, one of the editors of The Broom. He is an Englishman and lives in Rome, so I had a devil of a time getting him. I came home and wrote an article about the play. Belasco went after it and the Theater Guild representative in London tried to get it. Komisarjevsky, who is now directing the Guild, put it on in London. Well, I got hold of the rights, and here it is.

The war has changed the theatergoer's taste. The money is in different hands, now. They want mostly melodrama and American mystery plays. The audi-

ence wants to go away saying, "Wasn't it thrilling!" or "Wasn't it amazing!" nowadays. They aren't content with "Wasn't it nice!" as they used to be. And then they still like their native plays with English sentiment like "Quality Street"; and Dunsany's "If" went extremely well.

Young Boswell (having pondered often as to why he went to the theater)—What accounts for the success of a play, do you suppose? Is it the critics?

Brock Pemberton—I don't think so. The critics have their following, but it is really the audience, going away from the theater and telling their friends about it, which makes a play go. I should say about 90 per cent would have to come away liking it, to really boom a play. Audiences are what interest the producers, though, of course, they are not loath to see good press notices.

He laughed and suggested that if Young Boswell wanted to see the rest of the play he'd better hurry, because the third act was almost over, and if Young Boswell would drop around to see him, he would tell him about "If."

AN ACTOR LOOKS BACK

John Drew is the patriarch of the histrionic Drew-Barrymore family.

Although he has celebrated his fiftieth year on the stage, he isn't a bit patriarchal.

His name is associated with Ada Rehan, Daly's,

Maude Adams, Charles Frohman, Petruchio and "Rosemary."

He was born on November 13th, the same date as Edwin Booth's birthday.

He is one of the founders and president of The Players' Club.

John Drew, like many men whose careers are sequences of interesting happenings and meetings with other great men of their time, seemed unaware of the romance of his life. Whenever Young Boswell asked him about the old days in Philadelphia or with Daly's company, he always said, "You will find that in my book." But not even in "My Years On the Stage," which Young Boswell read assiduously, could he find the aura of romance. The actor had entered the room with great dignity, had removed his dark topcoat and bowler hat, set his stick in the corner, spoken softly to small grandson of the promised visit to the circus, and now sat by the window. His hair and mustaches were gray, and though his movements were slow, there was still a store of vitality in this man of seventy. He pointed to a vase on the table.

John Drew—Yesterday there was a bunch of flowers in the vase from Maude Adams. She sent this note — "Rosemary, that's for remembrance. Much love and good wishes, my dear Sir Jasper." She played with me in "Rosemary," you know. That was after I left Daly's company. Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis and I were closely associated for years, more as a family than just theatrical association. It brought us to the sort of ensemble that characterizes

the Muscovites. Playing together for such a long period developed the talents of the actors. We became so attuned that we could immediately anticipate one another's actions and utterances.

Young Boswell—Do you think the theater is more interesting today than it was then?

John Drew—Many more thousands of playgoers, due to the natural increase in population, have brought an increase in the number of theaters. Then, there were only three theaters of any importance—Daly's, Wallack's and the Union Square. They were all stock companies and all fine companies. At present there are a great many promising young actors. In fact, they are not only promising, but performing. Within the last week I have been to several capital performances. "Merton" is admirably done, and "Icebound," in a general company without stars, is extremely well played.

Young Boswell—But, don't you think many of our young actors are being spoiled by success?

John Drew—That depends on their temperament and disposition, although generally success at an early age does spoil people. There are very few young people who are balanced enough to cope with success. Adulation in adolescence is difficult to deal with. George Moore would call all this adulation "mummer worship." It has always gone on. It is a part of a natural and I must say laudable admiration of the people for artists. It is rather a silly business, most of which has been given over to the "movie" hero. As the artist grows older that is gradually eliminated

from his life and he comes to regard admiration as a dignified and rational sort of thing. As for being an actor, I couldn't imagine myself anything else.

Young Boswell—You think actors are "born," like poets and pianists and kings of industry?

John Drew—It came to me by heredity. It is the doctrine of self-selection. I wasn't just following the line of least resistance. I would have been an execrable banker, because I had no head for figures, which is more or less a prerequisite for the calling. I had the advantage of beginning on the stage when I was very young. I didn't go to the university, as my mother had planned, because I thought I would shorten my apprenticeship in the theater. At the age when I should have finished at college I was already playing in Daly's company.

So there is something in beginning one's profession at an early age.

THE THEATER GUILD

Theresa Helburn is the executive director, and on the board of managers of the Theater Guild. She gave up writing plays to help guide the Guild through its early days of disorganization.

She believes there should be a Theater Guild in every town in America.

The Guild is working toward a repertory theater of its own.

Off the rickety balcony of the Garrick Theater, in a cubicle reached by going up the stairs and down

the fire escape, the managers of the Theater Guild conferred. They filed out one by one, past Young Boswell, who rested his head against a pillar to watch a rehearsal on the stage below.

Theresa Helburn, small of stature, dressed in a dark blouse and skirt, with black hair encompassing her face, cordially invited Young Boswell to come in. He left the actors reading the incomparable lines of the incorrigible Mr. Shaw, and squeezed into the cubicle, which was furnished with a small desk, two chairs, and a telephone.

Young Boswell—I think you need a new building. Theresa Helburn—So do we. And we are going to have one.

Young Boswell-A repertory theater?

Theresa Helburn—Our intention is repertory, when we can get a practical theater, in which to try it out. In the new theater we will have every device for saving labor. The technical equipment will make matters easier back-stage. To do repertory, it is necessary to have a larger company built up year after year, and accustomed to acting together. Also, New York must accept acting, instead of acting plus type, if we are to have such companies as they have on the continent, where they are used to versatility taking the place of type. With the long run, an actor can't retain his spontaneity, and that freshness which comes from playing several parts in a season. That is the best argument I know for the repertory theater.

Young Boswell—I suppose the Theater Guild having several plays going at the same time is as near

as the American theater has come to the repertory company.

Theresa Helburn—The repertory idea isn't easy to put over. You have to have a standing company, the actors must be willing to come at a small salary. Of course, most of them would rather play many, many parts, than to have a larger salary in a long run play. The actors must get the spirit of playing together, learning one another's pace. But you can't create a great company, by having actors play together. You must have great direction, and each member of the company, by training, becomes a real artist. Then we will begin to achieve a great theater.

Young Boswell—And plays must be revived. The younger playgoer knows nothing of Ibsen and other plays that have been exhausted by long runs.

Theresa Helburn—The great thing from the point of view of the play, itself, is this. With repertory, you can keep alive, year after year, plays which are works of art. It is a shame to discard "Liliom." Such plays as "The Adding Machine" might be put on once or twice a year, for a public that wants to see them. The people who don't want to see them can stay away. There are many plays one might mention which should be kept alive in a repertory. And I should like to see a Theater Guild in every town in the country.

Joseph Schildkraut came in, and Young Boswell slipped out to listen to the last lines of the rehearsal.

THE DANGER OF THE LONG RUN

Joseph Schildkraut is the most serious and one of the most promising of our young actors. His popularity in "Liliom" brought the Theater Guild to the foreground. Until then it was a struggling but hopeful organization, promising great things in the future.

The first act of his "Peer Gynt" was incomparable. He is the first actor to play the part in America since Richard Mansfield. He makes dramatic and vital an episodic play with a purpose, which Ibsen did not write to be played.

He is the only actor on record who has no intention of playing "Hamlet."

After the performance of the Ibsen play Young Boswell and Joseph Schildkraut stopped at the corner lunch wagon and bought "hot dogs," much as any two boys might. They munched them on the way to the young actor's apartment, discussing the play as they walked.

Joseph Schildkraut—I may be all wrong, but I personally regard "Peer Gynt" as Ibsen's greatest work. I put that first, then "The Pretenders," and, third, "Emperor and Galilean." Just as every other actor has his ambition to play Hamlet or Lear, ever since I saw "Peer Gynt" in Berlin I have wanted to play it. It is the perfect part, to my mind, because it has everything. Youth, middle age, old age, tragedy and comedy!

Young Boswell—An interesting part, perhaps, but not such an interesting play.

Joseph Schildkraut-Of course, in an evening we can put on only about half of it. It should be played in two parts, like "Parsifal," going out to have supper between the parts. That's the way they were doing it in Germany. There are three sides to the play. There is the superficial fairy story, which almost everybody understands. There is the allegorical side, which is open to several interpretations. I think Ibsen wrote it to show Norway what she was, a charming, superficial, self-sufficient egotist, just as he wrote "Brand" to show them what they should be. The political side I don't think anyone would get who did not know Norwegian history. For instance, the man who thinks he is a pen is a caricature of the Count of Manderstrom, who was then Minister of Affairs in Norway.

They reached the apartment and wandered down a long hallway into the library. He took off his coat and loosed his tie. Young Boswell noted his very black eyes and hair, the whiteness of his face and the fine lines of his classic profile. There is a gusto and vitality about each of his movements, and a sincerity in his speech, which characterize him offstage as well as over the footlights. He drew pictures on the back of a letter as he talked.

Joseph Schildkraut—The trouble with "Peer Gynt" is that Ibsen did not write it to be acted, and never thought it would be produced. Only reluctantly did he give his permission to put it on the stage. When it was printed he said "My book is poetry"; and to those people who said it wasn't poetry, "The concep-

tion of the word will be made to conform to my conception, if you please." Arrogant, but true, for it is the most played and the most successful of Ibsen's plays in Norway today.

Young Boswell—Didn't he ask Grieg to write the music?

Joseph Schildkraut—Yes, and when Grieg played it to him Ibsen said: "I can't judge it. I'm not musical." So no one ever knew whether he liked it or not. Whether deservedly or not, everyone knows that the music is more famous than the play.

Young Boswell—The play seems to me so episodic and sketchy.

Joseph Schildkraut—I know we give less than half the original, but because the stagehands must be paid extra if the performance lasts longer than 11:20 we must cut two of the most important scenes from the play. Bjornsen's pet scene, and mine, too, isn't given—the scene where the grass and the leaves talk to Peer.

Young Boswell—Do you think America will ever have a national theater?

Joseph Schildkraut—I do not believe America will ever have a real theater until somebody carries out the repertoire system of Central Europe, or the Moscow Art Theater, or Reinhardt. The Theater Guild is working toward the repertoire theater. But the greatest danger of the American theater is the long run, which tires out the actor, makes his work stale and flat, and forces him to develop into a type actor.

THE HAIRY APE

THE HAIRY APE

Eugene O'Neill leads the serious dramatists in America today. For two successive years his plays, "Beyond the Horizon," and "Anna Christie," were awarded the Pulitzer prize. His plays are being produced in England, France and Germany, and have been greeted with tremendous enthusiasm. "Emperor Jones" was a pioneer experiment in audience hypnosis. "The Hairy Ape" proved that tragedies may be popular successes.

O'Neill is the son of an actor. He has been in rapid succession, a Princetonian, a gold miner, a sailor, an actor, a poet, a playwright, and is only thirty-three.

No man writing in this country at present has the poignant sense of tragedy that is manifest in the plays of Eugene O'Neill. Someone has said that he was oversensitive and morbid as a child, and someone else, an academic critic, no doubt, that he wrote in the tragic vein, because he was young. Whoever may be wrong, Young Boswell was curious to know the source of that incisive, inevitable tragic quality, but found the young dramatist reticent, when the subject was mentioned.

Eugene O'Neill—I have an innate feeling of exultance about tragedy, which comes from a great rever-

ence for the Greek feeling for tragedy. The tragedy of Man is perhaps the only significant thing about him.

He is a loosely built man, giving one the illusion of height. His face is long and narrow, young and sensitive. His eyes are serious and very dark, as though things might appear darkly through their medium. His brown hair has gone gray at the temples. He talked sincerely, though hesitantly, being impelled to speak of things private to him, and of theories which, he confessed, he hasn't formulated. He is not the self-conscious artist, but rather a virile man, who can't help writing. He is, however, not self-revelatory.

Eugene O'Neill—I want to write a play that is truly realistic. That term is used loosely on the stage, where most of the so-called realistic plays deal only with the appearance of things, while a truly realistic play deals with what might be called the soul of the characters. It deals with that thing which makes the character that person and no other. Strindberg's "Dance of Death" is an example of that real realism. In the last two plays, "The Fountain" and the one I am working on now, I feel that I'm getting back, as far as it is possible in modern times to get back, to the religious in the theater. The only way we can get religion back is through an exultance over the truth, through an exultant acceptance of life.

He hesitated as though he did not want to reveal any more and looked out of the window. Then he went on.

Eugene O'Neill-If there is anything significant

about modernity, it is that we are facing life as it truly is. That fact differentiates this age from any other. We have no religion to evade life with. Like all the other evasions, religion is breaking down. We are looking life straight in the eye. And we see that our lives do not contain any of the qualities that we have always used to describe the good things of life. So, we must face life as it is, within ourselves, and do it with joy, and get enthusiasm from it. And it is a difficult thing to get exultance from modern life.

Again he fell into a silence. He stooped down to adjust a shoestring and Young Boswell was afraid he would not go on. And then he spoke of the theater.

What I am after, is to get an audience to leave the theater with an exultant feeling, from seeing somebody on the stage facing life, fighting against the eternal odds, not conquering, but perhaps inevitably being conquered. The individual life is made significant just by the struggle, and the acceptance and assertion of that individual, making him what he is not, as always in the past, making him something not himself. As far as there is any example of that in "The Hairy Ape," it is his last gesture, when he kills himself. He becomes himself and no other person.

Young Boswell—The full realization of the individual ego!

Eugene O'Neill—The struggle of Man to dominate life, to assert himself and insist that life has no meaning outside himself; where he comes in conflict with life, which he does at every turn; and his attempt to adapt life to his own needs, in which he doesn't succeed, is what I mean when I say that Man is the hero.

If one out of ten thousand can grasp what the author means, if that one can formulate within himself his identity with the person in the play, and at the same time get the emotional thrill of being that person in the play, then the theater will get back to the fundamental meaning of the drama, which contains something of the religious spirit which the Greek theater had. And something of the exultance which is completely lacking in modern life.



THE PATRON

Leopold Auer is the master violinist, numbering among his pupils some of the greatest virtuosi. Elman, Zimbalist, Heifetz, Seidel, Francis MacMillan, Eddie Brown, Max Rosen, Thelma Given studied with him.

He was court violinist to three Russian rulers. He was seventy-eight in June. He has written his fascinating memoirs, which embrace the musical life of the world during the last fifty years.

Since the Red revolution he has made his home in New York, in a house near the North River.

In a quiet library, reposing in the softnesses of a red leather-covered couch, Professor Leopold Auer drank off the last drops of a glass of milk. He is a small man, with a broad brow and dignified fringe of white hair. In contrast with his white beard, his eyebrows are dark, and his nose is indicative of intellect. He is exuberant, with the vitality of fifteen men. He wore a blue jacket with black satin lapels. Young Boswell felt like an aspiring pupil, as he sat metaphorically at the feet of this master of the strings, who had numbered the great musicians of the time among his friends and the greatest of the younger violinists among his pupils.

Professor Auer-This reminds me of the time, when I was a boy of sixteen, that I met Rossini in Paris. That was in 1860, I think. He always received at the breakfast hour. He was drinking a large cup of milk when I entered the room with Felix Moscheles, the painter. I had a letter to Rossini from Felix's father, Ignace Moscheles, the celebrated composer, who was the friend of Beethoven. He was living in London from 1820 to 1830, so he was chosen to present the orchestral score of the Ninth Symphony to the London Philharmonic Society, to whom it was dedicated. When Rossini had finished his milk he said to me, "You are a young violinist?" I said "Yes," very timidly, and he took my hands in his. "Then we are colleagues. I play the violin, too," and I was very proud.

He spoke of his sojourn in Scandinavia, during the turmoil in Russia, and the villa in the German hills where he had hoped to end his days, and of his years in America.

Professor Auer—No country has so much good music as America, but there are practically no schools. There is no music from within the country itself. Every season there are new symphony orchestras and the government does nothing to prepare the young musicians of the country for places in these orchestras. Instead, they fill them with foreigners—people from the ends of the world. America has as much talent as any other country, but it is not developed. It is strange that, in a country so rich and liking music, there are no musical public schools. Every big city

ought to have one or two, where the people could receive, without extra charge, instruction in whatever branch of music they wish to take up. In twenty years you would have as good music and musicians of your own as other countries have.

Young Boswell-Why public schools?

Professor Auer—Because all of the best musicians, big and small, always come from the people who cannot afford to study music. I should say that 90 per cent of the great musicians came from the poorest people. Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn were from rich families, but they were exceptions.

Young Boswell—There is a Dutch saying that art without patrons isn't possible.

Professor Auer—Since you haven't patrons, something should be done by the government. There should be a fine musical university in this country, where they may finish, after they have been to the public school, to give them the highest form of musical education. It is indeed very curious that you spend hundreds of thousands of dollars each year for orchestral concerts, while nobody thinks of contributing to the musical education of the talented young people.



MAD HATTERS

Chinese embroideries were strung across the bed on which Isadora Duncan, in a clinging drapery shot with gold thread, reclined. The lights were veiled and there was a softness and quiet in the room. Essenine, her husband, the poet of young Russia, sat beside her as she talked of her theories of education.

Isadora Duncan-The Soviet government gave me the palace of Ouchkoff, a wealthy tea merchant, for my school. Upon taking possession I hung up my old blue theater curtains all around to cover up the decorations, which looked like Madame Tussaud's waxworks. I put down my blue carpet and when the fifty children that I had chosen from a thousand were seated before me I gave them their first lesson in communism. I told them that before the revolution there lived in this vast house one man and one woman with many servants to wait on them. They entertained their friends and probably ate too much, had indigestion and were very bored. Personal gain was the object of their life. Now, in this school, I told them, we are going to work for another education-for the brotherhood of mankind.

Young Boswell—Was the school supported by the government?

Isadora Duncan—The government gave the house, but I fed the children from my own income. It was absolutely communistic. Such a school is impossible in America, because there is no democracy in America. I have the idea that children should be raised by the government, with the same food, the same chances in life. So long as there is the rich child and the poor child there can be no democracy. All children should be raised alike. It is of no consequence that the rich child puts a few pennies in its bank, and that its mother contributes a few cents more, to give the poor child a Christmas dinner, which usually only makes the poor child sick afterward. There should be government schools all on the communistic plan.

Young Boswell—You believe in a kind of Spartan education.

Isadora Duncan—Here is where I have made a discovery, like Coue, that imagination is greater than will. That's what I told my pupils twenty years ago. I agree with Rousseau, who said that a great percentage of children do not grow beyond twelve years of age. Why torment their brains with education? Why not let them grow in their imagination? He would not ask that a child under twelve be made to read and write. Let a child of that age learn to dance and sing. Give it music and poetry. Let it live in its own beautiful world. The ordinary schoolroom is death to the imagination. One sits at one of those desks and the imagination is dead for all time.

Young Boswell-Yes, but one is prepared for the

future. Modern life is just a series of desks, usually with typewriters on them.

Isadora Duncan—But every child is born a genius, I think. Those whom the world calls geniuses, when they grow up, are to my mind simply the children who have happily escaped education. Here is a genius. (She turned to her husband.) Here is young Russia. Mad as a hatter, strong, full of vitality. Poetic! I think it is very amusing that America should be so enthusiastic for the art of Russia, that has already developed, suffered, ripened, and yet that America should have so little sympathy with the art of the Russia of tomorrow, which is let suffer on frost-bitten ground. But I suppose that's the trouble with Russia. It's being run by geniuses, and everything run by geniuses is apt to go wrong.



THE FAN

Nazimova was once a great exponent of Ibsen. She began her career with the Moscow Art Theater. But, long ago she gave up being an actress and went into the "movies." She produced "A Doll's House," and "Salome," in motion pictures. Occasionally she returns to the stage, but she prefers the simple life of Hollywood to the mad rush of New York.

Miss G Minor, to whom Alla Nazimova is the Bernhardt of the stage, the Rachel of the movies, and somewhat of a goddess in general, begged Young Boswell to take her along, to meet her favorite. A fan of any sort is insatiable, but the worst variety is the screen fan, so Young Boswell found himself introducing Miss G Minor to Nazimova, who whispered that she had a dreadful cold, due to the sudden change from California to New York. The lower part of the drawing room was like a shadow; black rugs, black upholstery and hangings, and a black shawl thrown over the ebony piano. One little bit of light in all this darkness was a circular white fur rug, the sort of thing Nazimova is want to curl herself on in her pic-There were lamps with bright shades and a lacquered secretary piled with mail. The two women did all of the talking, while Young Boswell sat like a dictaphone.

Nazimova—I have not been in New York for four and a half years, and I cannot get used to it again. I miss my home in Los Angeles. I like to work there at pictures because my existence is organized. Get up early in the morning, and work hard all day, and then my evenings are my own. Home life is more interesting. Here all one's time is used up at the theater. No time for friends. There life is simple. I don't have to go out for amusement. In my home in Los Angeles, there is a huge room, in which we have a projecting machine. We get the oldest films we can find, the early wild-west pictures. You remember the ones when they jumped from a fast moving coach to a horse. I have Bill Hart's first picture.

Miss G Minor—I adore those early pictures. They still show them in France. Indians and everything.

Nazimova—In England several years ago, we were staying at a little watering place, and we used to go every evening to the pavilion to see pictures of a funny man, with a cane and big feet. We loved him, and everyone called him "the leetle Frenchman." That was Charlie Chaplin before he was famous.

Miss G Minor—What do you think of the Moscow Art Theater?

Nazimova—I was in the dramatic school in Moscow, when Stanislavsky and Sanine, who afterwards left and produced opera, first organized their art theater. I was a super in the first production. All the girls in the dramatic school were. On the opening night of

"Dagmar" Stanislavsky sent a note to my dressing room, and beautiful flowers. "To you, Alla Nazimova, who were with us in our artistic childhood." I think with similar ideals to build upon, America could produce such an organization as the Moscow players. Our own Theater Guild is working along the same lines, with the best dramatic ideals. Both organizations began in the same way, as amateurs. Stanislavsky began as a realist, but after many years of realism, he reacted to the other extreme and produced Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," but eventually he went back to realism. After years of playing the same plays, and the same parts, they have come to perfection. They wear their parts like skins.

She sat restively on a stool by the fire, drawing a scarf close about her neck. Her thick black hair, stood out almost savagely, augmenting her head, which has been painted, cartooned and sculped many times, but never with true justice. There is an elusive smile in her eyes, and a movement of the mouth, and a turn of the head that is yet to be set down in paint or stone. A certain Nazimova mysteriousness, that brings to her such ardent fans as Miss G Minor,



ANGRANGA ANG

THE LICENSED MUSICIAN

Mischa Elman has become one of the best-known violinists in the country.

He was born in Russia, made his debut in Berlin in 1904, and four years later in America.

He had just returned from a long tour of the States, with a record of one hundred and twenty concerts during one season. On the day Young Boswell saw him in his hotel, Mischa Elman had just received his American citizenship.

A short, stockily built man, with reddish hair receding from a wide forehead, bright blue eyes and a straight-cut mouth, the violinist sat in his study, surrounded by shelves of books, piles of music and a piano. He wore a brown suit and gray-topped shoes. He talked vigorously and with finality, reviewing his extended visit to the outlying cities of America.

Mischa Elman—Going about the country as I have this winter, I have rather come to know the inside of the musical world. I have seen the progress of music, and at the same time I could not help seeing the defects. I have come to the conclusion that music teachers in this country should be licensed. I find that there are too many teachers who may be clever business men in order to create a demand for

themselves, but who undertake to teach music with no right to go into that profession. They lack talent and they lack the knowledge of how to teach others.

Young Boswell—How would you go about licensing them?

Mischa Elman-They should be put through a sound musical education, and then required to pass a rigid examination. They should have to be passed upon by a group of judges who are accepted authorities in the branch of music which they want to teach. They should have to convince these judges that they are capable of teaching piano, or violin, or voice, not just any branch of music. I have seen so many instances of people who play the piano and teach the violin in order to make money, or play the violin and teach singing, about which they know nothing. A great deal of harm is being done young singers by just that sort of teacher. Everybody who sings thinks he knows how to produce the voice and immediately becomes a teacher, whether he knows how to teach He depends upon his personality to get pupils and lots of voices are ruined as a consequence.

Young Boswell—What is any small town in America without the second rate singing teacher, whose only reputation is a faded scrapbook of press notices in some unreadable language?

Mischa Elman—In New York, of course, there is not so much difficulty in choosing a teacher. There are big accepted names which stand out. But in smaller cities it is difficult. And each teacher has his prodigy. There is hardly a town in which you don't

find a wonder child, a genius, "a second Stradivarius," and so far I haven't found a real genius. It is not so much the fault of the pupil as it is of the teacher. The pupil doesn't know. He goes to a concert and hears a great artist play a piece, and then runs to his teacher and says, "I want to play that." It is the teacher's duty to tell him that he isn't ripe for that difficult piece, but he assigns it to him to keep him. These pupils play, after two or three years' study, big concertos, which have taken a real artist many years to master.

Young Boswell—That is an American trait, to get to the top as quickly as possible, with the least effort.

Mischa Elman—These teachers make them think they are at the top just to please them. If these teachers had the proper musical education, they could stimulate musical interest in the community and develop the taste of the people. But most of them haven't that essential musical background. Doctors are licensed. Why shouldn't musicians be? Nevertheless, the general public in the United States are more sincerely interested in music than any other country in the world at present, and they are improving rapidly, realizing that music is an essential to national life, and they are gradually coming to realize that it is a spiritual as well as a gay entertainment.



THE DANCERS

Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn are the American champions of interpretative dancing. Since they have established Denishawn, California has not been the

same place.

Three thousand miles from her school in California Ruth St. Denis expounded her theories of dancing to Young Boswell, who listened intently as if he were one of her pupils at Denishawn. She wore a flowing robe of Nile green stuff, with black underneath, caught at the shoulders, with a design in beads. Her iron-gray hair was loosely pinned at the back. She talked rapidly, gesturing prodigally with her thin hands, sometimes rising from her chair and walking about to ponder over a phrase.

Ruth St. Denis—Biologists say that flowers are evolving toward blue. Denishawn is evolving toward the expression of religious ideas in a synthetic form of movement, color and tone. For want of a better word, because we are poverty stricken in our terminology, dance. All of our ideas of dancing are in a jumble at present because they are growing so rapidly; but out of this jumble will crystallize some ideal. In America civilization has gone as far in materialism (to use that old bromide) as it can, and I am sure that

things will gradually swing back the other way. The dance has come to help make that swing from materialism to spiritual consciousness.

Young Boswell-How can dancing do that?

Ruth St. Denis—Because dancing normalizes the entire being more thoroughly and more happily than anything else. We have heard so much in the last few years about the influence of mind over matter, but we haven't heard much about the influence of the body on the mind. Give a boy or girl who is tired and discouraged the two elements of space and rhythm and I can turn him or her into an entirely different state of mind within the hour. I have observed in our eight years at the school that thin girls grow fat and fat girls grow thin, because dancing normalizes.

Ted Shawn wandered in from the other room in an Oriental dressing gown and told at length of giving an entire church service in dance, taking a composite of all the Protestant services and a suggestion of Catholic vestiture, candles and background, to achieve a nonsectarian atmosphere. Then he interpreted the prayers, anthem, sermon, hymns and benediction in rhythmic forms.

Ruth St. Denis—"Radha," the Indian dance which I introduced to this country, concealed under its surface a religious significance, which symbolizes the essential doctrines of Buddhism. What we eventually want to do is to present in a dance pageant the great religions of the world. There are other scriptures just as beautiful as our own, but only the erudite know them. I am sure there are thousands of intelligent

people in this country, who would respond to an art form of movement which would at the same time give them food for the mind. For, in spite of all the clever ones of the day, I remain steadfastly in the belief that it is the business of art to refine and enrich human life.

She spoke of her plans for a national ballet, which would tour the country every year, giving to each of the smaller cities the same aesthetic enjoyment instead of concentrating the artistic happenings of the country in the metropolis.



THAT LITTLE BUG

Don Marquis is Young Boswell's favorite columnist. He has never lost his flair for creating liveable and loveable characters. He dramatized the Old Soak successfully. His "Sonnets to a Red Headed Lady" are American classics. His mystery serials are the best three reel thrillers since "The Perils of Pauline."

His name really is Don Marquis.

There was no name plate on the door, but Young Boswell recognized Archy, the cockroach, as he slipped under the door. Thus ended a long search for Don Marquis. There were sounds of revelry within. Young Boswell knocked timidly. An attractive lady of doubtful years answered the door and asked Young Boswell what he wanted. He handed her a card with the formal touch.

Young Boswell
would like to interview
Don Marquis
if he will ever have the decency
to be in his office.

The young lady announced that she was Hermione, and would Young Boswell come in and wait.

Hermione—Oh, I read you sometimes when I'm looking over my press notices in Don's column. I think your interviews are just too sweet.

Young Boswell—You call him DON?

Hermione—Well, Aunt Prudence Heckleberry called me down for that, but I really think I've known him long enough to call him by his first name. He's always been more or less a father to me. He's a dear, you know. And so aristocratic looking. One of those boyish faces and then lots of silvery hair. You know what I mean.

Young Boswell-Who are all these people?

Hermione—Oh, do come in and let me present them. This is Cap . . .

Young Boswell—Captain Peter Fitzurse. A great pleasure, I assure you.

Captain Fitzurse—You recognize me readily. You are right; it's me. You noticed the fingers missing on my hand. I lost those fingers. . . .

Hermione (ignoring him completely)—Fothergil Finch by the window. (She blushed as she looked coyly at him.) And The Old Soak you probably know.

Young Boswell-Only a stage acquaintance.

Hermione—That is Mehitabel on the windowsill and Archy just crawled under the Underwood.

The Old Soak—Yes, and that's the only decent thing Archy has done since he's . . . 'scuse me . . . taken to writing this free verse . . . to warn us that you were trying to get in. We'd planned a nice quiet wholesome hour with Don Marquis talking over the

old days when alcohol was a vice and not a crime, and here you come to ask a lot of silly questions of Don. Why don't you think of something important? Why not ask him why he don't keep a nice full bottle in the top drawer any more? That's what I want to know.

There was a painful silence as Mehitabel pruned her fur and gazed indifferently out of the window at the towers of lower Manhattan, turning to ghosts in the dusk. Captain Fitzurse was confiding some tale of adventure to Fothergil Finch. He had found a new explanation for the missing fingers. Hermione moved up closer to Young Boswell.

Hermione—Don't mind him. He's unamenable since he's been on the stage. He's been impossible since the family bootlegger raised his prices. I think drinkis so vulgar, anyway, don't you? So middle class.

There was a faint rustle among the typewriter keys.

Hermione—Archy! (no sound) Archyyyy! Whatever are you doing? Really since Don put it into your head that you were literary, you've been unbearable. What are you writing? How absurd!

I wondered if
you had noticed
that the old soak
had upset his flask
and mehitabel lapped up
what oughtnt to be touched
by any self respecting animal
and has gone out to become
an alley cat, i suspect archy

There was a knock on the door and Don Marquis entered. He had read Young Boswell's card.

Don Marquis—I am sorry but I have nothing to say to the press until I have solved the Great Gland Mystery. Until then, goodday. I must be left alone with my Six Characters in Search of An Honest Man.

Young Boswell—Now I see where The Lantern comes in.



THE CHANGELINGS

Lee Wilson Dodd is a novelist, dramatist and writer of short stories. He wrote "The Girl Next Door," "The Book of Susan" and "Lilia Chenoworth." He has written a new play called "The Changelings."

He taught at Smith College for a year and a half. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of the Saturday Literary Review of the *Evening Post*, is his brother-in-law.

In a green and white house off a suburban road in Connecticut, overlooking a chain of lakes, Lee Wilson Dodd writes his novels and plays, and smokes his pipe. He is a small-boned man, with gentle brown eyes, and a thin-rimmed mouth. He is the quiescent writing man, possessing none of the blustering traits we have learned to call American. Occasionally he smiles, but the smile disappears from his countenance almost before it is registered there.

Young Boswell—Do you think prizes should be given to encourage the young creative artist?

Lee Wilson Dodd—Prizes given by official bodies would show that the public was interested in their work. I am amazed to see how much easier the way is made for the young artist than it was in my generation. It may be that the young men of today compel more attention than we did, but I don't think so.

When men like Henry Canby and myself started out there was a cult of age. The old, seasoned men were writing, and so it was difficult for us to break in. I had to go around peddling stories and poems which I am sure weren't much worse than the things I write now.

Young Boswell-Now there is a cult of youth.

Lee Wilson Dodd—Yes, but the competition is very good for the older men. It makes them work harder. Another reason that the young writers get along more quickly is that they are not burdened by awe of publishers and managers, as we were. Many a time I have gone to an editor's office with a manuscript in my pocket, and then turned and gone down the stairs, without going inside. That exaggerated sense of reverence for the established editor or manager held us back for years. The younger generation is well rid of it. But the danger of developing the cult of youth is not for us older people, but for the young writers themselves, as it is nearly always dangerous to succeed too easily.

Young Boswell—Perhaps there is too much encouragement given the younger men?

Lee Wilson Dodd—It is a tendency, of course, but working in the face of extreme neglect is worse. I think the cult of youth will pass, but nevertheless young men will not have the struggle for recognition that they had twenty years ago. In America we started by worshiping age. At present we are worshiping youth, but in fifty or more years we shall strike a golden mean and worship what is worth while,

regardless of years. I don't think there can be too much interest shown in the great things of art, but I fear we are developing an "art-arty" complex. We admire any artist, and forget that other men are just as important. Pasteur for instance, who did so much to save human life, and to benefit the industries of his country, is really more valuable to the world than most artists. The intellectual power of that man makes the intellect of the ordinary writer look like a mental pygmy. There are many other important things in life besides art.

Young Boswell—Yet, most people have a curiosity about artists that they haven't for scientists or statesmen or business men.

Lee Wilson Dodd—I think those people whose chief interest is in artists lose all sense of proportion. They think the world was created solely for art. I don't know what the world was created for, but certainly not for artists.

Which Young Boswell thought fairly said, coming, as it did, from one of them.



THOSE WHO ARE YET YOUNG

The younger generation is no longer merely a generic title for those who happened to be born since the century began. The War, sweeping away an appallingly great proportion of that generation, awakened the minds of those who remained to the importance of youth. The younger generation became aware of the fatal mistake made by their elders, who had wasted the youth of the world upon a worthless war. They saw how ineffectually their elders had been managing They had run the affairs of government without regard for the needs of future men and women of the country. They had carried on their industries by mortgaging the resources which nature had intended for tomorrow. The older generation was living life against the time when they might wash their hands of responsibility and give over the mismanagement of civilization to the younger generation.

Before the War, youth had begun to react against the hypocrisy and stolidity of the generation which had produced golden oak furniture, pressed brick façades and the philosophy of Dr. Frank Crane. Youth had its first taste of freedom.

Young men had just begun to think for themselves, when they were suddenly hurried off to a war, not of

their making. They had to go whether they supported its principles or not. In the beginning they saw only the glamour of departure. They pictured themselves about to enter upon a romantic adventure. Then, they found themselves being used as targets in a purely commercial conflict. They heard their elders proclaiming from the comfortable housetops at home, that they were saving the world for their children's children and from further war. When they discovered that they had been royally hoaxed, and that the world had only been sunk in a deeper chaos, their revolt was complete.

In one of the finest literary achievements produced on the theme of the War, Sir James Barrie supports that revolt of youth. His advice to the young men of St. Andrews, upon their advent into the actuality of life, is to rise up and take the management of the world into their own hands, because their dear elders have failed hopelessly. In "Courage," he praises the freedom of young thought and the efficacy of young actions—the thought and actions which most of the dear elders have damned and many of the younger men decried.

In the hands of the female novelist and writer of plays, the younger generation became a theme for books and plays of the moment. Mrs. Rinehart has looked at the problem satirically through the eyes of a debutante, yet she frankly confesses that she knows nothing about young people, that no parent can. Mrs. Atherton wonders what will come of these young men and women who give so much promise and who perform so little. Rachel Crothers writes problem plays

about them: entirely overlooking their most important problem, which is not social or ethical, but aesthetic.

Young men, fresh from college, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Stephen V. Benet and John Dos Passos—have pilloried their contemporaries in autobiographical novels: stressing their gayety, their slang, their speeding motorcars, their reaction to alcohol, their social revolt: entirely disregarding the minority of young intelligentsia, who, now obscure, are silently working out some means by which to bring the country out of its chaos.

Psychologists, sociologists, moralists have dissected modern youth: psycho-analysing it into subconscious states, pointing to its revolt as a menace to civilization, censoring it, prohibiting it, trying to fit it into the creaking machinery set going by its elders in the name of progress.

"What shall we do with these young people?" is the diurnal question of modern parents. "They don't do a thing we tell them." The parents might well look into themselves and instigate their reforms where they are sadly needed. The parent generation has failed because they do not believe in youth. Instead of benefiting their children by their remonstrations and prohibitions, they have turned them into the self-conscious, hyper-sensitive, freedom-seeking younger generation of today, from whom they demand respect in the face of their obvious inability to command or deserve it.

Democracy has taught us to deal in majorities. It is with the majority of parents and the majority of young men and women that we deal in this discussion.

Many of the parent generation have not failed. They have made every effort to understand and promote the interests of youth. They have tried to carry on their share of the world's business effectually. They have created things of beauty. They wanted to avoid war, but they were in the minority. The second-rate people of their generation ran the world, in spite of them.

We are in danger of developing a cult of youth, as a consequence. Youth must pass through an enlightening apprenticeship. It must learn the tricks of its trade and the technique of its art. It must not succeed too easily or too soon. If the fruits of work ripen early there is only barrenness for the declining days of the worker.

SUCCESS

Recognition has come deservedly to some of the younger generation. Jascha Heifetz, who has barely passed the age of seniority, is at the top of his art. He is unreservedly the greatest of the younger violinists.

He was born in Vilna, Russia. He studied first with his father, Ruvin Heifetz, and at the Music School of Vilna, until he was seven years old. Then he went off to Petrograd to pursue his study of music, later under Leopold Auer, the master of violin teachers. At seventeen, in 1917, he made his public debut, which was one of the great moments in the musical world.

He lives in a luxuriously appointed flat near Carnegie Hall. One afternoon Young Boswell waited in

a two-story studio room with a balcony and a high window, hung with velvet brocade. There were antique tapestries on the wall, and on one side of the room, bookshelves, containing, among other first editions, copies of many of Dicken's novels in their original serial form. In one corner, by the piano, was a carved music stand, where the young genius (who could fill a concert hall to overflowing on Easter, when the Avenue was so tempting) practices. The door opened softly and Jascha Heifetz came in. He pushed a pile of music aside and sat down. His hair is brown and slightly wavy, his eyes blue, with inordinately dilated pupils. Nature has framed him delicately, a finely formed, small youth. His hands are extraordinarily sensitive and strong. There is a frankness, a simplicity, a mysteriousness about him, perhaps the mystery which we attribute to genius.

To him, youth's greatest difficulty is early fame.

Heifetz—It is difficult not to be spoiled by popularity and praise. There is too much temptation in modern life . . . on all sides . . . particularly money. We have money and then we want more of it.

Young Boswell—It is in terms of money that success and achievement are measured.

Heifetz—But it is very difficult for a young man to achieve anything today. Older people show you a staircase and tell you to climb and climb. Your ambition is to climb to a certain height . . . very high . . . and then make yourself comfortable for the rest of life, seeing to it that you don't slip back. That

is the worst, to slip back and lose all that you have gained.

Young Boswell—Youth wants more than that. More than success.

Heifetz—Yes, but everyone should do something in life. I pity those people who do nothing. It is a great asset to oneself to achieve. A young man should follow his natural instinct. I couldn't be anything but a violinist. You couldn't help writing, could you? Achievement isn't only going through the routine of daily work. It is much more than that. A young man must cultivate himself to a high degree. He must know, not only his own art, but everything he can know about the other arts. I am a violinist, yet I play the piano, I read enormously, I'm interested in painting, as you see, in everything.

Young Boswell—The search for truth and beauty. . . .

Heifetz—The acquisition of common sense and an understanding of all things. By that I mean, calling a spade a spade; having a good pair of eyes, to see things as they are; and having a good heart. That helps sometimes.

They sat in silence for a time, lighting cigarettes in the interval. "I like to sit like this," he said. "Just two people talking along, not being too definite about things. It is more fascinating to leave something to the imagination."

You know, success and achievement aren't everything. It's Shelley's line—"Who having his desire is satisfied?" One night, when I thought I was happy

. . . it was after an enormously successful concert and there was a party going on . . . I looked out of the window. There was snow in the street and a few people hurrying home. I suddenly asked myself, "What's all this for? What is this quintessence of dust that I call myself?" I went alone to my room, for an hour. Just when I should have been happy, I saw no way out of life except to kill myself. I understand Schopenhauer's pessimism, now. I know why success and achievement aren't the ultimate aim of life.

Young Boswell—But you always have your music to turn to.

Heifetz—Yes. In music I suppose we find the impossible things which we can't find anywhere else. Some people call them the unearthly emotions. But I think they are physical emotions of a high order.

Young Boswell—And you have power to arouse those emotions in others: of sharing great joy and great sorrow with a whole room full of people. Yet, how can one reach all of them? Their tastes, their abilities to appreciate differ so? How can you possibly please everybody?

Heifetz—Suppose there are 3,000 people. If I try to please everybody at least two-thirds of the audience will enjoy the evening. Usually I do two or three serious numbers for the musicians, and then the rest for the public. For encores I try to do something popular, something they already know from records.

Young Boswell—What I object to is playing down to audiences.

Heifetz—You can give better programs in large places, like New York and Chicago. Why? Because people there have heard more music than in the small places. In a certain city (I shall not mention the name) I put Mozart first on the program, then fairly serious things, and then the more popular numbers at the end—the sort of program I give in New York. I received a reply from the manager asking me to put in something light. In another town I played a Brahms sonata. The people applauded, but I did not feel that they enjoyed it as they did the popular things. But it doesn't discourage me, for in New York I can always be putting on something new in programs, which they will hear later and gradually get to know.

Young Boswell—The public must gradually be educated, don't you think?

Heifetz—Yes. Besides playing at concerts, musicians will always have to do pioneering work, breaking in the audience, and always giving them something higher. It has to be done slowly in towns where there is not much music heard. The people say, "Why don't you give us a New York program?" But they don't understand it. It must come slowly. At the first performance of a new work the audience applauds, but they cannot possibly understand it hearing it once. Then it is played again and gradually it is understood.

The choice of a program is one of the most difficult and one of the most fascinating things in the profession. There are certain rules. You can't put the ultra-moderns with the classics. The most interesting thing about a program is its effect on the audience. If people can just give due respect to the new music on a program that is quite sufficient. We have to keep doing a work until they like it, and if they are convinced, finally, we have achieved something. A program, after all, must be judged by its success with the audience.

Then the talk turned again to intimate things. They wandered about looking at pictures and books and manuscripts. They examined a music stand that had once belonged to Verdi. It had four brackets, and was used for string quartets.

Heifetz is a versatile artist. His interest is not alone in music, but in all the arts, in people, in life. That is why he can hold spellbound an enormous audience of widely varied minds.

APRIL

Edna St. Vincent Millay! Her very name is verse! Although she was born at the end of the last century, she is distinctly of the younger generation. She has been spoken of as the poet-laureate of the younger generation. Her three slender volumes, "Renascence," "Second April" and "A Few Figs From Thistles" have won her a position in the front rank of American poets. "Aria da Capo," a play in verse, has been produced all over America and in France. She was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best verse of 1922. England has been introduced to a collection of her poems. One afternoon at Max Gate, Thomas Hardy, himself one of the greatest living poets, praised her work highly.

Joseph Hergesheimer once said that all young men left flowers at Edna St. Vincent Millay's door and then rushed home and wrote dedicatory poems to her. She had just returned from France, where she had lived for two years. Young Boswell rang timidly at a door in Eighth Street. He had forgotten the flowers.

A graceful young lady in a new French frock admitted him. Her red hair, cut like a mediæval page's, burned in a kind of halo, against a belated ray from the April sunlight. Her gray eyes, sometimes lighted with a greenish light, sometimes violet, smiled mysteriously. Her voice is musically modulated. She is of Oriental delicacy and stature.

Her ancestry is Irish. Her childhood was spent in the pine-woods on the mystic coast of Maine.

She poured thick coffee into tiny cups, talking of her passage home, and of her reactions to New York after a long absence. They rounded eventually to the eternal question of youth.

E. S. V. Millay—I've found this to be true: The younger generation forms a country of its own. It has no geographical boundaries. I've talked with young Hungarians in Budapest, with young Italians in Rome, with young Frenchmen in Paris, and with young people all over and they are all thinking so hard that the world vibrates with their thought. These young people are going to do things. They are going to change things.

Young Boswell—In what direction?

E. S. V. Millay—I can't say what the change will be. It depends on what we see when we're arrived at

the end of our thinking, and we've really just begun to think. Some people of the generation before us began to think, but many of them let thought take the place of action because their lives were already formed and they had too much to break down if they were to act in accordance with their newly acquired point of view. But the young people are thinking and acting at the same time, and forming their lives consciously in accordance with their point of view, which is their religion.

She stopped a moment to formulate her next idea, drawing her hand through her hair.

It is very seldom that a large body of people think together. If this were true of all the younger generation there would be such a boiling over that the world would be scalded by it. People very seldom walk abreast. Some always walk ahead and some follow. I think that the crowd is following these leaders, some close at their heels, others far behind, and following perhaps mostly out of curiosity.

Young Boswell—Do you think this means that there is to be an artistic awakening in America?

E. S. V. Millay—I think that America is already artistically awake, although still in the state where it is rubbing its eyes and saying "Where am I?" I believe when it does see where it is, if it finds itself in a prison it will not say "I am in a lovely garden." I hope these young people will not be afraid of the truth.

Young Boswell-In comparison with the younger generation abroad who have come after a great war

which has not touched us so deeply, what do you think of young America?

E. S. V. Millay—Well, coming home to America after two years in Europe, I am struck by the simplicity, the enthusiasm and the courage of the young people in this country.

Young Boswell wanted to rush out and buy the traditional flowers, but he refrained. Mr. Hergesheimer was right.

Several months later, Young Boswell waited, with fifty or so ardent admirers of her verse—professors, poets, excited undergraduates—in the white panelled rooms of the Elizabethan Club at New Haven. An hour passed. Henry Seidel Canby, with an anxious look on his face, came in and confessed that Miss Millay had not appeared at the dinner given in her honor, but had telephoned a puncture as an excuse. One elderly professor left in disgust, muttering something about these impossible young people. Everyone grew anxious. Half an hour later, the front door clicked, and she came in—a radiant figure in a brocade gown, like a Renaissance princess—trailing her green robes to an appointed chair beneath the portrait of Queen Elizabeth.

It is the privilege of youth to be late these days, but she repaid the long restless hours of waiting by reading her verse in Sapphic tones, dramatically, incomparably, musically, as only the old troubadours knew how to read. It was a triumph for the younger generation. Not a white-haired professor stirred until midnight, and then they clamored for more.

THE SILVER SCREEN

One afternoon, Young Boswell stopped at the Cort Theater, where Glenn Hunter was having his first popular success in a play version of Harry Leon Wilson's story, "Merton of the Movies."

A few years ago, a hungry thin lad was discovered on a park bench in Washington Square. He had left home to follow a dramatic dream. Now he is a favorite hero on the stage and on the screen.

He has created a genre of youthful roles in "Merton," in "Clarence" and in "Intimate Strangers." His own has been a rather Mertonesque career.

Some special unnamed divinity must watch over young stars to keep them from being utterly spoiled by admirers. Pretty girls with fluffy hair and their envious escorts stood in line outside Glenn Hunter's dressing room door, waiting to tell him how thrilled they were at the matinee. When they had gone Young Boswell sat down while Glenn Hunter removed "Merton" from his face and mind. The mirror reflected a young Irish face, blue eyes and a finely chiseled nose and mouth. He chose a blue suit and striped tie, and pulled his hat down over one eyebrow.

Young Boswell—We might walk up the Avenue and have tea with Miss G Minor. She is at present engaged in reading Barrie's "Courage" for the ninth time, and she wants to organize a League of Youth.

I thought we might apply for charter membership. Glenn Hunter—Remember what Barrie said about our heads being bloody and unbowed? Much better, he said, if they were bowed. We as young people have good ideas. We have a flair for doing things, but we've got a good deal to learn from the older generation.

Young Boswell—They have no intention of giving us our share, or granting us a place. Barrie said, too, "Look around and see how much share Youth has, now that the war is over. Youth got a handsome share while it lasted."

Glenn Hunter—I acknowledge that most of the older men can't see beyond their noses. They don't grasp our possibilities. They don't see us as gold mines. What is youth? It's all vision. Vision of something deep and simple and real. Simplicity is the thing to keep in mind. Nothing one does in art should be artificial. There is so much pose on the stage, as I guess there is in writing. Still I don't believe in restrained acting or restrained writing. But it should be sincere. What is really important is the mental picture you get of the thing you want to do.

Young Boswell—A character in fiction can be created that way from a mental picture. But how about a character like Merton, who is already written for you?

Glenn Hunter—I read "Merton of the Movies" only once, when it came out in *The Saturday Evening Post*. I built my characterization on one little incident. It seemed to me the key to the boy's char-

acter. Remember where he used to go every night to the station in Simsbury to watch the train for Los Angeles go through? He saw all the lovely ladies and gentlemen at the windows and the silver shining on the tables in the dining car. He thought that some day when the train goes through somebody might look out and see him and recognize him as superior to the rest of the people on the platform. That explanis Merton, I think. It's just any youth starting out in quest of something. It might be adventure or business or the stage or writing or anything. He just has a lot of wonderful ideas about himself. The whole thing when you are young is to create something which is yourself—your own personality.

Young Boswell—If we aren't kept down by the generation before us.

Glenn Hunter—The younger generation is eager, perhaps too eager. Many of them know what they want to do and how to work. But we've a great many older people cheering for us. Mrs. Fiske, I think, is the greatest helper of them all. She is so kind to young people and has such a deep insight into what they want to do.

Young Boswell—Mrs. Fiske and Barrie. (They turned off the Avenue.) Only one block more and we can get warm and have a cup of tea before Miss G Minor's fire. She has a few things to say on the younger generation, too.

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

Young Boswell once interviewed a Very Old Lady inadvertently. She got round inevitably to the deplorable condition of modern youth.

He had been sitting on the steps of a deserted house in Stockbridge, looking across the fields to the modulated green slopes of the Berkshires. There was a faint afterglow of the sun, still on the horizon. The quiet of the countryside oppressed him, and he longed for the familiar roar of the city. He knew that he was a hopeless flat-dweller, out of key with his surroundings—drooping pines and trees white with blossoms: twittering birds and the insistent whirr of flying things.

Thus meditating, he was startled by the creaking of a door behind him and turned to discover a very old lady peering out, shading a candle light with one hand.

The Very Old Lady (in a thin, feeble voice)—Huh! I thought so! Another of these rude young men who respect neither property nor persons. I suppose you think these are your steps?

Young Boswell (rising quickly)—I'm sorry, but the house looked deserted. I thought they were nobody's steps in particular.

The Very Old Lady—I am nobody in particular, but you need not stress the point. However, these are my steps. But come in out of the damp or you will catch your death of cold. I want someone to talk to.

Her stiff dress of black material rustled as she pre-

ceded Young Boswell into a damp parlor, set with carved walnut chairs and a plush settee, lame in one leg. She put the candle down on the table, her wrinkled face and sparse white hair pulled back from the narrow brow, and a cameo at her throat, framed in the circle of light. There was, however, a slyness in her eyes as she peered over the rims of her spectacles.

The Very Old Lady—I've been left in this old house to pass my last years quietly away. Except for occasional intruders like you, they have been quiet enough. There has been nothing to do but read, so I have spent my afternoons with everyone from Chaucer to Scott Fitzgerald. Let me tell you right now I have kept abreast of the times.

The candle burned low. In a squeaking monotone she talked, interrupted by the metallic announcement of 9 o'clock by the distant village bells.

Time all youngsters were in bed. But this is not what I brought you in here to tell you. For the last few years every book I read, every time I pick up a magazine or a Sunday paper, I find something about the younger generation. (Young Boswell drew back as though he had been burned by the candle.)

I think most of it is ridiculous twaddle. You'd think there had never been anybody under thirty born into the world before. The critics talk about them as if their books and poetry and crazy paintings and daubs of clay were really important. Then some person, whose only achievement is a twentieth birthday, replies that the critics are a lot of old fogies

without any sense of beauty or poetry to hang their hats on.

Young Boswell-But, my-

The Very Old Lady—Not a word. I was brought up to believe that children should be seen and not listened to. I intend to settle this question right here and now. I was walking through an art gallery a few years ago, and I stopped to watch a young artist who was copying the head of an old gypsy woman. The copy was nearly finished and seemed true, only the eyes of the original held a depth, a suggestion of suffering, that were lacking in the young man's copy. I wondered if youth could see clearly the often tragic beauty of age. And I concluded that the young cannot be great in any art. Their sense of beauty is too limited.

Young Boswell-I don't-

The Very Old Lady—That's what's the matter with all of you young people today. You don't see any but your own lives, your own petty sorrows and your own easy joys. And you've taken a far too important place in modern life. What you all need is some good, common sense. Now, in my day . . .

Young Boswell bolted through the door, stepping on the cat in his haste to reach the blanket of the night. He would never mention the younger generation again.



A STAND AGAINST WAR

Fritz Kreisler is not only the leading violinist of today, but an accomplished pianist and composer.

He was born in Vienna in 1875. He first appeared at a children's concert, given by Adelina Patti, and was admitted to the Vienna Conservatory as the youngest on record. He received the gold medal at the age of ten, and was awarded the Premier Grand Prix, at twelve. He studied at the Paris Conservatory under Massart and Delibres. He studied medicine, art, and was an officer in the cavalry reserves.

He has played a Stradivari, a Gagliano, and at present the famous Joseph Guarneri del Gesu, made in 1735.

He is deeply interested in international affairs. It was rumored that he was to be appointed Austrian ambassador to the United States, after the war.

Young Boswell found Fritz Kreisler at breakfast after a strenuous concert. He said that he did not want to talk about himself, a subject too engrossing, and which takes away from one's interest in the great problems of humanity. To him, at present, the greatest human problem is the chaos of Europe.

Fritz Kreisler—I am not a politician. I am an artist, with that sixth sense that artists seem to have.

We understand these waves of emotion which sweep nations, because we are used to dealing in mass psychology. Perhaps what I am going to say is Utopian, but the dreamed thing is the real thing, you know. All great things were once Utopian.

Here was tremendous versatility, a violinist speaking a foreign language like a literary man, on an international question. His shock of black hair and short mustache, his alert eyes and clear diction, gave one the sense of power of the mind back of them; a feeling that he really understood the turmoil in Europe, and that he perhaps understood America better than do most Americans.

Fritz Kreisler—America is young, naïve, with an unbroken moral force. Europe is old, sophisticated, jumpy, torn with emotion amounting almost to insanity, now. The Americans who go to Europe don't see this. They go for business or for pleasure. know Europe. I'm an Austrian, but I have studied and played all over Europe. I delve into the literature of all these countries. I know that Europe is waiting for some relieving word that will dispel all this darkness. America is the only country free from the insanity brought on by the sufferings of the war. They need the moral influence of America. If some tremendous humane message were sent by America! If America would take a national stand against war all the trouble there would stop!

Young Boswell—You mean that we should send help, money and food and perhaps try to straighten out the difficulties over borders?

Fritz Kreisler—No, not any of those things. They need not send money. They need not send diplomatic help. But this strong message—laying down the principles by which war must and will be avoided from now on. Such a message would liberate Europe from her madness and hatred. America could stamp herself eternally by formulating her ideas of right and wrong.

Young Boswell—Do you think the governments would pay any attention to it?

Fritz Kreisler-If the governments wouldn't heed it, the masses of the people would, and they would rise to it. They are waiting for a great cry to still the desert, to quiet these insane emotions. At present Europe is like a lot of starving people in a cave together who turn upon one another and kill. My wife, who is an American, with that inherent force of liberty which is American, is very well equipped to understand the situation. She has seen Europe as it is. She has worked with the children there. She feels that moral force is necessary. To bridge over that abyss of hatred which has grown in Europe ought to be the aim of all thinking men and women. America is the only country whose masses have kept free of that hatred, for the burden of the war has not weighed so heavily upon her. America has the big emotional force that is needed to bridge that abyss. the strength of purpose, the moral persuasion, to send a great humane message. (He was ecstatic now.) The great need of civilization is that everything should be subordinate to such a moral force. Otherwise the world is not safe for our children to live in.

Yet, Young Boswell wondered if America would ever take that stand against war, if America had not withdrawn from the chaos across the Atlantic, knowing that Europe had begun her own destruction, and was rapidly falling into decay.

Kreisler finished his cigarette in silence.



SHE HATES ME SHE HATES ME NOT

Dorothy Parker is the champion of hate. With the creation of her songs of hate, she founded the hysterical school of humor. She was the most amusing dramatic critic in America until the ticket scalpers found it out, and requested her editor to poison her morning tea on the quiet. Vanity Fair has never been quite the same since she stopped writing her impressions of the American audience.

Young Boswell had always cherished a secret desire to meet Dorothy Parker face to face. He had been put out of three perfectly respectable restaurants for roaring at her Hymns of Hate, the full appreciation of which he had long ago decided was the true test of a sense of humor. He had been engaged once when he was very, very young, but she read "I Hate Women" and didn't even smile, so he took back the ring, which was borrowed, anyway. One realizes so few of one's ambitions, Young Boswell thought, as he sat opposite Dorothy Parker, the patron saint of hysterics, eating fruit salad. She was dark-eyed and young, with cropped brown hair, a black hat with blue around the brim, and a dark dress, picked out with wool in a Slavic design. Robert Benchley stopped in for coffee.

Young Boswell—As a connoisseur of hate, who do you hate best?

Dorothy Parker (a little startled)—I hate women humorists.

Young Boswell-Why?

Dorothy Parker—Because I don't think there are any, starting with myself. I hate liquor and the crime that it breeds. I hate hypocrisy and evasion, procrastination and dirty hands, modesty and debts, and the promiscuous use of cosmetics. I hate flowers. They're always around and smelling up the house. I hate literature. It doesn't pay. I hate art. . . .

Young Boswell-In what form?

Dorothy Parker—I hate art in any form; it nauseates me. And particularly I hate interviews.

Young Boswell (a little touched)—Why?

Dorothy Parker—Because they always sound like this—All I want to do is to satisfy my public because they have been so kind to me. When I can get away from my public I go right home and play with my dolls. I have a great big collection of dolls. I think so many of us are just grown-up kiddies, don't you?

Robert Benchley (eyeing Young Boswell)—I certainly do.

Dorothy Parker—And then there are those with relatives. They say, I am very happy because my poor old father is coming out of Russia today. When just a child I was driven out of Moscow by a great big pogrom.

Robert Benchley—A special Sunday evening pogrom?

Dorothy Parker—I walked barefoot in the snow from the Nevsky Prospekt to Kiev. I had nowhere

else to walk. And now I am known as "The Broadway Butterfly." And all men, to me, are divided into two classes, papas and heavy sugar sweeties.

Young Boswell—You've been reading the papers again.

Dorothy Parker—My books are my best friends, and I just love to browse. I've just finished reading "Three Million Words Often Mispronounced," and I consider it the great American novel. I love all the little growing things. My dearest wish is to have a rock garden. I long for the great open spaces. When I look up at all the big buildings I feel I shall stifle in the city. Sometimes it seems as if I should scream.

Young Boswell-Do you play golf?

Dorothy Parker—Only in interviews. You see, I live for my public. My boys and girls I call them. I feel one with them. I am just twenty-three. There were twenty-three candles on my last birthday cake.

Robert Benchley—And a good laugh was had by all. Dorothy Parker—My mother and I have always been taken for sisters. She has been dead for twenty years. My husband (Young Boswell turned pale)... is my best pal and my severest critic, and I think business will be better soon. This is just a little message to my public. I wish I could know every one of my public personally. (She could restrain her laughter no longer.) Now you can understand why I hate interviews. But, come, we've been fooling long enough. Let's be serious.

But Young Boswell had slipped to the floor, hysterical and full of hate.

AFTER DINNER-WHAT?

Like the mark, oratory and the Roman Empire, the art of speaking after dinner has declined. Chauncey Depew is one of the last of the generation who took their coffee and cigars seriously. Will Rogers, in his cowboy way, has tried to revive the ceremony, but the age of banquets, speeches, and wit for the sake of wit, is gone.

Chauncey Depew boasts that he has been interviewed more often than any man living.

He was United States Senator for twelve years.

He was chairman of the board of directors of the New York Central Railroad.

He was the orator at the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty.

He is eighty-nine years old.

He is famous for his after-dinner speeches.

Young Boswell was ushered into a quiet gray drawing room in Fifty-fourth Street, and told that Mr. Depew would be right down. He liked the atmosphere of other days, the gray damask on the walls, the long mirrors and the Louis chairs. The famous after-dinner speaker came in.

Chauncey Depew—In my more active days, when I was head of the railroad and was in politics, I was

supposed to be the source of original information. The result was that the veteran journalist came to me for things which he thought I knew better than other people, and I was the favorite victim for city editors to send their cub reporters to practice on.

Young Boswell felt positively ashamed.

Chauncey Depew—At one period when everybody was in Wall Street and stocks were bouncing up and down reporters would come to me for inside information which would be of value in the stock operations of their readers, but I never heard of anybody who got rich on these revelations. A man who is interviewed every day of his life acquires quite naturally the information habit. He gives away a lot, but nothing which would be indiscreet to reveal.

He smiled slyly, as he twirled his massive watch chain, on which hung a Phi Beta Kappa key and several medals. His kindly face, with the famous white side-whiskers and the keen blue eyes, gave Young Boswell confidence. His sensitive hands, which bespoke carefully directed energy and poignant wit, moved at times to emphasize his points.

Chauncey Depew—I suppose I was the leader of after-dinner speakers because I spoke more often than anyone else living. I used after-dinner speaking as a relief from my constant hard work in the railroad, which was so exhausting. At one time I spoke almost every night, often going to make a speech without partaking of the dinner. There is no doubt that prohibition has made a tremendous change in dinner audiences. Now they are bored with serious discussions

and critical of light ones. In fact, their general attitude is "I want to go home."

Young Boswell—It is singular that there are so few after-dinner speakers left.

Chauncey Depew—Yes. Take twenty or thirty years ago, there were in New York alone half a dozen men of national reputation as speakers. Now it is almost impossible to find them for public dinners, and the newspapers which used to publish after-dinner speeches in full, now pay little attention to them. Now the report is generally "Among those present were." It was an intellectual opportunity of rare delight to have heard personally such men as William M. Evarts, Joseph H. Choate, Judge Brady and his brother, James T. Brady, Richard O'Gorman and Henry Ward Beecher in their prime. The dinner platform used to be the finest opportunity for the utterance of palatable truths, sugar-coated with humor.

Young Boswell—What has happened to orators and speakers, do you suppose?

Chauncey Depew—I think it is largely due to the falling off of debating societies in the colleges, although I hear Mr. Will Rogers has become a popular after-dinner man. And then one can never tell how the speaker will be received. I have frequently made a speech which I didn't regard very seriously and it has been published all over the country, while the ones I prepared with a great deal of care received very little attention. An after-dinner speech ought to have some necessary truth, considerable humor, and one new story. An——

A voice from a nearby room called to Mr. Depew: "You have talked half an hour, and you have a cold."

Chauncey Depew—Yes, I will stop. My boy, I was in the class of '56 at Yale. There were ninety-seven in my class, and only six of us are left. Think of it! Sixty-six years ago!

Will Rogers has become the popular after-dinner speaker. He is famous for his wit, as well as for his tricks with the lasso. He is a very dry humorist. He acknowledges that he reads every newspaper every day.

Will Rogers was changing into his baseball uniform, as Young Boswell, fascinated by the stream of "Follies" beauties passing up and down the stairs, reluctantly opened his dressing-room door.

Will Rogers doesn't go in heavily for make-up. He leaves his rugged cowboy face, in its pristine state, pulls down a lock of hair and puts on his baseball cap. He chose a piece of gum, from the row "parked" on the mirrow frame, picked up a lasso, which he twirled as he talked in his customary drawl, and tactfully closed the door, that Young Boswell's attention might not be distracted.

Young Boswell—I hear you are the popular afterdinner speaker, now.

Will Rogers—That's a lot of bunk. Of course after-dinner speaking is harder than it was. I wish I'd got started earlier, before Prohibition came in.

Young Boswell-Why?

Will Rogers—Well, you can understand why a man

like Chauncey Depew made his reputation. I don't believe he could do the same thing nowadays. Now, you can't tell them the same story but once at the same dinner. The guests, their minds not befogged by drinks, have just as good memories as the speaker.

He twirled the rope in and out of the shower-bath as he talked.

The only thing that has helped me in my degeneration into an after-dinner speaker, is that so far, I haven't been reminded of a story. I've been reminded of everything else, but not of a story. Of course, this day and time, a man ud like to git into somethin' better than after-dinner speaking, but a man can't choose his profession. All I need is a couple of speakers ahead of me that have a message for the guests. I do love to follow a man with a message.

He jumped through the rope, and looked very pleased with the stunt.

Just a little practice. You know, the more serious most men are generally the more humorous they are. But, even for a serious man it's gittin' hard to find guests or members who will come to a club dinner, 'cause they started in by eliminating the drinks. Looks like the food's followin' suit.

Young Boswell-What do you mean?

Will Rogers—Well, when you go to a dinner, now, you not only know what jokes you're goin' to hear, but you know what jokes you're goin' to eat.

Young Boswell—What do you think of Clemenceau's speeches?

Will Rogers-Well, he's a great deal like an after-

dinner speaker. In fact, I consider him an ideal afterdinner speaker, as he spoke for three weeks in this country and nobody knows yet what he wants. He might as well have been speaking in his native tongue. Of course, my little escapade into speaking is only until I can find somethin' better to do.

There was a call of curtain, and Rogers, still twirling the rope, disappeared down the stairs, followed by a steady stream of beauties.



THE ART OF BELASCO

David Belasco is the realist of the American theater. At the age of seven he ran away with a circus and jumped through burning hoops in a bareback act. He produced "Madame Butterfly," "Zaza," "The Girl of the Golden West" and "The Music Master." He has one of the most interesting collection of Napoleona outside of France. The top floor of the Belasco Theater is a vest-pocket edition of the Metropolitan Museum.

David Belasco rushed into his secretary's room, with the hem of his brocade dressing gown floating behind him. At seventy he is endowed with that insatiable energy which has brought him from a circus boy to one of the most successful producers in the country. His white hair standing out over his forehead gives him the dignity of a rector, but in the twinkle of his black eyes, one sees the humor with which his rapid conversation is imbued. He unlocked a small door off the corridor, and Young Boswell passed through velvet curtains, which once hung in the house of Madame Du Barry, into the secret penetralia of David Belasco. To describe the collection in less than a volume is impossible, or to set down the charming naïveté of the

producer, as he told where he had got each object, or some amusing anecdote about it.

They passed first into a room decorated in the Empire style, hung in red damask of the period, with a marble bust of Napoleon against the far wall.

David Belasco—This is the Napoleon room. That was his hat. I had to get permission from the French government to get it out of the country. These things have been gathered from all parts of the world, and many from Christy's in London, and from private collections. Everything is authenticated. That bit of gold lace and satin is a flounce of one of Josephine's ball frocks. The coral bracelet belonged to Marie Antoinette, and that doll in the glass case is a doll of the period, showing the Dauphin in his first long trousers.

(He took a leather box from a chest of drawers. Inside were two egg cups set in small diamonds, and rubies, encrusted with gold.) These two jewelled egg cups were brought out when he entertained royalty. They were given me by Miss Geraldine Farrar. It must have been exciting to have had breakfast with Napoleon.

Young Boswell—I wouldn't have known how to behave. I would have been afraid of getting a ruby in my eggs.

There were medals bestowed by the emperor on various people, and a real lock of his hair, a couch he had once rested on, and hundreds of contemporary prints of him. There were bead bags carried by his sisters, and snuff boxes. There was a cup used at the wedding

breakfast, when Josephine was made empress, and swords presented to the emperor's generals.

David Belasco—Even the rugs are of the period. The only modern touch is this. (He pointed to two war helmets, one French and the other German.) The German soldier shot the French boy and wounded him unto death, and the boy killed the German as he died.

They passed through a room lined with cases of rare glass and bits of jade, into a medieval great hall, with a central columnar fireplace, and heraldic banners hung from the oak rafters. Suits of armour, lances, swords, carved chests, and antique velvet hangings completed this perfect stage set. Behind sliding panels, in electrically lighted niches, is the collection of beads, which is Mr. Belasco's pride.

David Belasco—These beads belonged to the Empress of China. This is her seal, made of the sacred jade. These are the beads she wore when she went to service. This is pink jade, which is rarest of all. These are beads from an Egyptian tomb. I am told they are five thousand years old. These are early Italian, and these Florentine. This is a bracelet presented to Jenny Lind by Queen Victoria.

And so they passed through the rooms, sitting in chairs that Henry VIII had sat in, and a chair from Lucrezia Borgia's palace. And a chair made from a pew in the church at Stratford-on-Avon. Twelfth century glass, Pietas, and a collection of jester's sticks. And a bell that George Washington used to ring, and... These are some of the things in the secret penetralia of David Belasco.

THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE

THE DIAMOND HOUSESHOE

The Metropolitan is the only self-supporting opera house in the world. The impresario is an excellent showman. He has made the opera as popular as the cinema at higher prices. He has brought together, behind those yellow brick walls on Broadway, some of the greatest voices of the world. Any night the tired business man may hear a world famous singer there, and if the music does not interest him, he can while away a pleasant evening watching the dowagers doze along the diamond horseshoe. They wake so subtly when the lights go up.

There is a deep fascination about the executive of a great opera, a man who has met and known all the great singers of the time, many of them when they were just starting, and brought their voices to him for a try-out. The quiet, damask-walled office of Signor Gatti-Casazza is full of ghosts. Young Boswell thought of a popular advertisement for graphaphones, in which all of the singers appear in costume on Christmas morning, much to the astonishment of the entire family. He visualized all of the people who had appeared in that office, perhaps sat in the very chair in which he was sitting. The impresario, who resembled a foreign

Senator, with his dark beard and formal clothes, looked up from his work.

Gatti-Casazza—There is a growing interest in music in New York, and every year there are more American artists in the company. Art and culture are developing here. With the breaking up of opera companies abroad, we are able to have the best voices in the world. Our aim, now, is variety in the operas produced. That is why many artists aren't engaged for the whole season, and no one has a monopoly on a role. Variety and youth are the absolutely necessary qualities in the theater, and opera is sublimated theater. I have had to learn the psychology of the public, and sooner or later art depends upon the public. The theater is a matter of their impression.

Signor Gatti-Casazza is the son of an Italian Senator. His father was one of Garibaldi's Thousand. The impresario was trained for the navy, but turned to the theater instead for his life work. He was administrator of the Communal Theater at Ferrara, and was for ten years the administrative director of La Scala in Milan. He is one of those highly organized personalities who can do two things at the same time.

He talked to Young Boswell and read over the foreign mail simultaneously.

Gatti-Casazza—Appreciation of opera is a matter of the emotions. That is where Wagner made his mistake. It was Wagner's own fault that his operas didn't take with the public immediately. He was a genius, of course. But he was not satisfied with just writing an opera and having it heard, like Meyerbeer and Ros-

sini, but he must write books about his technique. He wrote preludes and preambles, and he got the public to thinking that his music was something they couldn't understand, by just going and listening to it, without reading all about it first. They came prepared to hear something they couldn't understand, and, of course, they didn't. Meyerbeer and Rossini were innovators, too, but they just let the public come and listen.

He removed his nose glasses and rested his chin on his hands. He gazed with deep penetration, speaking rapidly in French.

Gatti-Casazza—I went to hear "Tannhaeuser" years ago, for the first time. It didn't seem so difficult to understand. It was not so different from Meyerbeer's "The Prophet." It was simple enough to see what Wagner was saying. All his writing simply served to confuse the public, without enlightening them a bit. Wagner was a genius, a great genius and a bad character. It takes time to understand any new form of art. The future of an art doesn't impose itself upon the public at once.

Young Boswell—Do you think the purpose of the theater is only to give amusement?

Gatti-Casazza—Not wholly. The object of the theater is to give the audience emotions, to refresh them and to keep up their interest in the drama and music. Give them variety and youth. That is what they want. And keep their minds stimulated, too. I have always said, if they are going to be bored or if they want to sleep, they had better stay at home and go to bed,

gratis, rather than try to sleep in an expensive and uncomfortable orchestra chair.

Young Boswell suggested that that advice be printed in the program. It would save many tired business men from having to dress in the evenings, and leave empty seats for those who have to stand when the box office is sold out.

PRIMA DONNA

Jeritza is the popular prima donna at the Metropolitan. She sings brilliantly and is beautiful. She created a score of roles in Vienna. In private life she is the Baroness de Popper.

Young Boswell walked noiselessly down the seventh floor corridor of the St. Regis, listening to Jeritza at her morning practice. She was doing "Lohengrin," the opera in which she made her debut at the Royal Opera House in Vienna. Baron de Popper came to the door. He asked Young Boswell if he minded waiting until Madame had finished her practice. Baron de Popper is an Austrian banker. He knows the economic conditions of central Europe at first hand. Young Boswell had read some of his articles in economic magazines.

So much has been said upon the financial and industrial conditions of the central European states, by men who have made a hurried tour of Europe, that Young Boswell wanted to hear the true state of affairs from a man who knows at first hand. He found Baron

Popper, who is head of a banking syndicate, willing to talk on the subject.

Baron Popper-Most people, speaking of the Central European countries, speak only of the financial conditions, without mentioning the more basic conditions which underlie them. It is like a doctor treating a fever patient. He must first attack the illness which causes the fever. The most important of these conditions which cause the financial difficulties is the lack of confidence each of those countries has in its government and in the adjoining governments. The reason they don't have confidence is because private property has been too much attached since the war. The victorious countries-I don't speak of America-have simply confiscated all the property belonging to the citizens of their enemies, and by that they have created an insecure feeling about foreign investments. It is felt that if any further misunderstanding should arise, property and business would be taken. should be, in case of such a misunderstanding or of war, an agreement as to the handling of private property. Thousands of dollars have been lost in Europe by people who had nothing to do with the war, through foreign investments.

Young Boswell—Hasn't the division of that region into such small states brought about economic chaos?

Baron Popper—The economic condition of the central states is naturally very complicated because all of them are absolutely interdependent. These countries were all united before the war in an industrial and economic union, which was not taken into con-

sideration in the peace treaty, which was made by politicians, without asking the advice of economic experts on the conditions in eastern Europe. If the peace had been made in such a way that the small nations would have got their political authority and self-government without losing their connection with the other parts of this huge country of fifty-six millions, the peace treaty would never have caused the present state of starvation and the break-down of all business life.

He rose and walked about the room, a tall, impressive man, who talked forcibly about a question which personally concerned him.

At this moment, the door into the next room was opened by a maid. The enchanted voice climbed to heights that dazzled, dropped swiftly to softer notes and then stopped. Jeritza came through the door. She shook Young Boswell's hand heartily in the American fashion and offered him a chair opposite hers.

Young Boswell-Of course, I must ask you if you like America.

Jeritza—Oh, I do like America. Everywhere I have been, and outside New York I've been only to Philadelphia and Brooklyn—she laughed and threw up her hands, as though she had already "caught on" to our geographical wheeze about the city across the East River—but I like it every bit. I want to see all of America. Next summer we are going to take a place in the country, and I want to have horses.

Young Boswell-You ride?

Jeritza-Oh, no! I am afraid to ride, but I want

horses to drive. I like them better than automobiles. And we want to travel about and see your country.

Young Boswell's eyes were attracted by a glowing portrait over the piano. Jeritza in a flowing white robe, with a strand of pearls falling to her waist, against a background of diffused blue and gray. His gaze was drawn to the blue eyes, upturned, expressing tremendous vitality and enthusiasm, and her blond hair coiled about her head.

Jeritza—That is my new picture. Halmi painted it. I like it because it is so simple. (She returned to the piano, where her accompanist sat patiently turning over the pages of the score.)

Young Boswell could not keep his eyes off the portrait. "I wonder," he thought, "if all great people with great talents are like this, simple and filled with enthusiasm over their work." As she ran through measure after measure of a song, allowing Young Boswell the pleasure of hearing her voice, without the paraphernalia of the stage and the discomfort of a gallery chair, he began to understand what a true artist is. Great simplicity is the secret.

Jeritza—I am sorry you must go. I hope you will come again when I am not busy. I want to talk more about seeing America.

Again she shook Young Boswell's hand heartily, and, like a young girl fascinated with some new pleasure, she returned to her practice, as enthusiastic as though she were preparing for her debut. Then Young Boswell realized why tired men and women paid to stand up at the opera just to hear her sing, why she had been a

favorite in Vienna, why she had been applauded all over Europe wherever she appeared, why America was a fortunate country to have her here.

THE VOLGA BOATMAN

Young Boswell heard two girls discussing music on top of a bus one evening. "Who is this Charlie Pin everybody raves about?" said one, powdering her nose. "Oh, he's a Russian that sings in an opera called Boris Goodenough. You ought to hear him. It's wonderful. All in Russian," and having supplied the required information, she borrowed her companion's powder box.

Chaliapin's is one of the great voices of the world. If he had not been a very great singer he would have been a very great actor. His performance of "Boris Godunov" is one of the great events at the Metropolitan.

His life reads like a tale of adventure. At seventeen he was a wandering minstrel. He has been a novice in a Russian monastery, a longshoreman on the Volga, a shoemaker, and one of the chief singers at the Marinsky Theater in Petrograd.

Chaliapin, more than six feet tall, Nordic, vigorous, dressed in a black caracul coat, with beaver collar, and a fur hat, descended from a taxi with his secretary. A friend from Russia stepped forward and greeted him, and in their company Young Boswell, a little confused as to who should get out of the elevator first, went to Chaliapin's rooms, in an up-town hotel.

The Secretary—There is an interesting story in that coat.

So, with the aid of French and interpretation from the Russian, Young Boswell listened to the story. As he sat talking in a deep chair, Chaliapin turned now and then to the piano, on which he would strike a chord, as if to relieve his excess energy, and then go on.

Chaliapin—The coat I had on came from the Governor of —. I said to the Bolshevik Governor that I wanted a fur coat, and that was it. But last year I ordered a fur coat from a very reliable firm here in America. I won't disclose the name. I was surprised because they asked me for a deposit. Of course, in Europe they would have known me, and that was before they knew my name in America. I didn't think that I looked suspicious, but I paid the \$100 down, and they took my measure. I told them just how I wanted it made, and that I would like it unusually large. I waited for two weeks and then went back for my coat. And it was like this.

He drew the coat he was wearing together until it looked as if it would burst.

Chaliapin—"It is too small," I said. "Oh, no," the manager told me. "It is a perfect fit." "For you," I said, "but not for me." He had just left out several skins along the sides, and then he tried to make me believe it was too large for me. I complained, but it was no use. I asked the manager how he had dared to take the money, and he said, "Business is business."

The words had evidently made an impression on Chaliapin, for he quoted them in English.

Chaliapin—I told one of my friends that evening, "We cannot have dinner tonight. I have just been robbed by a furrier." So I asked the Bolshevik Governor of ——, and he gave me a very good fur coat without a deposit. Life doesn't need a fur coat, does it? Life doesn't walk enough to need one. Once some of my friends, who were walking, chided me for riding by in a fur coat. They said, "He must be very rich to ride like that." I reminded them of the many years I went about in a coat of sack cloth, wearing rubber goloshes, without any shoes, and bad goloshes, at that.

The Russian Friend—Well, there's every reason why you should be riding on rubber tires, now.

Chaliapin seemed restless, and wandered into another room.

The Secretary—It's nerves. He can't stand being shut up indoors. He says it's always the same thing, the house and the theater and the theater and the house. He goes to bed at 12 o'clock and gets up at 10. The first thing he says is, "I want fresh air. I'm going to walk."

FACES

Sigrid Onegin was a guest singer at the Metropolitan. She was received with unusual enthusiasm at her opera debut and at her concerts. She was first heard in America, when she sang with the Philadelphia orchestra at Carnegie Hall. She has sung at the Royal Opera in Stockholm, at La Scala, and the Paris Opera.

Her first husband was Russian, Baron Lvohff One-

gin, who was wounded in the war as an officer in the Russian army, and died soon after the early days of the revolution. Mme. Onegin escaped with difficulty across the German border and took up her residence in Munich, where she was married to Dr. Fritz Penzoldt. It was there Signor Gatti-Casazza found her and engaged her to come to America.

Young Boswell met her when she first came over. She spoke English with difficulty. Several months later he called at her apartment. She had acquired the language with amazing rapidity. Her husband, a German doctor, and an old friend from Stockholm were there. Onegin was sitting in the corner by the piano. There is a kind of majesty about her black hair, parted in the middle and simply combed. Though she is always smiling and loves to laugh, she has a sense of deep sadness. One feels that tragic sense in her singing and sees it in her eyes.

Sigrid Onegin—My impression of America is this: It is overwhelming! There are so many people everywhere. So many people! The atmosphere is electric! It is like champagne! Your people all look happy and gay and satisfied. One does not see the sad faces and pinched cheeks that one sees in the street crowds of Europe today. It is pitiable there!

The Old Friend explained to Young Boswell that he had known Onegin in Sweden. She was born in Stockholm, though her parents were French and German. Whenever she returns there to sing she is always greeted as one of their own people. He told of her career; that she had studied with Herr Weitz in

Munich, and with Raniere, in Milan, and that she had gone to Stuttgart to sing Wagnerian roles when she was thirty-six.

Sigrid Onegin—I am perhaps best known in the role of Brangaene in "Tristan und Isolde." I spent the other day at the photographer's. First he tell me "Smile," then he say, "No, look pretty," and then he say, "Profile," and when I turn my face aside, he say "Quick, change your costume," and talk to me so rapidly in English and snap, snap pictures. And the little man jump around the room with a black thing over his head. I was exhausted. I am glad I am not in the motion picture.

Tea was brought in. As Onegin saw to the material sustenance of her guests, the Old Friend told her of the new organization, America's Making, and explained to her what it was doing. She listened quietly with an occasional yes, as he enumerated the contributions that the Swedish race alone had made to this new civilization.

Sigrid Onegin—That is very interesting. It makes one feel at home here. Everyone who comes here from foreign lands is made part of the great nation.

Young Boswell—That is the secret of America. That is what we are trying to do: Absorb all races into one, Americans.

Madame Onegin is amused and amusing in any language. She is perhaps best characterized by her laughter, which explains her immediate liking for America. "I like your people because they know how to laugh, and I like your city because it reminds me

of Stockholm," and she went to the windows and looked down upon the avenue lights threading their way across the city.

MR. TOSCA

Antonio Scotti has been a favorite baritone at the Metropolitan for the last twenty-five years. He appeared there first as Don Juan in December, 1899. He has sung with fourteen different Toscas in thirty-four years.

He believes there should be a municipal opera in every city in America.

There was a Tintoretto over the mantel, and pictures of Caruso and royal personages stood on the piano. The first warm wind of spring ballooned the window hangings, and the April sun warmed the pillows on the couch where Young Boswell sat as Scotti, tired from packing trunks and dressed in Japanese pajamas, drew long-stemmed cigarettes from an engraved silver box and discoursed in Anglo-Italian upon the opera. His black hair is benevolently touched with gray. His Latin eyes, still keen, and his hands expressed what he could not readily formulate in words.

Scotti—I figured out the other day that I had sung with fourteen different Toscas. Ternina at Covent Garden, London, and in New York; Eames in New York and once at the Opera Comique in Paris. Farrar sang with me here and at eight performances in Paris. Fremstad here. Destinn at Covent Garden and in New York. Edvina at Covent Garden and one performance

in New York. Cavalieri one performance in New York. Muzio in New York and Covent Garden. Easton with the Scotti Grand Opera Company and one performance here. I can't remember whether at the Metropolitan or in Brooklyn. With Jeritza at the Metropolitan and one performance there with Peralta. Giachetti and Melis, too, at Covent Garden. And Gentle, the American singer, with the Scotti Grand Opera Company.

Young Boswell—That's a whole company in itself! I guess you would recommend singing opera as a career?

Scotti—Not in America today. You haven't enough theaters where the young singers may get a hearing. They must go to Europe to some small opera company in Italy or France. Here you have only two companies, the Metropolitan and Chicago. Think of it! In Milan, a town of only 800,000 people, they have four theaters of opera going at the same time, including La Scala.

Young Boswell—Yet, a second opera in New York doesn't pay.

Scotti—I know that. I tried it, and outside of New York the public wasn't educated for grand opera. I cannot understand how, in your big cities, you have a group of people supporting symphony orchestras, and there isn't a symphony orchestra in America which makes money, and yet they won't give support to a good opera company for even one month. They think that operas should support themselves, and yet the Metropolitan is the one opera in the world which is

self-supporting. The Paris Opera is subsidized by the French government. La Scala is supported by its wealthy box owners. I am putting aside the artistic element of the opera and stressing the commercial side because the commercial comes first. Any musical or artistic organization must have a good administration.

He spoke of his own venture as an impresario, a venture which failed because the smaller cities would not support even a short season of opera, and without covering the smaller places a tour of the big cities is not possible.

Scotti—To look at it from a purely social point of view, an orchestra gives a living to perhaps eighty men. Think of the number who benefit by a season of opera! The orchestra, the conductor, the chorus, the singers, electricians, carpenters, and the dressmakers and hair-dressers—for the women must have new costumes—the hotels, taxis, the shops in the town, and so on. I suppose it is a question of education. The public likes football and baseball and the cinema. I don't say that the public is stupid but . . . well . . . it's a matter of taste. Just as I prefer to smoke Russian cigarettes and you prefer an American make.

But perhaps opera, like Young Boswell's brand of cigarettes, is a matter of the good old family wallet.

THE MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE

Barbara Kemp was one of the debutantes at the Metropolitan in 1922. She introduced "Mona Lisa"

to America. She is now the wife of the composer, Max von Schillings.

She made her debut in Berlin at a gala performance of "Aida" at the Royal Opera. She sang under the baton of Richard Strauss in Vienna.

Barbara Kemp dispensed pastries and refilled the teacups as she told of her impressions of a country new to her. She spoke in her native language. Alexander Smallens, who has just returned from conducting a season of opera in Madrid, translated her conversation for Young Boswell, who felt as though he were speaking to someone in another world. He felt her extraordinary intelligence, nevertheless, as she answered the questions he had relayed to her in English. Her speech was rapid and animated, occasionally she laughed heartily, and not with the mystic Gioconda smile of the Schillings role. Her dark hair was combed back from her forehead and turned in a simple knot. She wore large pearl eardrops and a short strand of pearls about her neck, and a quiet afternoon frock. Young Boswell inquired into the present state of music in Germany.

Barbara Kemp—Being a part of it, it is difficult for me to discuss the musical life in Germany. There is a well-grounded fear that the whole artistic life there is doomed. In order to get the means for existence the best artists have left the country. Those who have stayed have no idea how long the theaters can stay open because the deficits are so enormous. The court theaters have gone under and many of the city and state theaters are closed and many others are

closing at the end of this season. It is especially hard for the German people, because they would rather sacrifice any other of their arts than the theater. People are doing their best to preserve music.

Young Boswell—What of the State Opera, which Mr. von Schillings directs?

Barbara Kemp-He is to direct the new opera, too. The company will give two performances every night, one at the State Opera and one for the working people. Besides there will be symphonic music, chamber music Since the war there is a strong tendency to find consolation for their misery in religion and in the higher forms of art. As a typical instance, in Chemnitz, the big industrial center, the working people, instead of spending their evenings at the cinema, are to be found studying the most difficult of the modern choral works and their choral concerts are one of the great features of German musical life. Recently while listening to Mr. Mengelberg's performance of the Ninth Symphony, when the chorus began to sing the hymn of joy-"Brothers, above the starry field there is a living Father"-I felt what a great appeal music can have to the working people and how much it can bring into their lives and how much religion there is in beautiful music. I realized what a tremendous tragedy it would be if Germany's whole art would fall into decay, taking away from the people the greatest thing in their lives.

Young Boswell—Music is needed everywhere in the world, disrupted as it is by the war.

Barbara Kemp-I was discussing that with some-

one yesterday. He said what is really needed in the world, to bring us back to the natural state of living, is a leader who would be more than a man, who was partly God. I feel that such a man could come only from this country. The others are too much bound by their petty surroundings, their party troubles, their small hatreds and their misery. The savior of the world must come from America, because it is the only country where a man can look at things from a higher level and get a view of the whole world. The future of the human race is here.

A PAIR OF BLACK EYES

Mme. Matzenauer is one of the foremost mezzo-sopranos.

She is the daughter of an orchestra conductor and an opera singer.

She made her debut as Puck in "Oberon" at the Strassburg opera in 1901.

She sang with the Munich opera, several seasons at Beyreuth, and came to the Metropolitan twelve years ago.

James Huneker once wrote lyrcially about a pair of black eyes. Young Boswell was curious as he waited in a drawing room dressed in cretonne for the summer, looking down upon the river boats bursting with the importance of their cargoes; curious to verify the critic's eulogy to Margaret Matzenauer's eyes. With none of the carefully planned entrance, with no aroma of smelling salts or wilting roses in silver vases, with

none of the prima donna tricks, the matchless portrayer of Kundry and Brunnhilde and Dalila came into the room, and shook Young Boswell's hand heartily.

Matzenauer—I am tired. It is the end of a long and full season. Please do not expect me to talk intelligently for an interview.

Young Boswell—This isn't going to be an interview. I simply want to hear you talk. (He did not dare add, "And watch your eyes," which were large and very black and opalescent.

Matzenauer—I have just returned from a concert tour to the coast. I still can't understand why there are not more musical organizations throughout this country. It seems to me that every city of any size should have enough prosperous people in it to support a symphony orchestra and an opera. There certainly are enough rich people in America. Grand opera, except in New York and Chicago, has never paid in this country, and I don't see why, because every town of any size at all in Europe has its musical public, and its little opera. Under the present circumstances I don't see how America is going to develop its own native talent.

Young Boswell—Young Americans with talent are forced to go abroad.

Matzenauer—The advice I always give young singers is to go abroad first to get experience, for the very reason that there are no operas in small places here, where they can get it. They can't break into the Metropolitan and start at the top, unless they are content to go on singing a page once a month, because

the Metropolitan isn't a beginning school. Students without experience of the stage aren't ready to fill big roles. I don't mean that young Americans shouldn't study here, because there are very fine teachers here, but for their stage experience it is absolutely necessary to go abroad. I got my routine of experience by starting in a musical opera company of no importance, and worked my way up. When they have mastered the routine of singing new roles, and have achieved some sort of reputation, then they can come back to the Metropolitan. But to try to begin there is foolish, against the competition of the greatest artists from all over the world.

There was a red-bowled, jewelled Grail, with a golden base, sitting on the table behind her. She said that it came from Beyreuth, where it was sold as a souvenir of the festivals. Her father, Ludwig Matzenauer had known Wagner, and had heard the first productions of his operas.

Matzenauer—Plans are already being made for the Beyreuth festival in 1924, and many of the old Beyreuthers have been invited to sing. I think we should have our own Wagnerian festivals. After all mostly Americans have supported the former Beyreuth concerts. I think Los Angeles, where they have that wonderful natural stadium, might be the best place to hold them, and the California climate, makes it an ideal spot. There is a great demand for Wagner. Every place I go they want Wagnerian numbers on the program. Why go to Germany, when we could have our own festivals here, sung in English, if you like. Why not? I have advocated that plan for years.

As she talked Young Boswell watched her eyes. There was something lyric in them, and in the way she tossed her head. Her black hair, her colorful voice, her way of pushing a lapis-lazuli bracelet up from her wrist, and then letting it fall again, and her ambition to be an orchestra conductor some day in the future—these were the things Young Boswell remembered as he walked home.

THE CITY FOR ARTISTS

Artur Bodanzky is the foremost conductor at the Metropolitan Opera. He was first violinist at the Imperial Opera in his native city, Vienna, under Hans Richter and Gustav Mahler. He was General Music Director of Mannheim for six years. He made his debut as a conductor in Budweiser, Bohemia, and later conducted the first performance of "Parsifal" in Europe at Covent Garden. He is working upon a reorchestration of Purcell's "Aeneas and Dido."

In an old English room, with oak rafters, leaded windows and rough plaster walls, in a house a few doors from the North River, where the sun was setting in narrow streaks of cold color, Artur Bodanzky sat at his desk, penciling notes in a music folio. A tall man, with dark hair, eyes like black marble, gaunt, strong, rose and offered Young Boswell a comfortable couch, pushing a small table before him. Time, nationality, and the commonplaceness of New York streets, even the two pianos dove-tailed into one another across the room, ceased to exist, as this musician, who had some-

thing vital to say, discoursed upon art and its necessity to life.

Young Boswell—Don't you think opera is an illegitimate child of the arts? It is neither drama nor music nor ballet.

Bodanzky-I don't believe in the synthesis of the arts. I like the old opera-Beethoven and Mozart. I don't think music should be made the slave of literature, or literature the slave of music. With the entrance of the romantics and with the latest moderns, that's what opera has become. In the old opera the aria, the chorus, everything had to have the symphonic form. No one who was not a real musician, with a sense of form, could write or sing opera. They could not fake symphonic form. Nowadays it is enough to write a few noises to express an idea. To write the awakening of a city one reproduces the sound of steam pipes and the realistic noises of the streets. What I call music is dead. The ultra-moderns depart from music entirely, so it is possible for any dilettante to compose without the slightest idea of melody.

Young Boswell—Then, how is one to judge music? Bodanzky—There is only one way to judge music, for me. Either Bach and Beethoven, as one's ideals, or from the point of view of, say, Shoenberg. One can't like both. One or the other must be ugly to the ears. I'm not against modern music, nor averse to the progress of music, and I know I have not become senile, but I just can't sit through the work of the ultra-moderns, whatever their names may be. Only, I think, if the moderns are true musicians, we don't

need Beethoven and Bach, Wagner and all the rest. The same is true of literature. If Dadaism is literature, then we don't need Goethe and Shakespeare. If the modern paintings I saw in Venice last year are real art, then Leonardo and Michelangelo and Rembrandt were fools, and didn't know anything about line or form or anatomy or anything else.

Young Boswell—One must take one's standards from the classic men or from the moderns. One can't choose both?

Bodanzky—If you choose one, the other is ugly, and not art. I only hope that young minds won't be poisoned in the schools by giving them too much of modern art. They should do as I do with my children—allow them to hear only the best music, never to see "movies," or bad sculpture, or stupid paintings or read cheap books or hear jazz music.

Young Boswell-How would you educate us?

Bodanzky—There should be a great national center for all of the arts. We have built an enormous city for the movies in the West, but no center for art. There is enormous talent in this country, but nothing comes of it because it isn't awakened or developed. There should be a national conservatory founded on ideals, which disregard commercial success. We have plenty of good orchestras, plenty of good schools, but there should be this tremendous city of all the arts, where musicians, painters and writers could go and live for ten or fifteen years, and develop. Art is not a matter of luxury and amusement. It is a cultural necessity. It is much more important to the evolution

of the nation than we think. Politicians have failed to carry civilization forward. Art alone can do it. The artists have done more for civilization than all the Napoleons in the world. People must wake up to the fact that art means everything to a nation, and know that money and amusement are not the ultimate necessity, but that faith and beauty are.

God is a part of art, and if you don't believe in God you can't understand the Ninth Symphony.

The sun had set over the river, and the night lights twinkled in the street, as he finished. He looked querulously at Young Boswell. "You are the only intelligent newspaper man I have ever met," he said. "And I have come across many in my time, in all countries." Which only proves what Young Boswell once said to Mrs. Bercham—intelligence consists in knowing when to say "yes" and "no" in the right place.



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TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Spring had passed almost before it had fulfilled its covenant to renew the earth. All day it had been raining, and all day Young Boswell had been in search of an idea. At midnight the rain ceased and the moon came from behind a cloud, and Young Boswell gave up his search.

He was standing on the approach to Brooklyn Bridge. He was thinking dourly on the swift passage of his youth. There is only one way out of all this, he told himself, and walked swiftly to the center span. He stood dangerously near the rail. A train floundered by. The tracks creaked and silence fell intolerably. The waning moon cast a mysterious light on the water swirling below. It seemed to beckon to our young biographer.

There was no one about except a sleepy old man in tattered clothes, who had stretched himself out on a bench.

Young Boswell (to himself)—It would be rather a traditional end, I suppose. There would be nothing much to say in the epitaph except. . . . Here Lies One Who Wouldn't Swim. But here goes.

He took off his coat and with the stub of a pencil started to write the conventional note of farewell, to

whomever it may concern. Only he was sure no one would be particularly concerned. His breath came hot, and tears stole to his eyes as he saw himself floating on the dark water.

A croaking voice addressed him, at first feebly and then vehemently, the sound coming from the shadows on the other side of the bridge.

The Voice—Don't do it. That's what I tell all of them. It isn't worth the trouble. There isn't a night in the year that someone doesn't come out to the center of the bridge. They all go through the same actions you have. Now tell me frankly, why must you catch cold on a nice spring night like this?

Young Boswell—I haven't the slightest idea who you are, but I feel I can confide in you. I can't find a new idea for an interview. I have tried all sorts of stunts and there doesn't seem to be anything left to try. One can't go on forever setting down the wise words of the great, you know. There is a limit even to celebrities.

The Voice—Well, I suppose I'm not so much in the public eye any more, but I can say, without seeming unduly conceited, that I am just about as celebrated as anything in America. And, no doubt, there are other untouched sources for interesting conversations which you have never thought of.

The cool spring wind blew up the river. Although Young Boswell did not want to appear less determined to end his career then and there, he slipped into his coat, rather than be rude by addressing a stranger in his shirt. Curiosity, on which he had built his existence, seized upon him. He asked ever so politely with whom he might be conversing at such an hour.

The Voice—You probably won't believe me when I tell you. Unfortunately I see, though you are suicidal you are sober, and therefore I cannot hope to convince you of my identity. I am Brooklyn Bridge.

Young Boswell was beginning to believe anything. The Voice—You probably think, as most people do, that my purpose is to see that Brooklyn people get home, but it isn't. I was built so that silly young men like yourself might have a proper place to jump off. Why, the other night there was a young poet here. I was so afraid he would jump that I almost broke down. I like the verses he was saying over to himself. One in particular I remember.

"When I shall die the thought of beauty sealed Within the marigold,
Or softly spilt along a moonlit field,
Will leave me cold.

The thought of truth secreted in a deed Or wrapped in stately verse Will not perturb me. I shall only need A handsome hearse." *

That's the trouble with most of you people who come here. You forget how beautiful things are. Turn around and look at the buildings there on lower Manhattan. They are the aspirations of Man. Nowhere

*Herbert W. Hartman, Jr.

in the world is there anything more beautiful. See how they rise tower on tower like a castle town, the lights blinking like old and distant stars.

Young Boswell turned about and looked long at the island.

The Voice—You say you can't find a new idea. Go over and talk to that old man sleeping on the bench. He has been coming here every night for many years. He wants to jump. Life has defeated him. But he looks out over the glorious city, and dreams about it for so long that he falls asleep. The next morning he wanders away again. When the sun is setting he comes back. There's a real interview if you want it.

Young Boswell went softly over to touch the old man's arm. He was startled to find a cold iron bench, empty and damp with dew. There was a sickly splash far below. This was the night the old man had not stopped to dream.



THE AUTHOR OF "YOUTH"

Joseph Conrad is a master of English prose, although born a Pole.

For the first time in his long sea career he has crossed "the Western Ocean."

He has possibly the stanchest following of any living novelist.

He repeatedly avows that he is not a literary man. He has woven the ideals and the glories of the sea into an incomparable literary fabric.

He is the least national of writers, hence, the most universal.

Young Boswell confesses that his meeting with one of the greatest men of the times has remained a vivid experience for two days, and will remain so always. There is something at once grim and loveable about Joseph Conrad. His head is set a little forward on his shoulders, augmented by his posture, as he sat bent over in a deep cushioned chair, with his legs crossed. His brown hair grows forward into a kind of curl over his forehead, broad and high. His brows are shaggy and there is a yellowish tinge in his graying beard, grown to a point, and in his flowing mustache, twisted roughly at the ends. His brown eyes are like halfspheres of shining stone, into which one can see only a

short way, as though he had deftly curtained them against the prying world. His face is seared and hardened by the wind.

He shook Young Boswell's hand vigorously and cordially. He was not the writer, the isolated man contemplating his eternal loneliness, but a jovial, enthusiastic man speaking of anything that came into his mind.

Joseph Conrad—That is a delightful idea, being a young Boswell. But I am not a Johnson person. I can't sit and answer questions. I am not a literary man. Johnson was a literary man, a philosopher. He had a certain assurance of his own mentality, which I have not. Boswell was an interesting man. He was out of his position among the London men, but he had a fine Scotch mind. But I can see that you haven't a Boswell mind.

Young Boswell—I know, sir, I am not a real Boswell.

Joseph Conrad—It can't be done, just seeing a man for a few minutes. Don't forget that Boswell's book was the result of a long intimacy with Johnson, and that Boswell also had a great affection for the man he wrote about.

Young Boswell dislikes the truth as much as any one, but he put his pencil and paper back in his pocket, and sat quietly listening.

Joseph Conrad—I had read a great deal about America before I came here, and what I find is very much what I imagined, only very much better. You are generally let down by an actuality, but America is what I expected it would be. I am interested in the faces I see. If you reflect, many of the people who appear in my books have been only faces I have seen in the street. Faces come to me with great force, especially the fine American faces, which are rather what I expected, yet different. At New Haven and Harvard I felt that in the faces of the boys.

He spoke, too, of interesting hands. He remarked that his fellow countryman, Paderewski, had very beautiful hands, and that a musician's hands are not always thin and sensitive. "The only musician's hands that I know well," he said, "are John Pauer's. They are very small, but strong and highly trained." His own hands are small, knotty, and vigorous. They rested on his knee, or held a cigarette, as he talked. Mr. Doubleday, who had entered the room, told of Mr. Conrad's good fortune in meeting some sailors on the Boston wharves, who had just come off the banks.

Joseph Conrad—They were such nice fellows, with such good eyes, looking at you from below. You know that seaman look. Otherwise the seamanlike quality wasn't noticeable in these men. The stamp of the sea wasn't on them, as it was on the sailor in my days at sea. The modern sailors have minds like factory hands. The skilled seaman is gone. One doesn't find him any more. A ship is now run by pushing buttons on the bridge. There is no need for the skilled seaman.

As Young Boswell rose to go Mr. Conrad turned the conversation with an amusing story, to which he added "I am taken for a very solemn person, a pessimist and a bore generally, but I do have my little

jokes." He waved his hands, one holding a match, the other a cigarette, in short semicircles, by way of good-by.

Young Boswell had spent half an hour in his presence. That was all. He had, in no sense, known him more deeply than one comes to know a photograph. He had, however, touched his hand and felt his power. But Joseph Conrad was not in that room, with the sun coming in at the window. He was in his books, as much as a great man is anywhere except within himself.

In that half hour Young Boswell became "a Conradical" for life.



THE ORANGE QUILL

The rain had ceased and darkness filled the little garden. Young Boswell sat in the doorway looking out. There was no sound save the dripping of water from the trees and the shriek of a motor horn in the next street. He was thinking of the winter that had passed, the quick succession of days, and people, people, people. It was the first evening for weeks that he had been alone. In seven months he had interviewed a hundred and seventy-five painters, poets, musicians, actors, authors and sculptors. And he had never once been sued or shot.

His memory was like a long film, which, if it were projected on a screen, would show an everchanging setting against which a new hero or heroine talked to him of art and life and letters. His vision was a confusion of words and faces. Faces and words!

He closed the door to the garden and lighted the lamp by his desk. What was there to say? He picked up the orange quill with which he liked to pretend he did all his work, and thought of writing an essay on interviewing. He stared across the room and saw his reflection looking back at him from a dusty mirror. How old he had grown in the few months that

had passed since he first came to that room! The first flush of youth was gone. Lines were creeping about his eyes. He turned away.

For a long time he sat staring at a full length print of James Boswell leaning on his stick, at rest under an English sky. In its tarnished frame this picture of the man Young Boswell had tried to follow held the position of patron saint, always before him on his desk, as he wrote.

The lamplight waxed bright, and with its increasing brightness the figure of the great biographer grew larger and larger, until it stood full-grown upon the desk. Young Boswell was afraid and would have escaped to the garden had not the door been shut.

Timidly and slowly he raised his eyes until they met the cold eyes of James Boswell.

James Boswell—Sir, I have waited long for this opportunity.

Young Boswell—I assure you, sir, I am duly grateful.

James Boswell—You are a hopeless hero worshiper. At last you are in the position proper to a true Boswell. You sit at the feet of a great man: a worthy hero. I have waited many weeks to tell you what I think of you as a biographer. I have watched you writing excitedly every afternoon, pulling at your hair and growing profane when the typewriter keys stuck. And I have tried to read your column every morning. But that, young man, was too much to expect of anybody.

Young Boswell—If I may say so, I didn't expect it of anybody.

James Boswell—So much the better. Avoid disappointment whenever you can.

Young Boswell-Well, nobody reads your books any more.

James Boswell—Well, I wasn't named after a book about me, as you were. . . . But, come, this verges on professional jealousy. Joseph Conrad told you quite rightly that you were not a real Boswell, that you didn't have a Boswell mind. True, but that isn't your difficulty, as I see it. The point really is that you can't be a Boswell without a Johnson. You can't write a record of the great men of the time and of their achievements without a peg to hang it on. There is no man today who is the critic of today, who, like Dr. Johnson, crystallizes the age in one great mind.

Young Boswell (patiently)—I guess I wasn't much of a biographer.

James Boswell—You weren't a biographer at all. You have been what I might call a psychographer. You have portrayed people by setting down the impressions they have made upon your imagination. You have tried to Boswellize them as they were in one particular hour of their lives. It can't be done that way. One can write a true biography only after long intimacy. That is why I was able to recreate Johnson as he was for posterity. But you . . . well you were the youngest columnist in New York. That is about the only claim you have.

Young Boswell—Yes, I know I have made a mess of it. I hope, sir, I have not disgraced your name.

(He hung his head. He picked up the orange quill and broke it into pieces. He walked across the room and threw the bits into the fireplace.)

I promise never to use your name again.

James Boswell—That was a gesture, not a promise.

Young Boswell (holding up both hands.)—I promise.

The lamplight grew dim and the figure shrunk slowly into the frame on the desk. Only the inky eyes remained animate. They seemed to see into Young Boswell's thoughts, and almost to direct them.

Young Boswell had satisfied the curiosity, that lurks in each of us, to know those who have achieved greatness. Suddenly, like the passing of a star, that curiosity fell from him. It was as though he had gone back stage at the play and seen the canvas drops painted with trees and castles, and watched the actors remove their make-up. No man was great after that. What is greatness, he thought, but the glow which lights the faces of those whose work we admire? The glow of our own admiration? Without that light, they are quite simple men like the rest of us.

The low cry of a ship's whistle floated into the room from the distant harbor. The loud sound and then the soft sound. Young Boswell was touched with an old regret, the regret for the many things left undone. He could smell the sea-spray and feel the tremor of the ship as it mounted the wave. He knew that somewhere there was an unspeakable joy to be found in

the adventure of living. On the sea perhaps. On the other side of the sea.

He picked up his cap and looking for the last time about the room that had sheltered him, he softly closed the door and went into the garden. He found two black sticks, nailed crosswise, which had fallen from an upper window shutter. In the patch of light, cast from the window, he dug a hole and stuck the cross into the ground. With a bit of white chalk he wrote his epitaph.

Here Lies Young Boz. He Isn't: He Was.

Young Boswell—Youth, achievements, strength, laughter, all must pass. Even I.

Then he leaped over the fence and found his way into the street.



TO YOUNG BOSWELL

Farewell and a wish that he may pick his quill and repair carefully, lest it lose some of its delicate cunning, for it has produced some of the most charming writing read in American newspapers. It has painted its portraits with a subtle touch, always light and illuminating, sometimes with a degree of artistry really rare; touching at times the springs of sentiment without ever causing them to gush. It seems to have a sense of salience, a feeling for mood and significance, and a gift for deft revelation.

It is young and scribbles with a romantic lilt that gives to everything a smile, and its final periods have never yet failed to leave a desire for more. It is, indeed, a rare, a fine, and a sensitive quill, and time will prove this estimate—unless its ingenuousness and sincerity are diluted by an untimely fame, a warning given only because we love our literature more and Young Boswell less.

D. F. H.



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